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Relationship:	Fareeha "Pharah" Amari/Angela "Mercy" Ziegler , Aleksandra "Zarya" Zaryanova/Mei-Ling Zhou , Widowmaker Amélie Lacroix/Lena "Tracer" Oxtan , Widowmaker Amélie Lacroix & Sombra , Lúcio Correia dos Santos & Hana "D.Va" Song
Character:	Fareeha "Pharah" Amari , Angela "Mercy" Ziegler , Soldier: 76 Jack Morrison , Lena "Tracer" Oxtan , Satya "Symmetra" Vaswani , Winston (Overwatch) , Aleksandra "Zarya" Zaryanova , Mei-Ling Zhou , Ana Amari , Hana "D.Va" Song , Sombra (Overwatch)
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Mindless Self Indulgence

by [UvaRamune](#)

Summary

When you have an itch you scratch it.
So when Pharah and Mercy have an "itch" they wish to "scratch" each others backs.

Of course they have to manage with their daily lives and the many people who try to get in between.

But things have a funny way of working out when you want them so bad. And when things get ugly they know they have each other to depend on.

Notes

I've never been to panels before but I've seen them on youtube lol
Overwatch Recall has their own hero panel, needless to say Mercy and Pharah can hardly focus.

Say Something

Mercy stared at Pharah as she was interviewed by the reporters seated before them. She noticed Pharah was putting on a show and making the people around her giggle and nod. Most of the audience was enthralled with Mercy herself but regrettably for them she only had eyes for Pharah. When Pharah spoke in that rich tone, accented from her roots, when she was explaining something, Mercy felt her ears sing like angels. Mercy wasn't paying attention at all until a question was directed at her and Pharah turned towards her to listen to her answer to which Mercy would blush and turn to the reporter.

"I'm sorry could you repeat that? It's... been a long day," she said with a sheepish smile. The crowd murmured in mirth and the question was patiently repeated. Mercy thanked them for the question and poised herself to answer it with the most dignified response she could muster despite Pharah's brown eyes on her. After her response many applauded and she waved it off with a smile. Another question went for Jack who cleared his throat and the panel directed their attention to him, including Mercy who pried herself away from Pharah.

Pharah leaned over on her elbows, looking over Mercy's head but only to get a clearer look at the woman who seemed so genuinely interested in her teammates. She thought it cute when Mercy would nod to herself agreeing with the statement presented and purse her lips when another was asked in a sort of brash way only to have the collected Symmetra answer in her cool tone. Mercy would nod again and when they were directed to audience questions she pulled her seat up so she could get closer to the mic, pulling her bangs to the side and smiled at the crowd. Pharah didn't realize she was staring until Mercy and the others turned to look at her. *Crap, the question was about her training regimen*, at least it was easy. As she went in to explain in vivid detail her daily routine she felt Mercy's eyes practically devour her in an intoxicating way that nearly distracted her, almost as if turning her tongue into stone. She raised her arms to flex and the crowd cheered and a few laughed in enjoyment. She nodded with a grin and passed it on to Zarya who was asked the same thing. The crowd hooted and quickly quieted to hear what she had to say.

Mercy barely managed to uncap her water bottle when Pharah had flexed making her tongue wet but mouth dry and nothing was going down she almost choked. After a haste drink she settled back in her chair crossing her arms and legs. Her eyes fell again on Pharah in her wife beater as she sat back with her hands on her lap, casually drumming her thumbs as she listened to Zarya and laugh when she told a joke, making her stomach tense up and her abs became more prominent in the tight shirt. Mercy bit her lower lip and furrowed her eyebrows, *oh god*, running her eyes all over Pharah's toned body. *She wanted those hands on her, wanted to feel those abs against her thighs. Those lips...* she was brought out of her reverie when a sudden applause woke her. Pharah was laughing and turned to smile at Mercy who quickly turned away, covering her mouth. Pharah gave her a quizzical glance. She leaned over to the side and gently tapped her knee, "Are you alright?"

Mercy flinched but quickly nodded. She straightened her spine and smoothed her skirt over her knees with a small smile. "I'm fine, just a little tired I suppose."

"Just one more hour, you can do it, Doctor." Pharah smiled gently and resumed her position. The giant gorilla was talking now. People were enthralled with his appearance and the way he spoke, the children loved him and usually after panel talks they would rush to him. Symmetra was taking notes on her hollo tablet while Tracer sat kicking her legs once in a while twirling her pen on her nose and pretending she had a mustache.

Mercy stared at her hands while fiddling with her ring. *Did she have a nervous tick all of the sudden?* All she knew was that the spot Pharah had touched was on fire. It was slowly radiating across her legs, seeping to her toes which she now curled and to the center of her thighs, making her clench them. She gave a ragged breath trying to control herself. *What had gotten her all of a sudden?* It's not like she had never been around Pharah before. They talked every day for crying out loud. Or was she that horny. Where her hormones out of whack? Was it her period? Was it... she peeked over at Pharah and when the Egyptian flashed a smile to a questioner it nailed an arrow through Mercy's heart. That was it. She was horny for Pharah. She sighed heavily, face falling into her palm. Pharah looked her way. She called over the host and asked for a quick break. He nodded and taking the mic he announced the crew would be taking a break.

Not a moment too soon. Mercy stood up fast from her chair but quickly grabbed the table when she wobbled as if her legs were made of jelly. She cursed under her breath. Jack had caught her arm and steadied her. "You're not looking well. Does the Doctor need a doctor?"

She slapped at his silly pun and looked over her shoulder to see Pharah take the north exit while talking to Tracer. She sucked in a breath and decided on refreshments to cool off her head.

Pharah gulped her cold water in one go. Tracer laughed, and handed her another cup. Pharah took it and downed it. She came up with a grimace. "You drink this stuff?"

Tracer laughed again and shook her head. "Jack gave it to me; I didn't like it so I gave it to ya. Gin and tonic ain't my thing." Pharah winced and shook her head. *Goddesses, that was gross.*

"Have you seen Mercy?" Pharah turned her head when the blonde woman was mentioned. "Not sure, she was acting strange though, I wonder if she's ok."

"Go check her quarters," Jack said putting down his shrimp biscuit. Zarya nodded and glanced at Mei who smiled and put down her drink. "Zarya and I will go look for her then."

Pharah ran her tongue over her teeth and put down the cup in her hand. "I'm going to the washroom to wash this out of my mouth."

Tracer chuckled and nodded. Pharah excused herself and trekked down the hallway to the washrooms. She stopped halfway when she heard a slight noise beyond the corner. She peeked and froze when she saw Zarya, leaning over, amorously engaged with someone. She spotted Mei's charm and pulled back to hide her head only to be spooked by a hand tapping her shoulder. Mercy pressed a hand to her mouth to shush her, with a finger to her lips. "They've been trying to get alone all morning."

"What're you they're accomplice?" Pharah asked when the hand released her lips.

Mercy gave her a disbelieving look, "No, I just know what it's like to yearn for your lover's attention." Mercy pulled away and checked the other hallway, over her shoulder. Pharah looked at her properly now; shapely waist and curvy hips, her ruffled shirt barely held her breasts back, they weren't too big, perfect handfuls *but size didn't matter when she would be sucking on them.* Pharah swallowed hard and took in a breath sharply at the sudden thought invasion.

Mercy heard the sharp breath and she felt it so close to her ear that she felt the molten

core at her center move like lava down her legs. *Oh god, not again.*

Mercy began briskly walking down the hallway towards the infirmary to get a cold pack. Suddenly, passing by a broom closet; Pharah grabbed her wrist, whipped the door open, pushed the woman inside roughly and slammed the door shut.

Mercy stumbled amongst the broom handles, whirling around for an explanation but suddenly Pharah was pressed up against her, pushing her to the side wall. Mercy gasped and Pharah's breathing was labored. Their hips were touching and Mercy could feel Pharah's member hard against her. She swallowed back a needy whimper. Pharah was staring at her lips and shook her head slowly.

"I can't take it anymore," she whispered, licking her lips. "I've held on too long now."

"Mmmh!" Mercy couldn't function any audible words. She tried to push her off but instead her hands landed to hold her closer, clenching the fabric in tight fists. Pharah pushed her hips into hers even closer and hissed as she felt her thigh press harder against her throbbing erection. "You do this to me a lot."

Mercy whimpered as her legs became weak, *oh God...* It spiked a bigger fire inside her groin. It made her squeeze and clutch at nothing, clearly wanting to grasp at Pharah's swollen member. *What an impressive one it was too...* She panted also in her need, trying to find logical reasons why this was a horrible reason... *in a custodian closet no less!* Her clit throbbed, her breasts ached to be squeezed and her tongue was practically drooling. Her mind buzzing with anticipation and adrenaline, her heart quickening at the things she wanted this woman to do to her would throw her on the *sin/naughty* list. Mercy hitched her breath when Pharah breathed into her ear. The next words escaped her mouth without a second thought;

"Then fuck me."

Spellbound

Chapter Summary

our ladies waste no time

"And we're back!" Applause erupted as the Overwatch recall cast sat down in their places. They waited a few seconds when the host looked at the empty seats. "Are we missing a few people?"

Jack nodded, "Our favorite soldier is taking care of our good Doctor." He took a drink of water and then putting it down he smiled at the crowd, unbeknownst behind his mask. "Now," he replied in his husky voice, "Who has questions?" Hands shot up and someone live blogged *'if you could see the look on Tracer's face just now'* catching the woman's expression of amusement at the mention of the two women missing.

Mercy couldn't believe this was happening, only in her wildest dreams had she ever thought of Pharah pinning her and having her way with her. Mercy's lips were bruised from the passionate kiss Pharah bestowed upon her while pulling up her skirt and at the same time hurriedly undoing her belt buckle and pants zipper. She pushed her hips forward and she lifted Mercy up by spreading her thighs against the wall and pushed into her in three quick thrusts. Mercy had gasped in her final fulfillments desire. She gripped the shoulders tight as Pharah buried her face in her throat, kissing and sucking, voice grunting and humming on her skin.

Mercy let Pharah run her hand through her hair, grabbed the knot and yanked it back, exposing her throat and chest more. Pharah in the midst of thrusting bit down on the collarbone making Mercy jolt and squeeze her muscles. Pharah groaned at the sudden pressure and pulled back to grip the beautiful hips she's admired for so long. Pharah gave breathy groans and bit her lower lip, furrowing her eyebrows. She honestly couldn't believe that Mercy was allowing this; the collected good doctor was here in a janitor's closet with her. Pharah was going to make sure she didn't regret this. She arched her hips forward and thrust with her pelvis, skin slapping on skin. She watched for her reactions, listened to her sounds and noticed when her inner muscles would pulse and squeeze. *Oh, goddesses, she felt so amazing.*

Mercy on the other hand couldn't concentrate. If there were people walking by and staring at the closet she either didn't hear them or cared. Her mind was buzzing, her soul was aflame, and her pussy was sopping wet. The sounds they made whenever Pharah bottomed out and pushed back in fast and fierce made her blush hard from crying out in whimpers. She bit her lower lip only to part her mouth as she tossed her head back when Pharah latched onto a pert nipple. Mercy caressed Pharah's head roughly, tangling her fingers in her hair as she yanked her head up to kiss her open mouth, wet tongues meeting and sliding across each other's.

Breath heavy and wet, Pharah began hammering into her, pushing her harder into the wall, shaking the door that Mercy feared would break. So hot and steamy, the smell of sex was so strong it only heightened her experience. She stared at Pharah's eyes, body tensing and clenching tightly, supported her up by a strong and toned body. All the rush of what was happening again hit her like a shot of *ICE*, a stab straight to her heart. Her vision blurred white as she rolled her

head back, now facing the ceiling. Her heart was beating so fast she feared it'd burst. If this was how she went she'd have no regrets. She was half aware when she gripped Pharah's shoulders and folded her legs around her waist, pushing out her pelvis, spreading her thighs more.

Pharah now shallowly panted, staring into Mercy's throat, sucking on her pulse point. Mercy was gasping and hitching her breath rapidly, tossing her head. She clawed Pharah's arms as she trembled. Pharah immediately clamped a hand over her mouth, stifling her loud cry as she came hard, hips bucking involuntarily, inner muscles clenching tight and then released their hold on Pharah's painfully throbbing member. Seeing her shake made Pharah push a few more times, easily sliding in and out from Mercy's extra lubrication. She opened her mouth and squeezed her eyes shut as her lower abdomen clenched and she pushed upwards one last time. Finally releasing the built up pressure was sweet relief, pure euphoric ecstasy. Her eyebrows drew up as she held her breath a few seconds and then exhaled dramatically with a chuckle.

They panted in each other's face, staring at each other, slowly coming down from their high. Pharah rested her forehead on Mercy's, sighing. "Oh god," she finally caught her breath. "Fuck... you're so amazing." She whispered, pecking her lips and running a hand up the creamy thigh, while her hips and other hand supported Mercy.

Mercy was still quivering from her orgasm, legs and arms like jelly, her pussy clenching and unclenching, quaking from the inside. Her mouth had been clamped on Pharah's shoulder, wetting the fabric with her tongue as she had squeezed her eyes shut and came hard, clenching in between spasms. Now she breathed heavily, eyes drooping as she rested her forehead against Pharah's own. They pecked lips and then grinned at each other, laughing bashfully. Mercy sighed and gave small gasp outbursts when her body still gave the occasional spasm. She hid her face in embarrassment but Pharah kissed her shoulder and ear.

"You feel so good." She accented it by moving her hips again and Mercy shook her head roughly. "No, no, no, no, no. We have to go back to the panel." Mercy breathed but the thighs clamping around Pharah's hips said otherwise.

Pharah chuckled lightly and kissed her. "Another time then..." her eyes settled on her lips and reaching over she kissed her tenderly. Mercy closed her eyes and returned the kiss, cupping her head, running her fingers through the black thick hair. They pulled back and smiling they rested their foreheads on each other's.

"Eh, you didn't miss much," Jack replied when he shared a coffee with Mercy when she sat down. The woman had seemed wound up at the panel and when she came back to meet the rest, in the mess hall, she was calm enough to sign autographs and make her way to their VIP.

Pharah joined later with a smug look on her face and a grin she couldn't erase. When someone asked what had happened to her she would laugh and shake her head. Luckily, she was surrounded by young girls and boys alike for autographs and photos. That kept her attention for a while. Curiously enough Jack and Tracer noticed that neither one made eye contact and continued as if nothing had happened, but they knew better. Pharah was now wearing a jacket. Mercy's hair was positioned lower than the last time they saw her and she wore a light scarf that much of a flight attendant.

Tracer rolled her eyes at that obvious one.

Mercy sipped her cup dreamily, leg folded over the other, kicking her foot aimlessly. A VIP ticket holder was ushered over to meet the three and they posed for a picture. Then Tracer was bid to stand up and take a picture with the young girl. "What's your name love?"

"Tracy! I'm Tracy!" the young girl exclaimed, almost bouncing on spot as Tracer signed her hat while on her head still. Tracer giggled, "Heeey, sort' like mine yea? Sorta! You like the panel?"

"Loved it! We got here 3 hours before opening! I wanted to camp but my Da said nah! I love all the heroes!" The kid was hopped on sugar Mercy noted from behind her mug and Jack chuckled.

Tracer laughed. "Good stuff. Let's switch it up yea? I've got a treat for ya." Tracer whistled sharply using her fingers and the mess hall quieted down enough. "Oi, Pharah! Over here love!"

Pharah straightened up from the girls she was talking to and looked over. Mercy had gotten up to answer the girl's questions and then blushed and pulled back a step. She hid her face to take a quick drink as Pharah sauntered over. "What is it?"

Tracer took the girl by the shoulders and aimed her at Pharah, "Tracy here wants a pic with you." At that mention Tracy's eyes widened and sparkled.

Pharah chuckled, "Is that all?" She stood beside the girl and wrapped an arm around her shoulders, squeezing her shoulder gently. "Right, then? Or should I be on your left?" She switched sides to better equip the girl with the decision but the girl was too flabbergasted to reply.

Mercy chuckled when she remembered Pharah liked to use people's good sides when taking pictures. Tracer tilted her head and stopped the photographer who was the kid's guardian. "Now hold a tick. Mercy she wants one with you too." A delighted squeal from the kid.

Mercy nodded, "Alright." Presumably waiting her turn, she leaned back and folded her arms.

"Together!" Tracer pulled Mercy by the forearm and dragged her over. "W-wait, wait. But, uh..." she lost her words when Pharah looked up at her with a sincere smile. "I don't mind."

Mercy responded with a tiny, "*Oh ... okay.*"

Tracy was ecstatic as each woman placed themselves at either side of her and the picture was of her genuine happiness. It took a few shots cause the kid kept swooning to each woman and not pay attention to the camera.

"Now take a picture of you leaning over to kiss each other." Tracer made her thumbs and pointer fingers into a frame to catch the two women in it. Pharah bent over, hands on her knees, shaking her head in mirth. Mercy stood up with a big roll of her eyes and head, giving Tracer a disapproving look as she walked away. Pharah laughed. "Not in the cards today." Regardless Tracy bear hugged her and Pharah signed one of her skinny arms. The guardian suggested somewhere on her hat so that she'd take a bath later. Chuckling, Pharah complied and found a spot on the cap then tapped the hat and when the kid looked up Pharah had her hand over her forehead in salute. Tracy mimicked excitedly and another pic was taken. And then another shot of Jack in a headlock with Pharah and Tracy pretending to save him.

Mercy was hiding in the coffee room, downing an espresso. Her calm had gone and now she needed energy to deal with everyone's antics. Her back facing the doorway as she looked through the cupboards. With the muffled crowd in the back she breathed easier.

Tracer then came in and leaned against the door frame. "You alright love?"

Mercy barely heard her but didn't turn around, mumbling a 'fine.'

"Ya know I was just kidding, huh?"

"Tracer, really..."

"Look, we're all rooting for ya two."

Mercy spun around, "About what?"

Tracer wagged her eyebrows and Mercy threw an apple at her. Tracer was gone but Pharah caught the apple. She raised her eyebrows in appreciation. She rubbed the apple on her jacket and took a bite. The loud crunch made Mercy bite her lip. Pharah smiled at her and approached her. Mercy was backed up into the cupboards until her backside touched the counter. Pharah's hands were at either side of Mercy's hips. "Well... this seems familiar," she teased.

Mercy licked her lips subconsciously staring at Pharah's mouth. She gripped the counter and stammered a reply but Pharah only raised her eyes at her in curiosity. She pulled away and leaned against the cupboards with her when Symmetra walked in, quickly pivoted upon seeing them and walked right back out. Mercy and Pharah exchanged glances. Mercy tucked a lock of hair behind her ear and smiled when Pharah shrugged, taking another sharp bite of the apple. They both instinctively leaned towards each other but sprang apart when Jack and McCree hollered about beers at NorSeHog. "Ahhh, Pharah. Mercy. You two in?"

Pharah contemplated a moment and then nodded, "I'll do a couple. Got training in the early morning." Mercy fidgeted with her espresso cup, putting it down quickly when she realized it was long empty. "And you, Doc?"

"Oh," Mercy ran her hands through her bangs. "No, I can't. Not tonight. I need to shower and get some paperwork done before the next faction arrives."

"Just you and us, Tracer!" McCree bellowed over his shoulder. A faint 'blimey!' responded back.

The men tapped each other's shoulders with a fist and walked back out of the coffee room. The two women stayed leaning against the counters quietly. Pharah, with her arms crossed, staring out through the door and Mercy fiddling with her fingers on her lap, looking at her feet. "I – uh, really have papers to do..."

Pharah chuckled, "I didn't say anything."

Mercy gave a sigh, dropping her head into her hand. Pharah looked over at her and leaned closer. "Or was that an invitation for a next time?"

Mercy looked up, flustered and tried to sound words but her brain had checked out. Pharah gave a lop-sided grin, "For drinks I mean."

Mercy stared a few seconds and suddenly she was laughing. A gentle sound that made Pharah blush like a teenager with a crush again. They chuckled together seemingly out of nothing, just in good company. Pharah reached her hand over Mercy's lithe fingers and slid her fingers underneath them. Mercy moved hers to entwine them. Mercy hid a blush and the same familiar feeling rushed through her. She was glad for it somehow. At least she knew she still desired Pharah even after their impromptu ... *fucking*. She cleared her throat at the sudden jolt through her system and was about to speak but Pharah pulled away, pocketing her hands into her jacket, apple left on the counter, forgotten.

"Ah, there you are my little wing. Hiding from your own mother?" Ana tutted and nodded at Mercy in greeting.

"Hardly. I'm in your radar mother," Pharah replied coolly.

Ana's eye twinkled with a smile, "That you are. There's nothing that escapes me here."

"Of that I'm sure," Pharah stated. "Well, I got to go meet up with the boys. Plus Tracer." She waved at Mercy who feebly waved back with Ana's penetrating eye on her. *Oh no, she was going to get interrogated now.*

Tracer rushed in and took Ana by the arm. "A cup of tea before we go!"

"Aren't you having beer with the boys?" Mercy heard Ana say as she was dragged away. Tracer saved her life. *Holy good graces.* She quickly put the cup into the dishwasher. She spotted Pharah's half eaten apple and hesitated throwing it out before taking a bite out of it herself. Tossing it quick she hustled out of there before anything else happened.

Wild Child

Chapter Summary

Pharah you're gonna get yourself shot one day

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Mercy turned at the slight noise to her left. Her window was facing the gardens two flights up. To hear a light rap on it was concerning. When it happened a second time, her young Chiba woke up from his perch on the couch, lifting his head up, looking towards the window. Mercy sat still a few seconds before another tap hit her window. The dog howled and Mercy finally stood up, grabbing her shirt flaps close. Turning the lights off, she unlocked her balcony glass door and let it slide open as she leaned her head out to peek outside. She narrowly missed a pebble at her head when she ducked. She yanked out her blaster and aimed it downwards at... "Pharah?"

"Wait, don't shoot!" Pharah hissed urgently.

"What're you doing here?" Mercy hissed back. Pharah gave a nervous chuckle. "Hoping I wasn't in your bad graces, Doctor."

Mercy put away her blaster and shook her head, lightly giggling. "All done with the boys?"

"Uh yea, said I needed to head to sleep for training in the morning." Pharah slowly lowered her arms, grinning up at her. "I..." she paused putting her hands in her jean pockets. "Wanted to see you before I headed in."

Mercy stared down at her and then shrugged in dismissal, resting her elbows on the balcony edge. "Like Romeo and Juliette huh?"

Pharah laughed, "Without the double suicide I hope." Pharah glanced around herself and then disappeared underneath the balcony. Mercy heard rustling of the bushes and birds flapping then Pharah's head popped up over the railing. Mercy laughed in shock, "You're going to alert the security guards."

"I'll just get a slap on the wrist," Pharah said with a grin. Mercy shook her head in mirth, hands on the railing.

"Have a good night, Doctor," Pharah said softly, eyes on her. The moonlight caught the glimmer in her eyes and Mercy smiled back. "Yes, good night," then she added with a grin, "Security Chief."

Thinking the same thing they both slowly leaned over but there came a stampede of steps. "Hey you there! What're you doing?!"

"*Khara!*" Pharah let go of the railing and dropped down, crashing into the bushes and a cat's yowl sounded off. Pharah scrambled out, leaves in her hair and waited to see which direction

the men came and ran the opposite, hightailing it.

"Hey, hey! Hold it! Stop right there!" They ran after her with tasers and batons out.

Mercy had hidden back in her room, covering her mouth from laughing out loud. She locked the balcony door back up and closed the curtains; she rested her forehead on the door and shook her head with a smile. Pharah was quite the card. She stretched and looked over at the clock. Blinking 10:46 pm she sighed at it being so late already. She crossed the floor to her desk, scratching her chiba on the ears in passing. She sat back down and picked up her pen again. A few minutes back into her work when suddenly her holo-screen popped up in front of her with a beeping signal for an incoming call. She hesitated to answer since she wasn't supposed to be on call. Closing up her shirt, she composed herself and tapped the screen.

Her assistant Marianne's face was on the other side. "Sorry to bother you Doctor, but a couple of the Security Guards came in all banged up. They're requesting medical attention but quite honestly I think they just need to sleep it off. "

"Medical attention? Did they encounter something?" Mercy looked quizzical. Marianne shrugged with a slight chuckle, looking over her shoulder. "Security Chief, Pharah, caused the damage; she says it was part of the training. She said they're fine but they insisted and I looked them over. They're fine, just banged up."

"Ahhh," Mercy thought a moment pressing her lips. Pharah had run away but once they caught up to her she imagined she had used the decades of various self defense to take them all out at once. Mercy bit her bottom lip when she recalled the Egyptian's strength.

"Sorry to disturb you! I just thought it was funny to share," accented by groaning men in the background with Pharah's voice chastising them. Mercy nodded with an amused smile. Suddenly a hand was on Marianne's shoulder and the screen was tilted to face Pharah, who loomed in.

"All good Doctor, Marianne here will take care of them if they keep whining." Marianne nodded reluctantly. Fareeha tapped her forehead in salute and winked at Mercy when Marianne had looked away. Mercy raised her eyebrows and pressed a thin smile when Marianne came back on.

"I was only calling in case you had an emergency call from one of these guys. Just letting you know I have this under control. Have a good night, Doctor Zeigler."

"Yes, thank you... good night." The link closed off and Mercy stared at the screen for a few more seconds. She then slowly stood up and looked down at the papers on her desk. She sighed and picked up the top folder leafing through it. Halfway in and Pharah's smile popped into her head. She put down the papers and dropped her pen. She shook her head at herself and continued to work, now sitting on the couch, rubbing the chiba's soft rump. Five minutes in and Pharah's breath was suddenly in her ear and she jumped from the couch, earnest to shake off the feeling creeping lower. She rubbed her forehead as she paced the room, her bare feet barely making a sound on the carpet.

"Okay, okay, okay, what the hell. This isn't the first time I've had sex for *mein gott*." She spoke to herself, pacing, and waving her hand. "You're not a teenager!"

Images of Pharah lifting her up to pin with her hips and give her the roughest sex she's had in a long time did indeed make her feel young again. She covered her face now. Not only that but it was a co-worker as well. She stopped and slumped back onto the couch, sagging against the pillows, a hand over her eyes. And Pharah was younger too. Mercy groaned, letting her head flop

backwards.

When Mercy walked into her office the next day she caught sight of Marianne chatting amicably with Pharah. *Did Pharah not have things to do?* Pharah was relaxed, leaning against the counter as she laughed at whatever Marianne was saying. Mercy sighed and blew her bangs out of her face. "Marianne." At the mention of her name the assistant snapped to attention standing up. "Yes? Doctor?" They both looked at her now but luckily the quick blank slate of her mind caught up.

"Are the reports ready?" Mercy asked. Marianne nodded and went to gather them. Pharah gave a nod at Mercy in greeting with a lopsided grin, "Good morning, Doctor." Mercy returned the smile but didn't reply back. She sat at her desk and lit up the holo-screen.

Marianne shuffled back in. "I was waiting for you to review them." Mercy glanced over at her and took the screen tablet. She scanned the data, eyes flicking over the scrolling words. She paused at a section and then approved it in satisfaction. She handed it back. "Very good, send to HQ and you can begin the next segment."

Marianne bowed her head, "Of course. Well then, if nothing else I'll be on my way." Mercy nodded and waited until the doors closed behind Marianne. She then returned to her work, tapping away at the screen.

"Attentive isn't she?"

The voice rode down her spine and a shiver emitted all over her body. *Oh god, how could she forget Pharah?* She quickly composed herself but she could hear Pharah smile somewhere behind her.

"Tell me doctor, are there cameras in here?" Pharah's voice was husky for some reason and it made Mercy swallow hard.

Mercy shook her head, trying to keep typing. "As a plea to the Head Master, I requested that this be treated like a doctor/patience confidence room as well."

She waited for a response but instead she heard the door slide closed. She turned and saw Pharah had exited. She sighed at the empty feeling she had left. She dutifully returned to work to get her head wrapped up in something else. The codes that appeared were enough to distract her. So involved was she that when a cup of steaming coffee was put at her side she flinched and stood up quickly, when she realized it was Pharah, almost knocking the chair over. Pharah caught the chair and Mercy in separate hands. She half chuckle-snorted in surprise, "Needed that coffee did you?"

Mercy shook her head rapidly, "No, no, I need more than coffee." She clutched at Pharah, eyes on her lips. Pharah's smile faded when Mercy grabbed her face, pulling her in. Their lips crashed and breathy moans and arms tightening around each other made them stumble. Pharah pushed the Doc against her desk, scattering papers and the coffee cup went crashing to the ground.

Mei was walking through the hallway when she caught Marianne rushing away but not before the young woman stopped and bowed her head at Mei in passing. Mei returned it with a smile and they both continued on their way. She perked up suddenly, seeing Marianne had

reminded her to visit the head Doctor and switched lanes to take the elevator up.

Pharah was spiraling. The fact that she had Mercy splayed out so wantonly in front of her, once again, gave her more reason to shove harder. Just the thought that someone could walk in any second and discover Mercy with her legs spread under Pharah gave the spike of adrenaline that she felt in the heat of battle. Certainly this was different. With Mercy wrapped around her throbbing member, she wanted to be nowhere else. But there was a sense of urgency. They both knew it. And they both relished it. Just hearing voices pass by made Mercy clench in anticipation and Pharah groaned at the squeeze as she tried to pump in and out. She gripped the hips and pummeled faster.

"You're such a dirty doctor," She huffed staring down at her. "Naughty practice is your favorite isn't it?"

Mercy tried to laugh but it was interrupted with another hitched gasp as Pharah pulled her closer, nearly off the bed. "Fuck, I needed you," she hissed under her breath as she felt her heart rate quicken.

There was a door ring and Pharah squeezed her eyes shut as the sudden interruption made her cum hard, she pushed everything she had into Mercy who was trying to scramble free but Pharah pinned her down. "Dr. Zeigler?" Came the voice.

Mercy stared at Pharah, eyes widening at hearing Mei at the door but Pharah shook her head. Mercy hadn't come yet, and Pharah never left a job unfinished. She began to thrust again and Mercy tried her best to keep quiet but it was proving difficult. She frantically grabbed Pharah's hand and slapped it onto her mouth. Pharah pressed down on it and Mercy rolled her eyes back when Pharah also clamped a hand around the base of her throat, still pushing with her hips. The wet mess on her pants was going to leave evidence but Pharah didn't care. All she cared about was the writhing Doctor under her. Another knock and Mercy shook with her orgasm, crying out into Pharah's hand as she curled inward and then arched, lifting her hips. She quaked and flinched with the electric zaps that flitted through her abdomen. After a few seconds of Mercy's labored breathing, Pharah slowly released her mouth and throat, cautiously waiting to pull out until Mercy was ready. The blonde lay, flinching a few times as she collected her breath. "*Schiese...*" she finally murmured. Her heart was still racing with adrenaline and the way Pharah grinned down at her made her chuckle in embarrassment.

"I can't believe no one tried to come in," Mercy said, covering her face. Pharah laughed as she tucked herself back into her jeans. She leaned down to kiss her after Mercy removed her hands. She wrapped her arms around her waist and helped her sit up. Mercy lazily slumped against her.

"Mmm, Pharah..." she whispered into her neck, kissing it, careful not to leave hickies. Pharah looked over her shoulder, grinning and lifted Mercy to her feet. "Come now, back to work Doctor."

"I don't have the stamina like you do," Mercy sighed. Pharah laughed, "Maybe you should hit the gym more often."

"I'm too busy..." Mercy stood up and pulled down her pencil skirt, adjusting her shirt.

Pharah tutted, "Now doctor. A healthy regimen is important." Mercy slapped her arm as she stood up went to cleanup in the washroom. Pharah blew her hair out of her face in delighted relief. She zipped up her pants and buckled up the belt. She debated stuffing her shirt back in but

instead she let it hang out this time. After Mercy finished in the washroom, Pharah sidestepped her and then slapped her ass in passing making Mercy cry out in surprised glee.

Mercy went to pick up her papers when the door knocked again. Now composed she called out, "Come in," looking over her shoulder at the washroom. The door rattled and then someone pressed their mouth to the door. "Doc! It's locked!"

Mercy felt her flush in humiliation. *Pharah had locked the door the whole time?!*

Scrambling from her seat she went and unlocked the door, pushing it open as it slid to the side. "I'm so sorry! I had no idea it was locked!"

D.va grinned seeing her face in utter shock. "Distracted doctor?"

"Sorry I was so involved with my ... work," she hastily swallowed and bid her inside. She noticed the back window was open and a cool breeze was blowing in gently, waving the thin curtain around. She paused; *did Pharah just leap out the window?*

D.va was chatting the whole time and was snapped back to attention when the girl poked her cheek with a fore finger, "Doc. Earth to doc. MERCY!"

Mercy snapped back, running a hand over her neck, laughing nervously. "Yes, I'll get them right away." She went to the cupboard where she kept the nanotech bandaids and gave three to the young woman. "Be sure to sponge the area first and then add the Nanos firmly, press for a few seconds and you should be good."

"Thanks," D.va cheerily quipped and made for the door but Mercy quickly stopped her. "S-should I give you a once over?"

D.va looked at her. "Seems like you got enough on your plate doc. Thanks tho!" D.va waved the nanotechnology packs and exited the doorway. Mercy sighed and kept the door open, holding it open for the next person.

"Heya, Doc!" Mercy nearly shrieked when Tracer popped her head in the doorway. *God why was she so jumpy?!* That remark about having no energy was quickly retracted.

"Too much coffee?" The Brit offered. *Speaking of which, it was all over the left side of her desk on the floor.* Mercy sighed and went to grab towels to clean it up. Tracer zipped over and took the towels from her. "I've got ya doc!" She proceeded to wipe the floor when she noticed papers scattered everywhere. "Something scare ya?"

"A Security Chief," Mercy mumbled as she resumed picking up the pages. Tracer grinned as she wiped the floor, "If you say so, Doc."

Chapter End Notes

Will you rat them out Tracer? ;V

Make a Moment

Chapter Summary

Our ladies take a second to slow down

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Mercy was anxious all day; excitedly anxious. If anyone knew what she had done the day before... gods, she couldn't even think about it without a blush. She was bouncing on her toes, heels clicking quickly when she dashed from one screen to another. Even with a distraction in mind she had never felt more alert and energetic. She swiftly moved to the next screen, overseeing an operation in Thailand. After giving her remarks and notes she made her report and sent them a full scan of the desired medications needed. Within that same time she put in an emergency delivery to Bora Bora.

Marianne came in and reminded her of the scheduled emergency surgery she had to spot in for another surgeon. As she went down the hall with Marianne following close behind, trying to keep up with the Doctor's energy, she made a mental note to keep herself on task. Entering the room, she greeted the awaiting medical team on the other side of the screen in Paris. Marianne helped her step into the pod surrounded by holograms of the surgeon's team. She greeted each one by name and noticed a new assistant to the team.

"Have you ever seen a surgery done this way before?" She asked lightly, while putting on her optic gloves. When the assistant shook her head she smiled. "Then right now is a given opportunity." Putting on her mask to help her focus, she then inserted her hands into the robotic slots of arms and tested a few turns to make sure the hanging robotics in the actual hospital room moved as well at her command. She could see the new assistant marvel at the technology. Marianne nodded at her from the other side of the windows that she was cleared for progression. The medical team had already prepped him and tools were ready on hand. She looked up at the heart and brain monitor. Marianne had given her the patient's medical records and stats prior, prepping her for this surgery. She looked down at the patient's holographic body before her, hands poised ready.

At the present time she couldn't be there in person but they had figured a way to be able to help even on base from anywhere in the world. With Torbjorn, Winston and Symmetra's help they had been able to conceive an automated surgeon that reacts to real time movements when connected by the optic gloves and the enhanced micromanagement nanos. They tested it first by learning sign language, playing chess and Jenga, Operation and even Pick-up-sticks with other people from around the world; old but classic games. The first surgery had been on a duck, removing a tumor. Upon success, the project was made available worldwide to many hospitals that could support the technology.

Nodding to herself she breathed in deep. The metallic bladed fingers moved evenly and having the team surround her felt exactly like she was there and a hologram was emitted to them as well to be able to help her. She moved in, "Let's begin then. Scalpel." She held out her hand and in the surgery room the robotic hand was palm up for the scalpel. It was placed into the hand and Mercy turned it slowly and poised over the lines on the man's chest. Slowly she pushed down

and the medical team was in action.

She was free after three arduous hours. With the success she thanked the team. Everyone was relieved when it was over and the patient was in good health once again. She sat down at her desk and turning it on with her pass code she saw her messenger blink notifying a new email. Mercy nearly jumped from her seat in excitement. She collected herself when Marianne and another nurse walked in. She stood up and grabbed her items. "Marianne. I'll be in my room if you need anything."

"You're free for the day doctor." Marianne replied looking at the schedule on her tablet. Mercy internally sighed with relief.

"Excellent work today, Doctor Zeigler. As always." The nurse commented and Mercy did her dazzling smile. "Thank you," she promptly picked up more of her things and exited the office. She hummed to herself in the elevator and sidestepped when Mei got in on the next floor. They smiled at each other in greeting and rode up without words just Mercy humming to herself. She reached her floor and waving her fingers she got off letting the doors close behind her.

She unlocked the gate with a thumbprint and entered her suite. "Toshi!" She exclaimed as the little dog raced to see her, bouncing on its hind legs. She scooped him up and hugged him, coddling his face and scratching behind his ears. After that he wanted to get down and she rolled her eyes. She put him down and he went off to the porch. This was the reason she mostly got him, he was his own lil person. She sighed and straightened her back, arching upwards in a stretch. Realizing the kink in her neck and lower back she decided on a hot bath.

She went to draw the bath and then to her room to undress. Putting on her robe as she waited for the water to finish rising she got herself a chill glass of champagne. She sat on the edge of the tub soaking in her feet as the bubbles rose to the desired height. Turning off the faucet she stood up and slipped off her robe. She tied up her hair in a lazy bun and slowly stepped into the hot water and sank in, breathing a sigh of relief. Taking another careful sip of her drink she sat back against the rounded edge and closed her eyes, letting the hot water soak her weariness away. Just a few minutes in when her communicator blinked on with a phone call. She contemplated picking up just in case it was an emergency. But that was the duty she had chosen and was sworn by. She answered and was pleasantly surprised to hear it was Pharah. The lines sprang across the screen as it recognized the voice.

"Mhmm, yes hello," she said with a slight tease in her voice.

"You don't sound surprised that I called you on your line," Pharah's voice came out crystal clear.

Mercy chuckled and took another sip, "Should I be?"

Pharah laughed that throaty laugh that Mercy loved. "Do I think too highly of myself?"

"You were named after a god; I wouldn't put it past you."

Another laugh and Mercy felt so warm and cozy and not just from the bath. She raised her leg and rubbed the calf before sliding back under the water. There was a pause and Pharah cleared her throat. "Are you busy at the moment?"

Mercy, with a glint of impish glee, switched on the camera and she saw Pharah's face flush as she rapidly sat back against a bunker upon seeing Mercy in the bath. She quickly averted

her eyes, "Oh goddesses! I'm so sorry!"

"Oh now you're acting all shy?" Mercy mused, leaning forward on her arms on the side of the tub to tease the other woman with a smirk. *Pharah looked so cute blushing.* Mercy noticed she was in her Raptora suit without her helmet. She perked up. "Are you in training right now?"

"Uh... yes... just ..."

"Shouldn't I be the one asking if you're busy then?"

Pharah turned red but her eyes were downcast, "Right. Right." Her eyes flicked upwards, worrisome. "S-should I call back a different time?"

Mercy tilted her head playfully, "Do you have a minute?"

Pharah adjusted her seating. A blast went off somewhere behind her but she barely flinched. "All my time you need," she said in a breath.

Mercy smiled, "Wonderful." She sat back on the bath pillow and set the tablet up on her knees jutting above the suds, holding it with her free hand. The suds came up to her chest so nothing was revealed but just the thought that she was naked made Pharah flustered and squirm in her suit.

"I'm actually glad it's you calling."

"Really," Pharah again cleared her throat, adjusting to the situation. "Something you want to tell me?"

"Well," Mercy picked up her glass again and took a hearty sip, licking her bottom lip as she pulled it away. Pharah clenched her jaw firmly.

"Whenever we meet we hardly have a chance to actually talk. Our bodies do the talking. Not that I mind at all, I hope you understand. It'd be nice to hear from you once in a while. So I appreciate you taking time out of your day to call me." She smiled sincerely and Pharah nodded on the other side.

Pharah adjusted the hologram telecommunication so no one sneaking up on her could see the rare treat that was the doctor in a bath. "It's-it's my pleasure," she said relieved. "I'll do my best to do that more often with your permission." Mercy smiled again and she felt her skin hot under her armor. "Oh and Mercy!" She quickly added. Mercy leaned closer, intent to catch what she was going to say. "If you ever feel the need... to contact me... for anything! Please feel free to call me as well. I know you're extremely busy, so I try not to waste your time. That is..."

Mercy's eyes glinted with a sparkle, she smiled again and nodded. "Thank you. I'll be sure to." She waved her fingertips and logged off. Pharah sagged against the bunker in relief. *How gut wrenching.*

"Pharah! Heads up!"

Pharah sprang to her feet and all the men saw were shatters of the missile with a giant explosion.

Mercy was downstairs grabbing the latest holo-tablet tech, signing her registration with the lock keeper. Thanking him she left the corridor and got into the elevator to take her back

upstairs. There she saw someone blanketed being wheeled into the medic bay. Alarmed, Mercy followed asking questions about the patient. "Just a training accident cause she wasn't paying attention."

Mercy froze. "Pharah?!"

A hand flipped the blanket off and looked up at her, smiling at her sheepishly. "Hey, Doc... "

Mercy stared aghast at her. "Seriously?" She hissed in contempt. She followed them into the room and putting down her tablet she rolled up her sleeves. "I've got this," she told the nurse who wouldn't let go of the tablet.

"Doctor, please! You already did your time today. This is easy I can take care of it. You should be relaxing!"

Feeling personally responsible Mercy insisted with a look. The nurse gradually gave up the tablet and Mercy ran the scan over Pharah's body. "Hmm, nothing's broken..." she paused at the left hand, frowning down at her. "Except you shattered ... your knuckle?"

A huff came from behind them and Jack let himself in, staring down at Pharah with his hands on his hips. "Punching a missile in mid-air will do that." Pharah got another appalled look from Mercy. "If it weren't for her gauntlet she'd have no hand."

Pharah bit her bottom lip like a child being scolded. "Just what exactly had you so distracted? In actual battle you might've been killed." Pharah opened her mouth to speak but Jack was already being hurried out. "I've got this Jack! Thank you for seeing her here! I'll have her fixed up in no time!" She also ushered the nurses out and closed the door.

She spun around with a glare making Pharah flinch. "You got hurt?! Because you took a break to call me?! Do I feel responsible? Yes! Schiese!" She went to the cabinets and pulled out all the medical supplies she had on hand. She put them on a floating cart and waited for the overhead bot to finish its initial scan of Pharah's organs. Seeing no interior damage it beeped in blue lights and she waved it off. It turned and floated off to its recharge station.

Pharah watched quietly as Mercy started to clean her open cuts. Mercy's annoyance had turned to a doting doctor in a flash. Remembering the scan had picked up on bruised ribs, she grabbed the edges of Pharah's shirt. She froze when Pharah tensed.

Mercy looked up at her, "May I?" She asked gently. Pharah swallowed hard and then nodded. Mercy slowly pushed up the shirt exposing her caramel skin and hard abs. Pharah sucked in a breath, muscles rippling from the sudden chill and anticipation of the other woman touching her. Pharah found herself holding her breath until Mercy shook her head and caressed her forehead. "You need to breathe," she said softly.

Pharah let out a shaky breath, eyes on her. Mercy kept the eye contact as she slid her fingers over Pharah's abdomen, slowly feeling for swells and any nicks. She relished the feel of the warm flesh beneath her fingers, eventually her strokes became caresses and she felt Pharah's stomach quiver and her free hand clench. "Mercy..." she breathed out.

Mercy stopped below her navel and reached with her other hand for a bottle on the cart. She squirted a small amount of clear liquid on her abs making Pharah flinch from the sudden cold. Mercy chuckled. "This is a cooling gel, the Nanos within will repair the bruising underneath. We'll get you back to tip top shape again." She massaged the lotion gently into the skin, heating up under her fingers and Pharah gave a small giggle. Mercy looked at her in surprise. "It tickles,"

Pharah said with a lop-sided grin.

Mercy slowly looked down and noticed the tattoo on her solar plexus, a wide lotus with Arabic words in the middle. She found herself stroking the lines as she massaged up further each time. Pharah now winced guiltily.

Mercy slowly shook her head. "You need to be more careful. You shouldn't have called me. I'm guilty as well. I should've let you go."

Pharah's hand slid over Mercy's soft one and squeezed. "This is minor, I promise. You know I'm a fast healer."

"You're saying you did this on purpose?"

Pharah bit her lip in thought. "I had something I wanted to tell you. You didn't answer my email. I was anxious. I couldn't focus. It was on the back of my mind."

Mercy sighed and reached for a band aid to slide onto the shallow cut on her cheek. "I'm sorry. I had a lot on my plate."

"I know you're busy. I'm not blaming you. But I wanted to apologize."

Mercy turned to her, "For what?"

Pharah lay back and her shoulders sagged. "For leaving the way I did, without a goodbye. I wanted to stick around but sooner or later I'd be discovered." She shook her head. "I didn't want to cause you any trouble, if that makes sense." She turned her head to look at the Doctor and smiled. "I had a great time."

Mercy now blushed and tried to continue working. "Yes, I had fun too."

At that Pharah beamed in happiness and gratefulness. "Doctor, if you'll permit me," Pharah started and Mercy glanced up at the tone of her voice. "May I kiss you?"

Mercy felt the sudden surge of need throb through her chest to her belly where it pooled in a heated tight ball. Without hesitation she reached over and Pharah lifted her head to meet her halfway. Their lips met and they pushed against each other's. Pharah smiled in the kiss and they slowly pulled away. Pharah lay back with a satisfied smile.

"You don't... have to ask me," Mercy said quietly as she took Pharah's left hand. The nurse bot had casted the arm and it was now setting. "You're going to have to wear a sling for a few days."

At that Pharah groaned and slumped back. "*Khara.*"

Chapter End Notes

anybody got kinks i can throw in? i mean i have a ton of material i've been wanting to write lol. But if there is something you hope to see leave a comment and i'll see what i can do ;)

Missing Your Body

Chapter Summary

What happens when your long distance or across buildings? Well, we get creative that's what.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Pharah woke up with a start. She swore she had felt a caress across her shoulder blades making her lift her head up groggily searching her surroundings. She groaned flopping back down face first into the pillow. After a few seconds she rose to her wrists and winced when she put on too much pressure with her left hand. She slid over to a cooler spot on the bed and tried to fall back asleep.

The dim sunlight trying to stream into her room was notification that it was still too early. Suddenly out of nowhere Mercy's kiss last night made her freeze on the spot, head half raised. *"You don't have to ask me."* She had said. Pharah blushed into the bed sheets, crumbling them in her fists. She rolled over onto her back, legs entangled in the sheets. She rubbed her eyes to get the sleep out. She glanced down at a certain tightening and froze when she saw her erect member standing to attention underneath the thin covers.

"Oh, what now," she mumbled as if it were a separate being of her body. She cleared her mind to will it away. It proved more difficult. She slid up onto the pillows and hoped sleep would let her just forget about it.

It never did. She felt heavy now; she rolled onto her side and closed her eyes. She knew it was because of a certain doctor who fueled her. She opened her eyes and stared at the dark thin, curtains resisting the sunlight. *Why did she suddenly feel that the doctor was so irresistible?* She remembered always thinking that Mercy was beautiful, charming, and so lovingly caring, often her downfall but also her upside. Her smile would bring life to a corpse. She was poised and always had a level head on her shoulders and not only because she had to.

Pharah loved it when she said her name. Especially when she came under her... Pharah tensed and a sharp breath escaped when she felt her member twitch and throb. She hid her face in the pillow. Mercy had always seemed unapproachable but for different reasons. She felt telling herself when she chased Mercy in that hallway that she was confident she wouldn't be turned away, especially with the glances Mercy had bestowed her way. Taking a leap of faith Pharah had barreled in and her fire had spiked tenfold when Mercy reciprocated. *Goddesses... she was so beautiful.* Without realizing she came to subconsciously rock her hips, grinding her member into the bed. She gave a hitched moan by the sudden pulse that vibrated throughout her abdomen. She gripped the bed sheets and held still, squeezing her abdominal muscles, forcing it to pass.

Those sweet milky thighs and trim waist and bountiful backside... she huffed into the back of her hand as she tried to refrain herself. She was never one for masturbating. She was disciplined not to fall to temptation. Mercy's expression of lust and desire clouded her mind and she gasped as she rolled her hips into the bed again. Again she willed herself to freeze. She clenched her jaw and squeezed her thighs. Oh goddesses, she wanted Mercy right now so bad... she slowly rolled onto her back and stared at the straining bulge in her PJ pants. Letting a few

minutes pass it never wilted even when she tried to think about training and the mission she had been set out for tomorrow. She covered her face in a groan of disdain. Goddesses, she was being cursed for something in her past life.

She felt the head of her member twitch painfully, a dull thudding throughout her thighs and lower abdomen. She gripped the edge of her pants with her fingers, fisting it as she contemplated touching it. Pharah snapped her underwear back and sprang out of bed. She was going to take a cold shower damnit!

Turning on the overhead faucet she doused herself with cold water that made her flinch nearly out of her skin. She sighed when she felt her hot skin instantly cool off. She rested her head against the shiny black tiled wall and closed her eyes. She remembered Mercy in the bath the other day. She was so fucking amazing with her glistening milky skin in candlelight and her messy bun with tips damp from the suds... The look she gave her when she had leaned over the tub's arms made Pharah bite her lower lip. She opened her eyes and exhaled slowly. *Did she owe her an image now? Skin for skin?*

Hesitantly, she grabbed the waterproof tablet and poised it above her chest and taking a deep breath she messaged Mercy, biting her lower lip in anticipation.

Mercy awoke an hour ago. Already showered and eaten breakfast, she was now lounging on the couch with a cup of coffee, reviewing her notes. Toshi crunched on his breakfast happily in the kitchen, staring at his puppy toy. Mercy took a hearty sip of the dark brew when a message blinked on the screen of her tablet.

-Good morning. Pharah.

Mercy felt the smile start from her heart and spread to her face. She put down her coffee on the side table and opened the window. "Good morning," she typed along as she said it.

-I was curious.

There was a long pause so Mercy prompted. "About the universe?"

Pharah rolled her eyes and laughed as she saw the response. "That and much more. But this one's about you."

Mercy smiled again and then she giggled when Pharah wrote, **"and me."**

-I think it's safe to say we are the universe, Ms.God. Mercy

Pharah snorted, "That again. Haha."

-What can I help you with? Up so early contemplating us are you? What about us? Mercy

Pharah's finger stopped, thinking about her reply, the shower pelting her back completely forgotten. She swallowed hard and dove in, typing quickly so she couldn't take back her words.

Mercy lifted her coffee cup and sipped again and upon lowering it she paused. **-I saw you in the bath I suppose it's fair that I show you mine? Would that be OK?** *Pharah*

Mercy breathed in deep, thankfully having already swallowed her mouthful she didn't choke on it. She exhaled as her heart skipped a beat and heat surged down through her core to her groin where she internally twitched. *Good god...*

Pharah. Naked. Wet?

She found herself biting her lower lip. *Was she mentally ready for this?* Her body sure was by the way it was heating up.

Pharah bit the inside of her cheek as her heart pounded waiting for the reply. *Was it too brash to assume it'd be okay? No, at least she asked? Wait, was it because she had asked? Should she just have sent a photo?* Realizing she wasn't getting an answer anytime soon she put the tablet back on the counter and rinsed off the soap on her body. She shut off the water, letting the last bit of cool water stream through her hair down her body. The messenger pinged and Pharah held her breath for the reply. Her eyes widened when she saw the message.

- **-... please.** *Mercy*

Mercy couldn't control the hard beating in her chest and cautiously willed her legs to move. She bumped into the wall aiming for her bedroom. She wanted to make sure if she fainted that she was at least on a softer surface. She closed the door gently and found the bed, eyes glued to the screen. The message blinked and she inhaled deeply.

She opened it and an image spread across her screen instantly. Mercy froze, lips parted as she stared at the dark caramel beauty on screen. She was indeed wet, seemingly right after a shower still in the stall. She had her hand in her hair as if pushing the shiny wet mop back, her face glistening with drops that trickled down to her chest where it was cut off just below the collarbone. Her lips slightly red and swollen from biting them she noticed. Those damn kissable lips... her eyes were shiny and piercing as if they were literally looking right at her. Mercy lay back onto the bed with a sigh as she held the tablet up to admire it. *God's, she was so beautiful... so strong.* She bit her lip as she saw the muscles in the lifted arm.

Pharah had exited the shower stall and was now towel drying her hair. She decided to wear her karate pants instead with her black underwear. She sat on the edge of the bed and let the towel drape over her shoulders. There was a new message and bravely she opened it, heart hammering in her chest. Mercy had sent a picture back and Pharah breathed praise to the goddesses.

Mercy was lying in her bed, a shirt too big for her was sliding off one shoulder, exposing pearly skin and a slight blush on her cheeks. She was holding the tablet up when she took the photo and Pharah found herself lying back as well to adore it. Heaven sent was the right word. Pharah mouthed words of a calming mantra. A message pinged and Pharah panicked to answer it.

-Do you like it? *Mercy.*

-You're amazing. Pharah.

-And you're beautiful Pharah. Mercy.

Pharah held the tablet up, staring at the words. She had never been called beautiful. She had been coined pretty, gorgeous, handsome, stud and babe but never specifically the word *beautiful*. She bit her lip and wrote back.

Mercy had been staring at Pharah's picture when she saw the message blink in the corner of her eye. She grinned and rolled onto her belly, propping herself up by her elbows. She let down her hair and ran her fingertips through it, letting it air dry, the waves she desired already forming. She smiled widely when Pharah continued to praise her instead of acknowledging her compliment. Mercy shook her head lightly, "This woman..."

Pharah stroked her fingers over Mercy's face on the screen staring back at her. Like the time in the doctor's patient bed. She had lifted Mercy up in the middle of a heated kiss and dropped her on the bed. She laughed playfully as she bounced on the mattress and silenced once Pharah had unbuckled her belt making her bite her bottom lip in heated desire. Mercy had hastily dragged her pencil skirt up and spread her knees when Pharah leaned down to kiss her.

She closed her eyes at the memory of feeling her muscles flutter as she entered gently, grabbing at her. *She had felt so amazing...* she huffed as she felt her erection swell yet again, raising a strained bulge in her pants. Goddesses, if Mercy knew what was happening to her right now... Suddenly a message appeared and Pharah clicked it open immediately and her breath hitched almost locking in her throat. Mercy was now lying on her stomach with the large shirt sloping forward to reveal her cleavage quite low and her head tilted to the side, revealing a tantalizing neck adorned with pale, golden hair now cascading over one exposed shoulder.

She felt her hips arch upward and she didn't stop them this time. She bit her lower lip and tensed her thighs. *Did Mercy know what she was doing?!*

Pharah's brain tried to grasp an appropriate response. All of a sudden it was interrupted by a blinking message with an incoming video call. Pharah quickly rolled onto her stomach to hide her erection and answered after a few blinking seconds. She was laughing nervously and clutching her head sheepishly.

Mercy chuckled back in response, seemingly curious, "You didn't like that?"

"Quite... quite the opposite I assure you," Pharah cleared her throat and tried to remain calm but whenever Mercy shifted her shirt slid off more. Pharah was going to pass out she swore. This was too much for a mortal to bear. Mercy smiled her dazzling smile and Pharah was turned to stone, paralyzed by a sudden lust it ached not to touch herself. Mercy then placed the tablet on the air support so it hovered at an angle showing her face and partial body parts, parts she had a feeling excited the blushing Egyptian.

Pharah instantly noticed the change in camera angle and clenched her jaw. *She was going to die tonight. Peace to her mother waiting on her for lunch.* She swallowed hard when she realized her mouth had pooled. Mercy stretched her arms, and then arched her back with a sigh that Pharah swore was too erotic. She didn't hide anything now. She let all expressions on her face show whenever Mercy glanced her way. She wanted to let her know that she wanted her, nothing to hide.

Mercy smiled kindly and her fingers drew under her shirt revealing she was only wearing white underwear underneath. Pharah shifted her weight on her pelvis when the pounding of her head was too much. *This woman...*

Mercy opened her eyes and shared eye contact with the other woman, biting her lower lip. Having Pharah watch her on the other side of the screen was something she had never actually thought about. She had done this with long distance lovers a long time ago but this... this was different. This was Pharah. The Egyptian goddess of protection, whose might and power was expressed every day. *Especially when they were intimate*, she hummed in her throat at the memory. She loved feeling Pharah's strong arms hoist her up as if she weighed nothing. Just thinking about it turned her on. She loved it when Pharah was rough with her. When she had pulled her into the closet and practically slammed her into the wall. When she had lifted her up and thrown her onto the bed.

Mercy squeezed her thighs and lifted her hips slightly, watching Pharah's eyes glaze over with lust, lips wet from licking it. With eyes on her mouth she said in a soft but clear voice. "I want you... **sigh**... to kiss me so bad."

Pharah exhaled and dropped her head onto the bed with a long drawn out groan. "Goddesses don't say things like that... I'm trying to control myself here."

Mercy's breath exhaled out long and slow. "Then come over..." Mercy said with a slight begging voice, body slowly squirming for Pharah's touch. Her body was on fire from just the anticipation of the invite.

Pharah lifted her head, so much regret on her face. "I have brunch with my mother soon... I can't..." she barely whispered back.

But that didn't dampen Mercy's spirits, except her panties. She chuckled softly and drew her head back so that her neck and chest arched directly into the camera and she smiled inwardly when she heard and saw Pharah moan in want.

"Not fair," Pharah nearly whimpered. She shook her head. "You're so not fair."

Mercy continued her display, biting her lower lip and moaning deep in her throat. "I want your hands..."

Pharah gripped the bedsheets tightly in fists, head down, her hips arched on their own, and her erection trying to find sweet release. She felt the pounding along the shaft; she felt it in the back of her head now, heavy and hot. Her heart was thudding hard against her chest. She swore she was going to black out.

Mercy saw Pharah struggle inwardly, watched her hips move and tense up and heard her breath hitch and gasp when Mercy reciprocated her own movements, shifting in the red silk sheets.

"Ms.God," she whispered, coaxing Pharah to look up slowly, as if fearing what she'd see next.

"Do you want to touch me?" The voice soft and lustful. Pharah swallowed hard and managed a guttural growl and Mercy's need spiked. Her clit throbbed now, hot energy pooling around her core. Pulsing, her fingers twitched now and she raised her hips off the bed and swirled them slowly before landing softly back on the bed. Pharah rolled onto her back and hoisted the tablet too to hover above her in the same angle Mercy had hers, freeing her hands.

"I do," she finally managed. Her breasts covered by the damp towel and now it was Mercy's turn to give a lust filled sigh at seeing the other woman's exposed skin. "I really do... so fucking much."

Mercy saw the abdominal muscles tense up and her ...restrained bulge... she licked her lips and bit her bottom lip. "Do you want... to fuck me?" She breathed the last words out and Pharah's hips jerked. She arched her back, mouth open as she let out a long groan.

Mercy panted now, hands raising her shirt over her hot belly, her thighs squeezing and tightening onto nothing. "Ms.God?" She repeated huskily.

Pharah squeezed her eyes shut and she slowly rolled her hips upwards, breathing labored. Mercy wanted it so much, to shove and even hurt her, if that's how hard Pharah wanted to give it to her. "Will you do something for me?" She whispered finally.

Pharah barely heard her but quickly managed a reply, a slight hum in her throat. She had a feeling what it could be. She opened her eyes slowly, staring right at Mercy making her shiver. Mercy swallowed hard, her own fingers playing with the hem of her panties, hands roaming over her abdomen sensually.

"Show it to me..."

Pharah stiffened but she knew she couldn't deny her anything. With a shaky breath her hands flitted to the hem of her pants. She slowly undid the strings to her gi and let the belt slid off to the sides. Her eyes still on Mercy as she slowly lowered her pants lifting her hips a bit to slide the fabric down past her hips, there she paused when she saw Mercy's eyes glaze over in a lust filled gaze.

Pharah felt her heart hammering harder in her chest, she had never done this before. With anyone. Not even grab a person and shove them into a closet or throw them onto a bed. Mercy did things to her that made her feel so... *savage*.

Huffing a breath she slowly pulled the elastic down over the happy trail and down past her base and over the hot flesh now exposed to the cool air. She paused at the tip as it caught on the fabric. She breathed in deep and slid it over the head, the fabric teasingly grazing the hardened flesh, coating the fabric with pearly substance. She restrained a pleasurable gasp as her member sprang into the open air and curved toward her stomach, the angry red head tilting slightly towards Mercy's direction.

Mercy moaned at seeing it and marveled at its sight, fully pleased that it ever did enter her. Just seeing it made her petals part and drip more, her clit ached in a needy fire that needed dousing. Without so much as a second thought her hand reached inside her underwear and she pressed her fingers past her clit that twitched at her touch and made her flinch in how sensitive it was.

Pharah's eyes widened as she saw what was unfolding before her. She couldn't believe

she was witnessing what Mercy probably did in her private time. Her member twitched and flared even redder, precum leaking onto her belly as she clenched, making her muscles ripple. She felt the base of it get heavy; she was so full it felt like it could rocket off any second. Euphoria sent waves up and down her spine, she was so tense, she honestly felt like her insides were trying to crush into themselves. She huffed as she watched Mercy pleasure herself using Pharah as a visual. *Fuck... this was hot...* she tried not to look away but she clenched her fists balling up the bedsheets.

Mercy was panting mercilessly as her slicked fingers picked up speed, usually she would take her time and enjoy these sensations wafting and coursing throughout her limbs but the sudden lust that had captured her demanded satisfaction and she needed it now. Her free hand scrabbled for something to anchor herself with as she felt the fire burning her from the inside desperately trying to find a way out. She opened her mouth and arched her chest, gasping at each punctuated static jolt she emitted with her fingers. "Pharah...!" she moaned out loud.

Upon hearing her name in between heated gasps, Pharah turned her head to the side and squeezed her eyes shut in agony. She wasn't going to touch it... she couldn't... she wouldn't... and when Mercy moaned and gasped sharply, her breath hitching, she found herself reciprocating the same sounds. Mercy was so close she could hear it. She opened her eyes in time to see Mercy lift her hips up with her fingers pressed deep inside her as she cried out with a shaky wail.

"Pharah!" She heard Mercy cry out once she gained her breath again. Pharah felt the ties snap. In one swift motion her pelvis tensed up and her hips lifted. Involuntarily she held the tension, muscles tightening as her swollen member tensed from the base and flowed to the tip where it rippled with the violent pounding coursing through it. The head spurted out ropes of cum all over her chest. She gasped out loud in shock, almost like a strangled cry as she felt the pressure rush out. She quickly ripped the towel from her shoulders and wiped her torso quickly and covering her twitching member as it kept going off. She froze and concentrated on getting it all out. A few seconds later she collapsed back on the bed, chest heaving from holding her breath too long. It coursed through her body and she squeezed her eyes shut as the euphoria wafted through her and out. After a few grueling seconds she felt so spent and drained that she could barely move. She panted out trying to control her breathing, eyes staring at the ceiling. *That has never happened before.* Tentatively, she looked up to peek at Mercy. Mercy was staring back and her hands were still moving, but gentler and slower, her face now content with a satisfied smile playing on her lips. "God's, you are so fucking beautiful..." she murmured with a sigh. "That was so amazing."

Pharah felt slightly ashamed but extremely happy. She now felt a warm fuzzy feeling take over her body, a slight headache pounding the back of her skull but it wasn't enough to deter her mood. Her member now decidedly was slowly softening against her abs under the towel. She let out a long exhale and gave a half-hearted chuckle.

"That's never happened to me before..." she pointed out, words almost not audible. Mercy rolled onto her stomach and chuckled at her. "I'm honored?"

Pharah now laughed, covering her face with her hands. "Oh goddesses, how am I supposed to look you in the eye now?"

Mercy laughed with her, "Don't you dare hide from me!"

Pharah shook her head, letting go of her face. "Not even if I tried." She raised her eyes to look at Mercy who rested her chin on her folded forearms, with her ankles crossed in the air behind her. "That wasn't enough for you was it?" she asked, defeated.

Mercy smiled sincerely. "I enjoyed it immensely. Thank you."

Pharah raised an eyebrow. "You're... welcome?" The two laughed again and then they were quiet, basking in the satiated warmth inside their bodies and hearts. Mercy hummed in her throat as she felt the warmth creep in sleep. "Will you be home tonight?"

Pharah died a little inside. "No... I have to head out with Jack tonight; it's why my mother insisted we have brunch together." Her eyes widened and she sat up quickly looking for the clock. Mercy perked up when Pharah swore under her breath and tucked herself back into her gi, narrowly hitting her head on the tablet. Mercy sat up slowly and took the tablet back into her hands and watched the bed get covered in clothes as Pharah frantically looked for clothes. "*Khara!* No, I gotta shower again!" She said off screen. Suddenly the tablet was plucked from its station and Pharah's face appeared, fully awake and panicky. "Okay, sorry but I have to jet! My mother's going to kill me! I'll call you on base! I love you! Bye!" And the screen blinked off.

Mercy's amused smile faded and she sat stunned a moment. *Wait, what?*

Pharah froze when she turned away after dropping the tablet. Her heart hammered and she spun around in paralyzing fear. *Wait, what?* Seeing the clock on the tablet made her leap over the bed, grab her clothes and promptly jump into the shower.

Mercy slowly put down the tablet, staring at it as if it would jump her. *Just what exactly happened?* Toshi was scratching at her door, pulling her out of her train of thought. She climbed off the bed and rearranged her clothing and opened the door. The dog now stopped and stared up at her. She stared back. "What? Are you judging me?" The dog tilted its head and Mercy slumped against the door frame covering her face.

Chapter End Notes

haha oops~

happy valentines day!

Birthday Cake

Chapter Summary

Nothing is going to stop Pharah from giving Mercy her present.

Pharah had a bitter taste in her mouth all day. She ran her tongue over her lips but it only made her throat dry. She positioned her canon on her right arm, waiting in the shadows of the barracks with Jack and another agent.

"Hey, hot shot." She heard him say. "You ready to concentrate yet?"

"I will once you stop talking," Pharah glowered. Jack shook his head, "That frosty face of yours does wonders. Just like your mom." Him and the other agent chuckled.

Pharah rolled her eyes. "McCree gave me a sip of something gross. Said it'd perk me up."

Jack nodded as if he knew what she was talking about. "Clearly it's not working. Something on your mind?"

"Yea. Of course," Pharah settled from one knee to the other. "The Hellions location. If it's here at all."

Jacked hummed in his throat. "That's why we're here young spry. Patience."

"She slips..." Pharah murmured. Jack took a glance back at her and she pretended to not see his look. He turned back to his position. Scaldar, the other agent, motioned with his hand. Pharah and Jack rose to a crouched position, ready to launch. Jack patted Pharah's shoulder, "You got this?"

Pharah nodded, triple checking her weapon. "Got it."

"Do we have visual?" Jack said into the comm at his wrist. A clear voice carried back to him. "East and west, they're attempting to close us in. Pharah to the west and rally them into the center. Whenever you're ready Commander."

"Acknowledged," Pharah gripped her cannon preparing to take flight.

Jack raised his hand at her and swung it down and Pharah was airborne high into the sky. She jetted to the far left and spinning around in air she roared a cry and her barrage sent men out of hiding and scrambling for their lives. Jack and other agents ran in, weapons raised as they fired into the assault.

Pharah landed on top of a massive crate and ducked out of the line of fire, bullets sparking against the metal. Scaldar gave a loud whoop and ran in head first, assault rifle in hand, firing away. Jack used his tactical visor to fire five men at once dropping them like cardboard targets. Pharah blasted downwards, sending debris and men flying. Shouts rang out and bullets sprayed at her. She waited for someone to climb up so she could send them shooting out into the sea. No one came and she got bored, despite the noise below her. Pharah dropped to a crouch and

then flopped onto her back, a loud thud when gravity pulled her suit. She lay on her back, flinching every once in a while when a bullet ricocheted near her. She sighed and stared at the sky with its blooming large white clouds. Was it going to storm? The rays escaping the thick clouds looked like ascending angels. She let out a slow exhale. *Mercy...* she covered her face and groaned loudly. *What the hell was wrong with her?!*

< "Pharah, heads up!" Pharah jerked her head up and sprang to her feet. A pellet slammed into her head and she went down on one knee. "Head shot!" Scolder crowed and Jack couldn't help chuckle, shaking his head. "Chief, get down here!"

Pharah grunted and leapt down from the crate, clutching her forehead as she strode past him.

"Nice goose egg, Pharah!" The men all chuckled, shaking their heads.

She shook her head and waved them off with a lopsided grin. "Yea, yea."

"I suppose you're going to tell me since we're just in training it doesn't matter, does it?" Jack shook his head. "Hit the showers,"

"We're not done yet," Pharah replied coldly.

"If I say *'you're done'*, you're done. Now, out of my sight," he growled, walking off.

Pharah watched him leave and her fists clenched. She put her helm back on and strode forward to follow him. Two soldiers blocked her way and she growled. They looked sympathetic. "Chief please, the Commander isn't in the mood today. Just go lay low."

She looked each in the eye and after a grueling minute she glanced up and saw Jack turn his head, arms crossed. She couldn't see his expression but she knew it anyway. She took a step back and the soldiers exhaled in relief. Quick as lightning she bashed their heads together and ran forward, aiming for Jack. He grunted and swung up his pulse rifle. Pharah stumbled when a shot hit her square in the gap of her left hip. She crumpled as the paralyzer took effect. She coughed in shock and her eyes slowly closed when she couldn't keep them open. Jack looked up at a crate and eyed Ana as she lowered her rifle with an indignant look. "No one shoots my daughter but me."

Mercy reached the 9th floor and rang the doorbell which Mercy thought was obnoxious every time it rang. It was Big Ben's heavy chime. She waited for it to stop after 5 seconds. She huffed holding her breath to calm herself down. She was asked to see Tracer but they wouldn't say why. Tracer better know something the little sneak. She heard the door unlatch open and a tall, dark haired woman answered. She stood there raising her eyebrows at her. "*Quoi?*"

Mercy waved her hand, "Oh! Sorry. I must have the wrong floor. Silly me. Sorry to bother you." She gave a sheepish smile and turned to take a left. The woman pressed a thin smile and closed the door.

Widowmaker counted to three and opened the door again having not moved from her spot and found a blaster pointed at her face with the perplexed Doctor in tow.

"What are you doing in Tracer's apartment?!" Mercy cried out. She looked over Widowmaker's shoulder. "Tracer, you in there?" She looked back at the tall French woman, "You better not have hurt her!"

The woman slid her hand off the door and smirked, "Not more than usual."

Tracer came around to the lounge area and Widowmaker let the door open all the way. She stepped aside with a hand flourish to allow Mercy see that Tracer was in fact still alive, in her shirt and mini shorts. "Mercy! What a pleasant surprise! Fancy some tea?"

She said cheerily as if nothing was amiss. Mercy lowered her weapon but kept her eyes on Widowmaker who stared her down while she closed the door and strode back to the bedrooms, hearing the bed creak. Mercy ran to Tracer and grabbed her, spinning her around with a tea kettle in hand. "Whoa, don't spill it!"

Mercy checked her eyes and for any swells on her head. Tracer sputtered as Mercy fussed over her like a child that had fallen off the swings. "Hey, now what-"

"What is she doing in your apartment?" Mercy hissed. "I thought she might have killed you!"

Tracer giggled, "Oh those days of cat and mouse are over now, love. She's very... nice."

She freed herself from Mercy's hold to put the kettle back on the stove where she fired up the flames. Everything in the apartment was new except for the stove, one supposedly she had imported from Britain.

Tracer opened the fridge as if there was no *ASSASSIN IN THE OTHER ROOM*.

"Tracer for goodness sake-"

Tracer giggled again, setting the table. "Now, now, you wanted to talk about something. I'm all ears." She leaned on it with her hands and smiled at Mercy. Mercy sighed and sat on the couch defeated. Tracer eyed her, "Hold that thought." She scurried off to the bedrooms where she heard light talking and the bed creak. Silence for a few seconds and then Tracer exited slowly closing the door behind her, running a hand through her hair. "Now, where were we?" Tracer took the whistling kettle off the stove and poured the steaming liquid into the cups. Mercy watched her as she settled back on the couch's arm, inspected her quick but precise movements, never missing a beat.

She brought over the two cups and set them on saucers on the coffee table between them. Mercy thanked her gratefully and took her cup, inhaling the sweet aroma. Tracer nodded after a tentative sip. "Ah, yes. Pharah."

At that Mercy coughed in shock. *She hadn't even said anything yet!*

Tracer snickered at her expression. "Not about Pharah?"

"Why are you here?" Jack didn't actually want to hear it. This was his training mission after all. Ana being here felt like being supervised. Ana was quiet a moment, staring down the hall. "Why jack, I'd thought you'd be happy that I dropped in right on time. It was for *your* own good."

"I can handle Pharah, there is nothing here I can't manage on my own."

Ana chuckled low, "This isn't about you, Jack ol boy. Pharah's had me worried since brunch. She wasn't acting herself. I'm sure you've noticed. What I want to know is why you didn't say anything before. She shouldn't have come here with all that, she'll get herself hurt."

Jack shook his head with a grunt, "That's exactly why she had to be here. Whatever is bugging her is back at base, had to get her away so she can focus on missions. Didn't think it'd go like this."

Ana hummed in understanding, "How are the missions going?"

Jack rolled his stiff shoulders, "Well," he began.

Pharah heard Jack and Ana hush talking to each other outside the room. The door wasn't closed and yet they didn't hear her get up and leave through the window. Landing on solid ground she crouched low and waited to hear if anything followed. She stood up and a gun barrel was pressed to the back of her head. "Hands up, lil lady." Without turning, she raised her hands up, scowling. "On your knees." *Goddesses, she wished it was Mercy giving these orders.* She hesitated and the barrel was pushed harder. "Get. Down."

Pharah still refused. Instead she spun around low and kicked the feet from under them, making them fall back off the steps and into the bushes. She rushed off and rounded a corner, there she was clocked on the back of the head and she fell forward with a heavy thud. Scaldar came up from the bushes, limping and wiping his mouth. "Jesus, this girl." He came up to where Pharah lay unconscious.

"Ya know, I wouldn't keep hitting her on the head. She'll end up with a concussion," he said with a lip twitch. The female agent shrugged and holstered her weapon. "Come on, we have to get her back inside before they notice she's gone."

Another Agent had come over to talk to Ana and Jack, making them laugh. They hushed themselves quickly and looked over their shoulder into the room, seeing if they woke Pharah up. She lay sprawled with a leg dangling over the bed. *Had the paralyzer already worn off?* They glanced at each other then shrugged and continued talking.

Mercy couldn't believe that the mess hall was made into a huge birthday party complete with balloons and confetti being shot at her from D.va's mech. They cheered when she arrived covered in silly string and ribbon. She spat out confetti while laughing and shook her head, covering her mouth in childish glee. "Oh my!"

Tracer and D.va high fived each other and people applauded as the good doctor was pulled in by Mei and Lucio who escorted her to her adorned chair. She giggled as they sat her down and put a crown on her head. "What on earth?" she said laughing as Genji came and bowed to her on one knee, with his arm over his chest. "To the lady of the party!"

Cheers erupted and Mercy couldn't stop giggling at all the cute things each member did. Tracer and D.va and even Symmetra had planned the whole thing. Knowing she was constantly busy they had managed something quick to cheer up the distressed doctor. She hadn't known she had been distressed herself, but seemed that way outwardly? She felt guilty about the sneaking around. But only slightly.

She was chatted up by everyone and given a piece of strawberry cake. A food fight erupted and suddenly everyone had to clean up and leave by orders of the Head master. Agreeing it had been short but fun, they were happy enough to make time for Mercy for all she had for them. It was worth it. Tracer, Mei and D.va did their best to clean up Mercy who was covered from head to toe in ice cream and cake.

“Too bad we couldn’t save some cake for Pharah and old man Jack,” D.va said with a slight grimace as she wiped cake out of Mercy’s hair. Mercy momentarily froze at the mention. Tracer chuckled. “Just scrape whatever off of Mercy and put it in a container.” Mercy turned away, pretending to clean her jacket but turning deep red. *Pharah eating cake off of her ... what a tantalizing thought.*

“I think I’ll go take that shower now, I have a night shift to prepare for,” Mercy squeezed past the girls and ran to the elevators, hoping she was hiding her blush. Once entering the elevator she pushed the up button and leaned heavily against the rail. She did her breathing techniques, arching her neck back, closing her eyes as she breathed in deep and lowered her head to breathe out. She rubbed her forehead; Pharah wouldn’t be back for another week. She sighed. Never had she ever needed anyone so bad in her life. ‘I love you’ those words echoed in her head and she hadn’t had time to sit down and think it through. She knew people usually spouted those words in the heat of orgasm but Pharah was already past that at the time she had said it. Did she mean it at all? Did she even realize?

She covered her face and leaned against the back of the elevator. “What you do to me...”

Reaching her floor, she hastily pressed her fingerprint in and peeled off her clothes as she strode to the bathroom, immediately soaking her clothes in the wide sink. Toshi straggled behind her, licking the cake pieces she left behind. “Toshi, baby, don’t eat thaaaat.” She chased the little dog and made him give up the last bite. He growled as he shook his head. “Noooo, baby, this is not a game!”

He coughed up the last bit and sneezed. Mercy rolled her eyes, “Thank you *SO* much.”

After cleaning him up she stripped to take a hot shower. This was where she had made Pharah blush for the first time. She giggled at the thought, turning on the showerhead. She stood under it as the water ran down her skin and she looked down at herself. Nearing forty she had to admit she looked pretty good. Would Pharah still think so? The woman was younger but only by a few years. She closed her eyes and tried to think of her job instead.

“ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!” Ana burst past Jack and the other agents down the halls, all confused why the legendary sniper was so furious. Jack slid a hand over his face. “Pharah, what the hell...”

Scalder was sitting on the edge of the bed with a nurse helping him with an ice pack to the back of his head. Pharah’s bed. Empty except for him. When they asked what had happened he said he wasn’t sure. He grimaced when he remembered that Pharah had lunged out the window while he was on watch and hauled him in as if he was a bag of groceries. She slammed him onto the windowsill and apparently had dragged his body into the bed and covered him up making it seem as though she were asleep if anyone came in. Her mother had checked in on her and ripped the blanket off when she noticed the brown hair underneath.

“Stop all transits heading out! We’re on lockdown!” Jack shouted into his communicator. “Find Pharah and bring her back!”

Mercy signed in for the evening just when Marianne was leaving, bidding her good night. Her other assistant Tobias was on hand. He was running the blood tests from the safe delivery of the blood transfusions they were about to send out to Costa Rica. She accepted the

tablet and scanned for any abnormalities. Just in case she asked that he run them again to be 110% sure. He nodded and set to work. Leaving him in the lab with the other technician she went to her office to pick up her agenda. She sighed when she realized that Marianne hadn't taken the previous night's tablets to be cleared off. Looking at the clock she decided she had enough time to handle it herself. She called to Tobias as she walked by that she'd be right back. He smiled in acknowledgment and returned to his work.

She got into the elevator and pushed the button to the Computer room. Upon arrival on the floor she was greeted by the security guard who nodded at her, face hidden by the helm. She nodded in return and went to the back rooms where the desk man signed her in and allowed her to deposit the tablets in their correct location. Sliding the door closed behind her when she exited, she noticed the deskman was not at his post. She quirked an eyebrow, she wasn't even gone a minute.

She glanced up and saw the security guard coming towards her. She opened her mouth to say something but the guard lifted her up bridal style and carried her off inside the computer room, shutting off the lights. Mercy struggled in their arms, pushing off. "What do you think you're doing?! I'll have you reported, now let me out!"

The security guard slowly unstrapped the helm and Mercy hushed so quick the gasp was caught in her throat. Pharah stood grinning at her, the dim lights from the hallway lighting her shiny armor. Mercy stared but moved back slowly, heart hammering and butterflies fluttering in her stomach.

Pharah followed with a serious face, "I heard I missed your lil birthday party." Then she smirked, "Save me any cake?" Mercy swallowed hard when her back hit the far wall, touching a cabinet. Pharah placed her hands at either side of the blonde's head, grinning down at her, "Or should I just help myself?" she asked huskily that gave Mercy shivers that traveled down her spine and hit her groin. Just like last time she was cornered, she whined in her throat, staring at Pharah's lips hungrily. Pharah didn't miss a beat, she leaned in and crushed those pink lips with hers, devouring her mouth earnestly leaving Mercy breathless when she pulled away. Mercy tugged her closer, wrapping her hands behind her head and pulling her in for another deep, open mouth kiss.

"You absolutely sure you haven't seen her? Keep looking! For sure she's there!" Jack cursed under his breath and hung up the phone. Ana raised an eyebrow at him, "You know something I don't?"

Jack let out a long exhale, "If I'm right, I'll fill you in." He strode off and Ana gritted her teeth.

Mercy gasped and tried to push Pharah's head away as the Egyptian had her by the hips, holding her firmly as Mercy squirmed. She kept glancing up to see if anyone passed the hallway but Pharah's tongue was too distracting. "God, Pharah, when I said you don't have to ask to kiss me... hah! ... this isn't what I meant!" she hissed.

When Pharah had dropped to one knee, Mercy didn't know what to think. That was until Pharah kissed her pelvis over her skirt making Mercy cry out in shock. Pharah took the quick second to drag up the pencil skirt and sighed in relief when she discovered Mercy was wearing stockings instead of nylons. She worshipped the thighs making Mercy mewl and twitch. Pharah kissed her flesh gently, nibbling a little when she got higher. She reached her mark and Mercy's head hit the metal cabinet with a bang as she moaned to the ceiling. Pharah clutched her backside, burying her face in the crotch of her thighs, soaking up the small triangle patch of her thong. She

kissed it with the same fervor she had kissed her mouth. Mercy had buried her fingers in Pharah's hair, clutched a handful and yanked it back. Pharah stared up at her with a gaping mouth, tongue lolling out with a grin.

Mercy had bitten her lip, immediately missing her mouth. She slowly released her hold and instead stroked her hair. Pharah pushed up her skirt higher so it rested on her hips, also slipping the thong to the side. She resumed her worship, staring up at Mercy with eyes full of love and heavy lust. Mercy gasped as her breath hitched every time she felt the hot tongue hit her sensitive bud. She gripped Pharah's head wondering if it'd be ok if she pushed her own hips out. When she did, Pharah clutched her hungrily. Mercy threw back her head when Pharah introduced her tongue, swallowing her cry as she shivered. She found herself grinding against her face, Pharah's tactile tongue swirling slow but firmly, making the heat in her lower belly a full flame now. Pharah hummed against her and Mercy moaned loudly, no longer caring about anything else but the powerful woman that was on her knees before her. She had longed for Pharah all day, but she had not expected her back, so this was an amazing surprise.

She lovingly caressed the black hair, sighing and gasping as Pharah delved in deeper into her folds, curling her tongue and stroking her sensitive nerves. Mercy watched, eyes heavy lidded, as Pharah's head bobbed slightly, long black lashes on her cheeks, perfect eyebrows drawn up. Occasionally the eyes would open and the caramel eyes would glisten when the slight light hit them looking up at her. Pharah would smile in the kiss, catching Mercy staring, panting. "Ms.God," she moaned, trying to lick her lips, feeling the butterflies in her stomach thicken and start to burst in static zaps. She drew her head as she clasped Pharah's head in tighter, jutting out her hips, rolling them, hoping to get her closer. Pharah obliged spread her thighs more, lifting one leg to rest on her shoulder, pushing her back to support her from falling if her knees buckled. She caressed Mercy's abdomen, feeling the muscles underneath the shirt flutter and clench.

Pharah hummed again and Mercy couldn't stop shivering. Pharah lapped and swirled her tongue and making it firm she pushed it inside in one swift move. Mercy shrieked, tossing her head back, clawing at Pharah's scalp. Pharah chuckled deep within her throat, pleased she was doing Mercy right. Goddesses she had missed her. She would dream of this tonight she hoped.

Mercy found it hard to control the tremors coursing through her body, she clenched her abdomen but the ties snapped when Pharah sucked hard. Mercy curled inward, pushing Pharah's head in deeper, nearly suffocating the woman as she felt her release hit her hard and swift. The warmth crept all over her and spread out like molten lava. She helped push the orgasm out, clenching and pushing her pelvis outward. She finally gave a shaky cry and gasped Pharah's name when she managed to get her breath back. She whimpered as it tapered off languidly, filling her with a static buzz. She pressed her back against the metal cabinet, chest rising and falling rapidly, trying to get oxygen to her brain. She clutched its corners, almost sagging if it weren't for Pharah holding her up. Pharah stayed where she was, not helping the spasms Mercy had at the sensitivity. Mercy wrapped her hands around the back of her neck and gently tugged her away from her crotch. Pharah's head was drawn back and she slowly licked her mouth with the long tongue, watching Mercy swallow hard as another blush struck her hard.

Pharah waited a second and they shared an intense stare and a satisfied smile. Then Pharah dove in again and Mercy shrieked, pushing at her. "No! Oh my goodness! Pharah!"

Agents found the fallen Security guard in the dressing room and was immediately questioned where Pharah had gone. He wondered how they knew it had been Pharah. One agent took him to the med office to get his head and shoulder looked at, as it was seemingly dislocated. The agents were made to make a full sweep of the floor while another agent called in Jack. "She's

definitely here sir. We have confirmation. Your orders? Understood.”

Mercy was panicking on the inside; she had to be at her post and was extremely late. What if they sent someone down? Pharah had insisted she go first after they cleaned up and used few precious seconds to make out again. Pharah whispered to her that she would see her again soon and having Mercy smile at her that amazing smile she loved and made her melt was worth the trouble she was definitely going to be in. She opened the door and scanned the area quickly. She glanced back and before her helm went on she said with a smile, “Happy Birthday,” and disappeared.

Mercy stood a few more seconds to compose herself. When she made it out the floor was clear. She took the far elevator upon Pharah’s suggestion to make it less inconspicuous. She rode the elevator up, doing more breathing techniques to not appear too out of place. The doors opened and she stepped out into the hallway where there was a loud commotion. She stopped short, shocked to see Pharah was in a bind-hold on her knees surrounded by six agents. She hurried over but another turned to stop her, shaking their head at her to not interfere. She looked over their shoulder and saw Pharah was restrained by a strength bar that had her arms clipped at the back. She was being read her rights and Mercy’s concern grew.

“What are you doing to her?! She didn’t do anything wrong! Pharah doesn’t do wrong!”

“Sorry Doctor, but she has broken a lot of rules and hurt a lot of agents. She’s being taken under arrest by Jack’s orders.” The agent saluted and dragging Pharah up, they marched off. Pharah held her head high and her back straight despite the awkward restraint. Mercy bit her lower lip in worry and rushed off to her office to use the phone.

“Yes, this is Mercy, patch me through to Jack Morrison. I don’t care if he’s busy! Get me Jack now!”

Sky Blue Midnight

Chapter Summary

Nothing holds these two back.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Pharah stared mind-numbingly as Mercy slowly strode towards her, hands on her hips on the skirt that exposed so much leg on one side. She came up to her and stopped, both feet at either side of her ribcage. Pharah was in awe, her mouth slightly open as she remembered to breathe, she rose to her elbows, aiming to get closer. Mercy was staring down at her, not a single expression on her face. She lifted her leg and placed her heeled foot in between her bare breasts, directly on the breastbone. Pharah raised a hand and caressed the back of her black nylon calf, running her eyes over the beautiful figure. Mercy pushed with her heel, slowly forcing Pharah to lie back down flat against the ground. Pharah laid back and gave a nervous exhale when Mercy slowly pulled out her crop with a long tassel end. "You know what happens now don't you?" Mercy said sternly, staring down at her over her nose.

Pharah inhaled and breathed out, "Goddesses, I hope so."

"You broke the rules," Mercy cracked the crop against the ground next to her, close enough to feel the tassels sway and whip her ear, scattering her hair. A jolt of shock and electricity circuited through her whole body, especially her midsection. She held her breath as the ripple of pleasure raked its claws over her spine, circling her pelvis. She curled her toes and kept quiet staring up at her Queen.

Mercy side glanced at her and stepped back from her torso to move backwards, her feet now at the sides of the Egyptian's hips, seeing her strain to keep composure, pleased her. Pharah shivered at the slight smirk and suddenly the crop pressed down on her navel and she looked downward to see what was going on until she felt the stab of her heel. Pharah grunted and covered her face in pain. The crop cracked and hit her elbows. "Hands down!" Mercy commanded, "You are to show me your face at all times!"

Pharah did as told, grimacing as she tightened her abs. Mercy rocked forward with a devilish grin, and she pressed her foot in harder. "Still feel like you can do as you please without repercussions?" Pharah abruptly lunged upwards grabbing the woman by her forearms and yanked her down roughly. Mercy tripped onto her, crying out in surprise as she was hauled into a rough embrace. Pharah rolled her onto the ground and climbed on top of her, pinning her down.

"Hold it!" Mercy yelled but Pharah had already pushed aside her skirt flap and shoved inside making Mercy cry out. She tried to move and twist but Pharah had her tightly in her arms, hips pinning her to the floor where she rocked vigorously. She rolled her hips brazenly, gasping every once in a while every time she pushed on her cervix. Pharah held her by her arms and chest, face in the crook of her neck as she rammed everything she had into the woman underneath her. Skin slapping and wood creaking as she pushed and pulled at Mercy's hips. Urgency had Pharah in a hot bind. A bind so tight it would snap at any given second. So fast she slammed into the woman that she barely felt her orgasm until she had flooded Mercy who had been crying out with Pharah's sharp ministrations. Finally Pharah pulled away and sat back on her heels, spurts of her

cum still heaving over the back of Mercy's hips and backside. Mercy lay quivering and quaking, nail marks on the wooded floor at her sides as she had scrabbled for anything. She laid exhausted, chest heaving from the loss of her voice.

Pharah caught her breath and waited for Mercy to say or do something. Her member still stood erect and it led her forward again. Deciding that Mercy wasn't doing anything to get away, she moved back and positioned her member at a different entrance once she gave a push in Mercy yelled. **"STOP!"**

Pharah jolted awake, losing her balance and falling off the bed, slamming her shoulders onto the floor. She lay with her eyes wide and chest heaving. When she realized where she was she grabbed her face. "Holy fuck..." she managed as she sat up slowly. *Just a dream?* Oh thank the goddesses, she covered her face and whined in embarrassment. She didn't even have to look down. She gave a long exasperated sigh and fell back against the floor, staring at the ceiling. *A dream. Just a dream. But Holy hell Mercy was hot as-* there was an abrupt loud click and she jerked herself up to her elbows. Was her mom coming to pull her out? This was going to be hard to explain... She rolled onto her stomach and waited. The door slid open sideways but no one was there. She glanced up at the security cameras and they were black instead of red. She sat up slowly and cautiously peered out the door on her hands and knees. She then sat back and wondered if she should, she didn't want to get in more trouble. It had only been a few hours... She chewed her lip when suddenly the phone in the hallway blinked rapidly three times.

Mei almost broke into laughter if it weren't for Zarya's suspicious glance. "Well," she scratched her forehead in thought. "Can we even hold anyone prisoner here?"

Zarya put down the weights with a slight thud and rolled her shoulders one by one. She shrugged and wiped her face with the towel Mei offered. "What did she even do?" Mei kicked her feet idly hanging over the edge of the mats Zarya had propped her up on. The pink haired woman did her stretches and didn't respond. Mei shook her head.

"I bet whatever it was, it was something that could've been handled discreetly and not have her detained in public eye," Mei watched as Zarya straightened up and took a chug of her water bottle, not facing her. "You know something I don't?"

Zarya chuckled and then thought a moment. She turned to face the smaller woman with a grin. "Love gets people in trouble." She offered her arms and Mei slid into them and landed carefully when Zarya gave her a small jump.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I'm going to help them," Zarya said with a smug smirk. Mei quirked an eyebrow at her, shaking her head she walked towards the door. "Whatever it is, I don't want to know. Just be careful. Also dinner's at 7. Don't be late."

Pharah listened intently for any sounds and for the security guards that patrolled the area. She picked a spot she knew was well hidden in the ring of the garden. *Or was it an obvious hiding spot?* She exhaled, calming her nerves. She was sure Mercy had questions about what had happened. She was going to tell her the truth. She deserved that much especially for the woman she cared about. Pharah had called Mercy via private line, she had no idea who had provided, but

she took it the second she heard Mercy's panicked greeting. Her heart was in her throat but all she could say was 'meet me in the garden' and the line was cut. Thinking it odd, but fortunate, she rushed out. She came to the garden and was breath taken when the stars greeted her.

She looked at her wrist watch for the umpteenth time. She fidgeted and rocked from one hip to another, resting on the garden wall. Behind her a foot away a bush of pink azaleas, its perfume empowering the garden, or was it even the flowers? *The scent was familiar...* She leaned back and put her thumbs in the belt loops of her pants and looked far off thinking she saw movement. Whoever had opened her door remotely might be coming to see her. *Maybe it was a trap?* Anxiety building up she kept her eyes peeled.

Suddenly Pharah felt thighs and knees press on either side of her waist. She turned her head in alarm, bracing for a fight. She froze when she realized it was Mercy. She opened her mouth to say something but Mercy kissing her cheek firmly made her freeze, hugging her tightly. She then slowly dragged her lips to Pharah's ear and gently slid her tongue up the curve making her shiver in delight. Without lips unlatching from her ear, Mercy languidly reached down and unzipped her jacket, tugging it down slowly. Pharah kept her head where the Doctor had her, but when Mercy gripped her jaw in a possessive way she sank back against the brick wall, melting in her clutch. *What were words...?*

Mercy kissed Pharah's neck to her jawline, tracing her with her lips. Her hands sliding firmly but slowly up and down her chest, over her breasts and down again to her stomach where Pharah tensed in excited apprehension. Mercy gently blew into her ear canal and Pharah let out a whine. Eyes half lidded in intoxication as Mercy slid her hands up under her shirt, running soft fingertips over her firm stomach, muscles knotting and rippling underneath her fingers as Pharah tried hard to stay calm. She felt the cool breeze on her hot skin making her skin shiver in goosebumps along with Mercy ministrations. She arched into her touch when Mercy's hands slid past her bellybutton; all the while she was kissing her ear and running the tip of her tongue along her jaw. She slid her hands back up again, under the sports bra and grabbed handfuls of flesh, sweetly kneading them, loving the way Pharah's breath hitched. Pharah's eyes closed slowly as she twitched, hands reaching up to gather Mercy closer to her. Mercy complied and lowered her head to kiss Pharah on the collarbone and the top of her breast. She felt her member reacting, swelling with hot desire as Mercy's hands slid downwards, fingers tracing her V-cut, dragging her nails as she slid them back up. Pharah turned her head to the side relishing Mercy's lips on the side of her throat, sucking on her pulse point. Her mouth slid open as she gave soft sighs, fingers entangled in Mercy golden locks.

The merciless hands again slid down lazily and undid her belt. The Egyptian's breath hitched higher when she felt cool fingers slip under her waistband, running her fingers along her trimmed happy trail, making her flinch and tense up even more. Mercy deliberately kissed along the curve of her jaw, drawing Pharah's head back as she arched into Mercy's soft, cushioned chest.

Pharah opened her mouth to gasp and moan softly when Mercy's fingers slid underneath the fabric of her underwear, tight briefs she wore to restrain herself, though it did very little. She heaved a breath when Mercy slid directly above the shaft, pushing down on it gently. Mercy bit her lower lip feeling its soft, smooth, warm and silky texture. Mercy exhaled into her neck hotly. Pharah's hips jerked and another soft gasp escaped her. Mercy noticed her hairs were soft, short, Pharah didn't believe in having it all bare, but kept it neatly trimmed. Mercy knew she was clean; the woman basically showered two times a day. That thought excited her more.

"Mercy..." Pharah moaned interrupting the other woman's thoughts. Mercy proceeded to drag her fingers above her waistline and caressed the smooth, tightened stomach again, loving the way her muscles expanded as she breathed densely. The blonde slid her hands up over breasts

and over her shoulders and pulled back. Pharah snapped her head back at the teasing and almost made a grab for her when Mercy stood up and climbed down the steps, eyes on her. Mercy put a finger to her lips and pressed her body against hers. Pharah's arms wrapped around her waist tightly, tugging her in for a wet open mouth kiss, tongues stroking and sliding, moaning in each other's mouths. Her hanging belt buckle dug into her pelvis and Mercy groaned this time. She felt the stiffness of Pharah's impatient member.

She let go of Pharah's mouth, who grudgingly rocked forward to follow her mouth but froze when the other woman slid down to her knees, her eyes on Pharah's expression as it went from awe to pure ecstatic anticipation. Mercy kissed it over the jeans, feeling it twitch and the soft smell of fabric cleaner clung to her nose. Her hands roamed Pharah's hips until they settled on the waistband. She gripped the zipper with her teeth and with a few tugs managed to get it down. Pharah shivered in the cool night air, but it was mostly by Mercy's devious glint in her eyes. She stroked her fingers over the white underwear and kissed the base of the shaft on top of the fabric. Pharah moaned loud not sustaining herself quiet any longer. She arched her hips forward, but Mercy pushed her back, opening her mouth and trailed her tongue over the underwear. "Oh god Mercy," she whimpered.

With light fingers, Mercy pulled down the waist band, licking at the exposed skin as it appeared. Pharah clung tightly to the rock, knuckles white as she clenched for control. She clamped her jaw; she wasn't going to last long at this rate. She feared if Mercy put her in her mouth she'd explode from the sensation alone.

Mercy tugged the band down slowly tugging at the throbbing member as it slipped past her hardness. The phallus sprang up, curving towards her stomach, the head an angry red with a pearl bead sitting in the slit and she could see the veins throbbing. Pharah gasped with pleasure, eyes squeezed shut, concentrating to hold it back but Mercy smirked. She leaned over and licked the base to the tip where she rolled her tongue over the pearly substance making Pharah's hips jerk.

"Mercy!... if you have a plan... just know I'm not gonna last long," she huffed, gripping everything tightly.

"I know... but your desire for me will bring you right back," Mercy said with a devilish smile. Pharah gave a breathy chuckle and opened her eyes slowly. Her smile faded and her eyes were dilated in desire when she saw Mercy was making eye contact and languidly licking up the throbbing shaft, breathing hotly on it. She groaned deep in her throat, the sound vibrating along it. The sight alone made her tremble. The sensation in her gut was hot and about to boil over; she was fighting to roll her hips. Angela finally engulfed her entirely and Pharah's head sprang back with a cry into the night air. Mercy gripped Pharah's exposed hip bone with one hand while the other wrapped around her shaft stroking up and down, her mouth left a wet trail slick with pre-cum as she rolled her tongue.

Pharah moved her hips forward and looked down at Mercy, a hand on her head, moving her bangs so she could see her face, cupping her jaw gently but firmly with her other hand. Mercy moaned and Pharah felt the vibrations. "Fuck!" she hissed with a huff. Mercy mused with the thought that Pharah was doing her best to control herself. She felt the fingers scrape her scalp, trembling and twitching to push her head onto her painfully erect member.

To appease her Mercy shoved it all the way down, bobbing her head up and down, sucking, slurping and humming, taking it into her throat. Pharah's eyes widened by the pressure and she lost it. Her back arched, she pushed her hips forward, gripped Mercy's head closer, and her muscles involuntarily stiffened as she released thick spurts down Mercy throat. She jerked slightly with each pulse she felt travel, feeling as if static contoured her hips. She gasped into the

night air, lightly letting go of Mercy, allowing her to breathe. Mercy pulled back slowly, lips dragging everything in with her tongue and Pharah twitched again when her lips let go of the silky head, furrowing her eyebrows up.

Mercy sat back and giggled, wiping the edges of her mouth with the back of her wrist. Pharah could all but slump against the boulder, almost sliding down; her legs could barely hold her up after something like that. She gave a shaky exhale, still trying to gather herself up. *Goddesses... this had been unexpected.* What had gotten into this woman all of the sudden? She thought they were going to talk but once again their bodies did the talking for them. Hearing sounds far off she quickly managed to pull her pants up and stuffed herself back inside her underwear, quickly buckling up her belt. Mercy stood up to intercept them, keeping Pharah secret in their hidden spot.

"Ahhh? You're out here Doctor? Alone?" An agent asked. Mercy nodded, hands behind her back, "Just meeting a friend."

"Have they arrived?" one asked, looking over her shoulder.

Mercy smiled, holding back a giggle. "Yes. Very much so."

They gave her odd glances and nodded. "We'll see you around then, Doc. Please be careful. feel free to call on a guard when you find yourself in a sticky situation."

Oh, I already have. She mused. Mercy gave them a wave with her finger tips and then turned back on her heels, humming to herself proudly.

Pharah was stuffing her shirt back in her pants and finally laid her head back to exhale when suddenly arms grabbed her from behind and thighs slid around her hips once again. She jolted nearly out of her skin. "Mercy, Khara! Don't scare a soldier. I could've been armed!"

"Oh, you're armed alright!" Angela was grinning from ear to ear. Pharah finished flipping her hair out of her jacket when she noticed the Cheshire grin. "Oh? So you weren't kidding." Pharah laughed and spread out her arms. Mercy sprang into them like a cat, knocking them both over backwards to land in the flower bed with a loud thud and giggles.

Legs covered in ombre leggings stretched across a lap on a couch in a dark room, walls illuminated by a wall sized screen. Long nails twirled and the pointer finger traveled up in between bare breasts, skimming a pink line from the pressure. A darker torso leaned in and purple lips caressed Widowmaker's ear peak, purring pleasantly.

"Did I do good?" the lips whispered against the back of her ear as she kissed it, hand around her throat, stroking up and down with enough pressure that demanded 'pay attention to me'. Widow chuckled at her mischievous nature. Sombra heard it vibrate through her chest and it made her grin. She loved it when Widow played games. Finally coming down to her level, seeing the joy of interfering in people's lives, not just by killing them, but by infiltrating useful information against them. But widow only did it as a harmless way to have fun while Sombra aimed to destroy the powerful, making a game as she went. And what better way than to get the world's elite assassin to play with her. Widow however hadn't answered her and it made her irritable. She hummed again and turned Widow's face towards her, "Where's my praise?" She cooed.

"Where's my pout?" Widow returned with a look that bore into her soul, giving her

shivers that she relished. Sombra climbed onto her lap properly, straddling her hips facing her and draped her arms across her shoulders. "Do you get off watching those two fuck than actually fucking me?" There was that pout.

Widow gripped Sombra into an embrace and rolled her onto the couch's length, draping herself over her, pushing in between her thighs. "I get off any way I want." She yanked back the hair in a fistful and Sombra hissed with a devilish gleam in her eye. *Fucking finally!* She screamed internally as Widow helped herself to her throat, baring wet, shiny teeth, sinking into flesh.

Chapter End Notes

i feel like this was a random chapter. *rubs chin* but hell, let's keep the ball rolling.

The Eye Of Truth

Chapter Summary

So what does Pharah do now?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"I'm sorry Ms. Zeigler, but Ms. Amari is still unavailable."

Mercy pressed her lips together. *What? Still? Didn't she see her last night?* She pinched the bridge of her nose. "Can you tell me why?"

"I'm very sorry ma'am, but I am unauthorized to give out that information."

"Then give me Jack."

"The commander has left strict instructions that he won't be receiving any more calls while he's on the grounds."

Mercy gritted her teeth and paced, trying to calm down. She rubbed her forehead in exasperation and the attendant cleared her throat. "Ma'am, is there anything else I can help you with?"

Clearly not, but she withheld that comment. "Thank you that will be all." She hung up and deflated against the chair, hands on her head with a loud agonizing sigh.

"Doctor... are you alright?" Marianne asked cautiously, peering around her computer at her.

"I will be soon." Mercy thought a moment. Seeing no other choice she immediately got up. "Hold the fort Marianne; I need to pay someone a visit."

Tracer sat on the great wall outside of Gilbratar with D.va who was balancing, but also playing a hand held game, kicking her feet lazily. It was a beautiful morning but something was off. Tracer couldn't put her finger on it. In mid thought, a purple blur flashed below them and Tracer caught it, perking up with a jolt. D.va's arm lashed out and grabbed her sleeve, steadying her, eyes still on the game. Tracer gave a sheepish grin and sat back again.

"What's on your mind squirt?" D.va asked, chewing on gum she found stale but was too lazy to spit out. Tracer grinned at her, "Squirt? I'm older than you."

"You can be whatever you wanna be. Follow your dreams bud."

Tracer rolled her eyes with a giggle and carefully leaned forward, suddenly somber again. "Hasn't the air been...? I dunno... tight? Like tense? Something's about to happen and it don't feel right."

A weak bubble-gum pop from the Korean was all she got. Tracer looked up at the sky, admiring the thick cumulus clouds gather in the distance.

"Do you miss it?" D.va asked. Tracer nodded slowly, "Sometimes, less so when we're on missions."

"So tell Winston and Jack to send you out more."

"If it were as easy as that..." Tracer murmured, when out of her peripherals she saw another purple blur snap out of sight. This time she had a hunch who it was. She leaped to her feet and lost her balance. She swung her arms and with a yelp she fell. D.va sighed and put down her game and watched Tracer recall, placing her back on the wall, steadying her feet. "Gormless of me!" Tracer giggled. She then raced along the wall like a trapeze artist and leapt off with a blink.

D.va lazily popped her gum and returned to her game, cursing she didn't save.

Mercy stared at Pharah's backside who sat at the foot of the bed. She sat with her hands in her pockets and long legs extended, ankles crossed. She was facing a screen that served as entertainment while in detention. Mercy's fingers dug into her elbows as she gripped her arms around her. *She put herself back in detention?*

She turned her head to see Ana approach casually and stopped at the other side of the wall to take her usual seat. They made eye contact but Ana only shook her head.

"I'm surprised you're allowing this Ana. Doesn't this go against everything you stand for?"

Ana inhaled deep and looked over Mercy's shoulder at the sliding door that closed in Pharah. Had it been glass Pharah would've long shattered it. But Mercy didn't want to believe Pharah was that dangerous. Taking two travel cars and a service shuttle she had marched straight into the facility. No one stopped her albeit not trying hard enough. The look on her face spooked them back. And now standing here with Pharah in the room as if nothing had happened the night before was absolutely ridiculous. *How is she even here?!* She doubted they had given her a recess.

"She just needs time to think about her situation." Ana interrupted her thoughts.

"So this is a time out? What is she, three? Let her out. You can't cage her like this. If you want her in detention at least put her in her room!" Mercy tried to hide her anger.

"My, so adamant about my daughter."

"A daughter you are treating like an animal," Mercy shot back in contempt. She turned to Pharah again, the woman still having not moved. "What is her crime?"

Ana sighed and felt she had no reason to withhold it anymore. "Assault and battery of agents Scaldar, Timothy and Diorah. Failing to comply with safety measures on the battle field. Undermining her authorities, sneaking off base, stealing protocol equipment." Ana heaved a breath. "And those are the ones we know about. She's not telling us the reasons or what's going on. She's not acting herself and she certainly won't tell me. To spite me, I'm sure. Until she speaks we can't let her go, in case she is a danger to herself and certainly to more people." she grumbled.

What on Earth? That was certainly quite the list. All this didn't seem conceivable. Her justice friend turned lover was violent? What could've happened? This was all so new... if something was bothering her; she had hoped Pharah would at least confide in her by now. Just what was going through her head?

"Let me in there. I'll talk to her," Mercy declared, straightening up. Ana chuckled, "And what makes you so special?"

"I'm a doctor of diverse practices..." Mercy swallowed hard and nodded slightly. "Maybe I can bring it out of her."

"If a behaviorist can't help her, I'm curious as to what you can offer."

Mercy slowly turned her head. "Then let me in and show you," Mercy replied with a hand on the window, waiting. Ana scratched her chin. She took too long to think that over Mercy thought, but Ana shrugged. "Fine, somehow I'm sure she won't harm you."

The doors unlatched and hissed as it opened sideways slowly into the security chamber. She stepped inside and a feeling of dread came over her suddenly. The door slid closed behind her. She quickly composed herself when the detention room door slid sideways to allow her in, blinking that it was alright to proceed.

Mercy strode in and stood in the grey room. She had never seen a detention room in person. With the bed and only one corner dark enough for a monitor that Pharah was so transfixed on. The other woman didn't turn to look at her but her shoulders rolled when she became uncomfortable.

"Pharah?" Mercy asked softly, cautiously walking in. "Are you okay?"

She looked over her shoulder and Ana was gone from the window. She narrowed her eyes in confusion and returned to Pharah's attention.

Pharah made a sound in her throat and Mercy neared again. "What exactly happened here?" *Did she come back? Or had she never left? Had she been dreaming?* She reached out and touched her shoulder, "Pharah. Darling. Look at me..." Mercy turned to kneel beside her and she almost reeled back in shock. Heart hammering, she slowly stood up.

She took a few seconds to collect herself. Unaware of what to do she quickly composed herself. Stiffly she turned to the door where Ana stood waiting right outside it with her arms crossed. Mercy crossed the floor, hands in her lab coat pockets trembling, staring ahead with her heart in her throat. Her skin crawled when she thought of being left alone with Pharah that she was beginning to panic as she waited to be let out. The door opened and she hurried in. Inside the security chamber she heaved in a breath close to a sob. The outside door couldn't open fast enough. As soon as they opened and closed behind her Mercy dashed out, clutching her chest. Ana looked through the doors and shook her head, crossing her arms.

Mercy swallowed hard and stood back a foot from Ana. "Don't act so scared, Doctor. The cameras are on you. Don't want to give anything away now do you?"

It dawned on Mercy hard. "You... Know?"

Ana turned to look at her with one eye narrowed, "No one locks up my daughter but me."

Pharah stumbled forward and spun around, looking in every which direction. Purple static crackled the air and a giggle made her tense up in a battle stance, eyes flitting everywhere. She heard the familiar zoom behind her. She spun around on her left foot and threw forth her shoulder and punched into thin air. Something connected with a flash of light and a gun went sailing across the grass. Before it could stop spinning she felt a jab, stinging her side and she dropped to one knee in surprise. Assessing that she was fine she stood up again, ready, growling. "Sombra," she hissed.

Another giggle and Sombra materialized out of thin air in front of her. She waved her claw like fingers at her playfully. "For someone who hasn't been paying attention in practice you're not bad."

Pharah's eyes narrowed. "I've been a soldier for a decade now-"

Sombra shrugged, not caring. "Age is nothing but a number. Older doesn't mean better." Pharah was aware that she was coming close with each word she said, until she was face to face with her. Pharah didn't flinch, glaring down at her. Sombra smirked and her gaze softened, unexpectedly.

"Looks like you've had your head full lately. Busy hiding and trying to be secretive. Don't you know your body betrays you? It remembers things. People. Emotions. After all. They say a man's heart is in their..."

Pharah jerked upright when Sombra grabbed her belt and yanked her nearer. She drew her head away at Sombra's leer but when she grabbed her crotch Pharah slapped her hand away fast and retreated a mile back with a leap.

Sombra burst out laughing, "I'm joking! *Dios*, so serious!"

Pharah gritted her teeth, eyes on her as Sombra began to pace in a circle around her. "I suggest we take you back though. Time is ticking."

"I'm not going back. They have no right to lock me up!" Pharah snarled.

"Well, sure, but see the thing about games is that there are certain rules. I already broke three just for you, you ungrateful *pinche* pene." Sombra said with a twirl of her hair in her fingers. "We can't play more games if that's the end of it. Plus I'm curious what else they have in store for you." She gave a wicked smirk, that made Pharah tense. She clenched her jaw, and looked up at the sky. No helicopters or sirens announcing a breakout. Or any foot agents swarming the place like they did when she got arrested. She turned to Sombra again who stood with her arms crossed with a grin.

"What exactly did you do anyway?"

Mercy sat in her office with her face in her hands. Messages and reminders blinked on her screen ignored. Assistants came and went like a blur. Times had sped up and by the time she lifted her head it was past 8pm. Long past her time to clock out. Thankfully there had been no emergencies, she doubted she would've been able to focus.

When she arrived home, Toshi was napping at the end of the couch, his usual spot with dog toys and the tv playing in the background. She crossed over and gently stroked his ears. His leg kicked in his sleep and she let him go, smiling softly at the little dog. She stood up and stretched her body upwards with a slight groan and pops. She went to make herself a cup of tea

and sat down with Toshi and watched whatever he had been watching, a telenovela. She raised her eyebrows and spoke out loud to change the channel when suddenly the TV switched to static and Mercy spilled her tea as she curled up in fear, covering her face. "Shut it off!" she yelled. The monitor blinked out and Toshi sprang to his feet, growling at whatever was in front of him in confusion.

With no threat around he turned to Mercy who was shaking. Toshi licked her arm and whined in his throat. She uncurled and picked him up, hugging him as he lapped at her tear streaked face. She squeezed him tight and sighed. "I'm sorry boy. Mama's ok."

Pharah was standing inside the caverns when she saw Symmetra walk up and paused a few feet away upon seeing her. Pharah leaned against a boulder in the shadows but straightened when she saw Symmetra not move. "Do you come here often?" Pharah asked to break the awkward silence. Symmetra took a moment and nodded. "I do."

"Then I won't be taking your spot. I'll go somewhere else," Pharah stood up hesitantly and looked over the horizon. Then she took a few tentative steps and froze when it came to the edge of the shadows. Symmetra watched her and tilted her head, inquisitively. "Why do you look so lost?"

Pharah didn't respond for a few seconds. She looked over her shoulder at the other woman and then back at the horizon, the sun hovering above the ocean line. "I honestly... don't know what to do right now..."

Symmetra looked at her and then at the caverns illuminating her shore, reflecting spirals on Pharah's back, giving her an ethereal look. Her broad shoulders marked good posture, one Symmetra found welcome to sore eyes. She bit her lower lip in thought and when Pharah had taken a few steps noticeably along the shadow's edges, she called out to her gently. "Would you like to go for a swim?"

Pharah turned to look at her, her conflicted face turning serene. "I'd like nothing more."

"I bloody knew it!" Tracer stood up with a roll when she dodged Sombra's attack. The woman laughed maniacally. *Just a game to her huh?* Tracer spat out blood and stood up. She dashed and zipped around her in a glowing blue triangle from her streamline. Sombra smirked and when Tracer leapt up and slammed down Sombra was gone, making the ex-pilot stumble to regain her balance. She whipped around as she heard Sombra's snicker. "*Dioses*, you really are so cute!"

Sombra stood atop a garden statue, hands on her hips, imitating it. "I'm just here enjoying the view when you came flooding in, *Chiquita*. I was seriously for once minding my own business."

"Ah, belt up! Like hell I'd believe something like that!" Tracer yelled up at her. With a smirk Sombra was suddenly in front of her using her translocator. Tracer recalled time in reflex and shot back to hit the wall. She crouched, clutching her head, angry that she had done something so stupid. Sombra laughed having not left her last location. "What's with the self-destruction here? Bet your leg and head *smarts*."

Tracer growled low in her throat and Sombra's face lit up. "Oh, my. Is that the sound

you make when you're with Widow?"

Suddenly Tracer's face changed expressions to that of confusion. "What in arses are you talkin' bout now?"

"You're acting sucks." Sombra laughed when Tracer sprang forward like a cheetah, knocking her over, rolling them into the grass. Sombra grabbed her face and kissed her roughly for a quick split second and was gone yet again, her laughter echoing around her. "We'll meet again, *Chiquita*, don't worry! My best to Widow!"

Tracer sat up quickly wiping her mouth in disgust. *Why was Widow brought up?* A beep made Tracer look up to see Bastion in sentry mode on the platform to the garden. The little bird perched on his barrel, pecking at it. He booped and whistled in question at her. She nodded and sat back, leaning on her hands, taking a breather. "I'm alright!" she called. She sighed to herself and flopped back on the grass, letting the setting sun and gentle breeze cool her off. She heard Bastion rustle as he returned to his Recon mode, idly back on his way. She stared at the clouds go by and eventually closed her eyes.

She awoke and found herself in her Suite, lying on the couch, alongside a cool temperature body. Without opening her eyes she knew who it was and immediately relaxed again. She heard the woman shift and turn to face her, feeling her breath at her temple now. A soft hand caressed her cheek, parting her hair from her face, tilting her face up gently. "Awake, Cherie?"

Tracer snuggled in deeper into the woman's side, nosing her neck and a chuckle vibrated in Widow's chest, making her feel warm and cozy. She smiled and Widow felt the pull of her skin. "How much longer are you going to pretend you're asleep?"

Tracer giggled and rose to her hands and knees, pinning Widow against the pillows. "How did you get in here without anyone seeing you?"

Widow shrugged, "The same way I do when I kill people for a living, *m'petite*." Tracer looked up in dismay, rolling her eyes. Widow traced her fingers over the younger woman's hips and up her flanks, returning Tracer's attention back to her with an amused smile. Widow bit her lower lip and trailed her hands up over the curve of her breasts and then slid them over her shoulders. She reached up and pulled Tracer closer to kiss her sweetly. Tracer reciprocated and placed her body back down, pelvis meeting pelvis, stomachs touching and breasts gently grazing each other's as they moved angles to kiss. Widow's hands found the straps to her shirt, her accelerator placed back neatly in its protective case. With eyes closed she moved with practiced fingers, feeling and moving along with Tracer's breath hitch.

Tracer pulled away momentarily to pull off her shirt, sitting back on her heels. Widow hurriedly sat up and removed her shirt as well, wriggling out of her leggings and Tracer was immediately back on top of her. "You know you don't live here right?" she said with a smirk.

Widow caressed her cheeks and smiled, "I'm sure you don't mind."

They drew in for another kiss, Widow enveloping her arms around her shoulders, pulling her on top, wrapping her long legs around the Brit's waist. Testing what Sombra had said earlier, Tracer growled low in her throat and surprisingly Widow did shiver and sigh with an exasperated moan. *How did Sombra know something intimate like that?* "I want to ask you something..." Tracer said in between kisses but Widow shook her head, tugging her closer. "Not

now, I'm busy."

Tracer laughed and rolled them off the couch to the cushions on the floor, Widow giving a surprised yelp.

Symmetra was ever vigilant and somehow it made Pharah self-conscious. "Something wrong?"

Pharah had been trying to get out of the water facing away from Symmetra, covering herself but failing when she found her clothes were too far from her reach. Symmetra was already out and tying up her waist sarong when she noticed Pharah push herself out of the water with her arms, flanks and biceps flexing and she froze momentarily to watch the glowing water slide off her bronze skin. Her top and dark underwear hid features but Pharah still didn't face her.

"I'm sorry. Maybe this was a bad idea..." Pharah finally replied, slowly wringing out her hair. Symmetra looked away to give her privacy, putting on her sandals. They had swam under the caverns and ended up in a grotto where they swam casually and raced once. As powerful as Pharah was, Symmetra was faster. Pharah stayed underwater the entire time, never floating on her back or showing off her body. When they talked they did so in the water, Pharah's mouth just above the water. She had been laughing and having a good time, what had suddenly changed?

"Why do you say that?" Symmetra asked flipping her hair out of her flowy top that clung to her wet skin.

"I thought maybe I'd disgust you..." Pharah was looking down at her feet and then crouched to hide herself. Symmetra asked if it was okay to bring her the clothes instead. Pharah hesitated but accepted. Symmetra watched her footing and carefully tip toed to get to Pharah's location. Why Pharah couldn't get back in the water to retrieve them was beyond her but something had defeated the soldier it seemed. She extended her hand and Pharah did her best to reach. But when Symmetra lost her footing on the slippery rocks, Pharah lunged to catch her, landing them both back in the water with a giant splash.

Symmetra didn't know why she clung to Pharah as they came up sputtering water and coughing. She never clung to anyone ever. She was used to being alone and it suited her fine but Pharah was quick to let go and help her to shore. Luckily only Pharah's shirt got wet as it dangled half on the rock. When she made it to the edge of the pool she saw Symmetra crouch and cup her face in both hands. Pharah's eyes widened at the sudden gesture from the woman who was rumored not to like physical contact.

"Answer me," she commanded softly. "Why would you disgust me?"

"I-I ... t-thought it'd be obvious," Pharah stammered quietly. "You like the natural order of things... Some would consider me not ... natural ... to the way I was born."

Symmetra's face softened. "If I have somehow offended you with my beliefs, I apologize." She caressed the cheeks that now burned under her cool fingers. "But you do not disgust me. In fact you inspire me. You and your mother have galvanized the term to never stop fighting for what you believe in. If this is who you are, who am I to judge you?"

Pharah looked away as the words sank in and Symmetra slowly let go of her face and stood up, walking back to the edge of the cavern to give her privacy. "Get dressed, it's getting cold."

Pharah nodded and climbed out of the water, grabbing her shirt to wring it out. She pulled on her pants and hopped to find her shoes. She shrugged on her coat and made her shirt into a knot to carry easier. She slumped against a boulder as she ran her hands through her damp hair.

“For the record...” Symmetra said out of the blue. “You’ve never disgusted me. Just surprised me. I’ve never met someone like you before. So thank you.”

“Thank you?”

“For expanding my horizons,” Symmetra replied with a kind smile. Pharah smiled in turn, suddenly shy. “We should go,” Symmetra quickly added and Pharah nodded, standing up but allowed her to go out first.

Mercy went to bed early hoping to stop her mind from overreacting but it only brought in horrible dreams that made her churn and wake up in sweat. *Why had Ana let her see something like that? A cruel prank?* She could hear Ana practically say ‘would you have stopped asking about her if I hadn’t let you see it’? Mercy lay awake in her dark room, staring at the ceiling, chest heaving. The image of ‘pharah’s’ face in the grey room had obviously scarred her. Random images of the static face with a purple, unnerving smile painted over it, played over and over in her head and she bolted upright, face in palms.

Flinging the covers off her sweaty body she made for the kitchen when there was a sudden light tapping at her balcony door. She whirled around in terror, clutching her chest.

Pharah waited anxiously, trying to stay hidden; luckily the low light of the sky was helping. But sooner or later she was going to be discovered. Hanging off the balcony, she did her best to make noise loud enough for Mercy to hear. *Maybe she should look for a different place to stay the night*, when suddenly Mercy yanked the doors open and a blaster was pointed at her face. “We need to talk!”

Holy shit! Surprised Pharah almost let go of the railing but Mercy grabbed her by the lapels of her jacket and hauled her against the railing hard, “Ohhhh, no, no, no. You’re not getting away!”

Pharah tried to protest that she wasn’t trying to escape when Mercy with sudden strength dragged her over the railing and practically threw her into the den, slamming the balcony doors and shutting the curtains with a vicious swing.

Chapter End Notes

Alright, quiz time.

Let's see who's paying attention!

1. Why was Pharah thrown in detention?

2. Who helped Pharah Escape?

3. What are the intentions of those helping Pharah?

and 4. What did Pharah mean by Symmetra being 'disgusted' with her?

This is all honestly in this chapter. Do your best.

Please answer below and I'll give you a little treat ;)

ciao till next time!

Earned it

Chapter Summary

They demanded answers!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Ya know, I honestly would hate to disappoint you, but I don't exactly hate this." Pharah rested on her heels where her ankles were tied up and her wrists bound together behind her back. She gave Mercy a smirk, eyes ablaze behind dark damp hair falling into her face.

"Disappoint me you say," Mercy turned around leisurely, arms crossed. "Seems like you've disappointed a lot of people."

Pharah's smile left her face quick. She frowned and tested the tightness of the ropes. She sighed. "So that's what *this* is about?"

"They told me you weren't cooperating," Mercy stood facing her a few feet away and Pharah narrowed her eyes. "Who's 'they'?"

"You know very well who," Mercy replied with a scowl. Pharah had never seen her this way. The passive woman who was so blazingly pointing weapons at her and demanding answers from her superiors and apparently holding an interrogation without them? She'd be impressed if it weren't for the doc being upset with her. Pharah slouched back on her heels and swore under her breath. *Suppose she was also undermining her superiors.*

Mercy paced in front of her rubbing her forehead. "Here's what I don't understand. Even with everything you've done to your fellow teammates you still refuse to accept responsibility and take the initial repercussions. By rights you are guilty of those accusations, were you not?"

"They wanted to lock me up!" Pharah shouted. That earned her a glare from the piercing blue eyes. "Don't shout, I'm right here!" she hissed.

Pharah buttoned up her lip but sat back, fuming. *Mercy was siding with them?!*

"I know locking you up was wrong. That was completely absurd. Obviously you had done something to deserve detention of some sort, but why didn't you tell me!" She came forward in a long stride. "I could've helped you!"

Pharah opened her mouth then quickly shut it, looking away, eyes narrowed. Mercy sighed and walked back to the couch and stood in front of it, looking down with hands on her hips.

"I suppose you only want me for my body then. Not that I minded I suppose." She turned to face Pharah again who was looking at her in rising confusion. "But I honestly thought we were past the stage of keeping things from each other. You're allowed secrets. I'm not going to pry. But this!" Mercy indignantly pointed to the door. "You escaped to meet me in the garden!"

While you were supposed to be in detention?!"

If Pharah could raise her hands up in defense she would've, instead she crept forward on her knees. "Hey now, my intent was to tell you what happened! That's the reason I called you to meet up! You jumped me! How could I resist that?! I'm only human!"

Mercy turned red in embarrassment and discontent. She covered her face. "I thought as much." She sighed and let her arms flop. "I am to blame. I didn't want to believe it."

Pharah inched forward again, intent to have Mercy closer. "Waitwaitwait. What're you talking about?"

Mercy paced, hands on her hips. It had been a week since Pharah and she engaged in their sexual activities. It had been a few days later that Pharah had gotten in trouble, Pharah never got in trouble. "They told me you've been getting hurt at practice. That life measuring decisions were at risk. All because you couldn't focus. I should've known after the first incident. Because of me."

Pharah's eyes widened and she shook her head vigorously. "That's not true!"

"Then tell me why!" Mercy yelled. Pharah sat back and swallowed hard, looking at the ground to collect her thoughts.

"Mercy, for the love of the goddesses up high... Yes I wanted to be with you and yes you're always on my mind. But I never meant to hurt anyone. So I screwed up cause I wanted to see you for your birthday, but did they really have to knock me out for that? My mother hit me with a paralyzer. And then I was hit on the head when I tried to sneak out, like a captive. I don't like being held against my will!"

Mercy stared at her processing the new information. "Ana hit you?"

"Yes!" Pharah licked her lips. "I knew I was going to get in trouble, sure. But everyone was trying to stop me like it was a huge deal. I was only at a training camp! I've never had to be there mandatory before.... well actually no that one is definitely on me... but I wanted to see you so bad. Nothing was going to stop me. But locking me up was crazy of them! Like I was a criminal!"

Mercy looked at her with no expression and it killed her. "Baby, come on. You seriously can't be mad at me."

"I'm not your baby," Mercy said, turning away to think. Pharah nodded and swallowed hard. *That was true. But she wanted her to be.* "I've been doing a lot of thinking..." Pharah tried to get her attention. "I'll admit it then. Yes, I want to be with you. Yes I'm in love your body and your mind and everything about you. I'm just sorry it took so damn long to get me here."

Mercy stopped and stared at the wall ahead of her. That word again. She hung her head in thought. *What was she supposed to say?*

Mercy couldn't have a relationship. Her work came first. Her clients came first. It's what she had signed up for. Relationships had taken a back burner for her. She didn't consider them priority. She was free to roam as she pleased and went where she pleased without excuses or permission. She didn't miss anyone or anything while she was away on missions. Except Toshi, maybe. What did Pharah want? She covered her face. She couldn't do it if it really was *what* Pharah wanted.

"Mercy?" Pharah asked tentatively to coax her to turn around.

"It's clear that things aren't working out as I'd hoped. It was selfish, I admit, without taking you into consideration. I just had no idea it would take this sort of toll on you," Mercy was mostly murmuring to herself but Pharah heard her.

"Wait, you don't mean-" Pharah quickly shot up straight, "You're cutting me off?! Please anything but that!"

"Then behave yourself!" Mercy raised her voice and it sent a jolt through Pharah's spine making her sit back down on her heels in an oddly submissive fashion. "Mercy, please, not that. I've never been happier. Can't you give me another chance?" She scooted closer. "I'll be on my best behavior. I promise you. I won't do anything stupid anymore. This is literally my first offense!"

When Mercy glared Pharah quickly added. "With you, I mean! I'll tell you everything you want to know, whenever you want. From now on. I promise. But please don't stop us from happening. I've wanted this forever. I need you."

Mercy sighed and approached her, looming over her so that Pharah had to look over the shelf of her breasts to see her face. Mercy leaned over, eyes soft and gentle. She ran a hand through Pharah's damp hair and caressed her scalp. "I need you, too," she whispered then her eyes steeled and the hand became a fist with a lock of her hair as she yanked Pharah's head back. Pharah gasped as a strong shiver coasted through her body. Mercy got in close to her face. "So *don't* ruin this for the both of us." She hissed and let go with such force that Pharah toppled over.

Pharah exhaled and grinned. Thank the goddesses. "Yes ma'am."

Zarya sat up slowly from her bed. Getting up, she scratched her head as she stretched her limbs and quieted a yawn. She went to the kitchen and opened the fridge retrieving orange juice and drank from the gallon. She heard light inconsistent tapping and looked at the clock. *10:12 pm who was that?* Maybe a bug? She walked past and again the window tapped if not more urgently. Zarya opened the drapes and saw nothing. She opened the balcony doors and slid them to the side, tentatively stepping out. She stayed under the awning and breathed in the fresh air. "Psst, Zar!"

Zarya almost cried out in surprise when Pharah suddenly dropped hanging upside from the top balcony. "Are you crazy?!" She hissed at her, looking around wildly.

"I need a place to stay," Pharah whispered loudly.

Zarya knew Mercy lived above her. "Stay with the angel since you're already there," she hissed back.

Pharah did a flip and dropped down easily, landing on her feet like a cat. "No can do. Just let me stay the night, I'll be gone by daybreak."

"You broke out again?"

"You know about that? Who else knows?"

Zarya grabbed her by the lapel with one arm and yanked her inside. She looked around and heard Mercy fiercely whisper a 'thank you'. While Pharah inside hollered that she was getting tired of being tossed around. She shook her head and closed the doors. Pharah had already taken her shoes off and was about to take her jacket off when Zarya stopped her with a hand to her

shoulder.

"You stink of ocean. Go shower before you get my room smelly."

Pharah nodded and hopped away, taking off her clothes, toward the shower.

Ana stopped drinking from her cup and lifted her head as Jack approached. Hands on his hips he turned and saw Pharah was laying on the bed this time, face turned away. "Saying anything yet?" He grunted crossing his arms. "Stubborn like her mother huh."

Ana put down her cup and sighed. "You know Jack, I'm only allowing this because you had a small point. But she's only in there until tomorrow morning. Is that clear?"

Jack turned to look at her and without a word he left the way he came.

Ana lifted her cup again and a purple light shined on her ear clip. "Sombra online." Ana raised her head and saw *the Pharah* move about, staring at the camera in the corner then turned to face Ana through the layers of plexi glass doors. Her body flickered for a split second and the grin returned but soon it was gone when *the Pharah* turned away to look back at the holovision in the corner.

"That little device you had of your little girl served you well."

Ana sipped her tea again and shrugged. "Like I said, I'll abide by the rules but on my terms."

A loud laugh resonated in her ears. *"Seems like the old lady still has tricks up her sleeve."*

"I haven't made it this far in life with looks alone." Ana said with a grin. The voice snickered.

"How is she by the way?"

"You tell me, I haven't seen **her** lately. I'm sure you've paid her a visit."

"And what makes you say that?"

"Honestly, how could you resist my own flesh and blood."

A long pause and then a huff. *"You think so highly of yourself, old lady."*

Ana shrugged. She finished her tea and putting down her cup with a small clink on the saucer, she crossed her arms. "You can prove me wrong anytime ... *Arelia*."

A 'hmp' and Sombra was offline. Ana sat back and smiled to herself. Things were indeed turning out. She lifted her head and *the Pharah* was looking at her again through the windows.

"That *thing* would give people nightmares." She stated with a shake of her head. *The Pharah* turned away again and sat on the floor with her hands in her pockets.

And it did. Mercy had dream after dream, nightmare after nightmare. She awoke a few times only to awake into another dream. She was losing her mind thanks to *that face*. A face Ana let her see. But she was right in the sense that Mercy wouldn't have given up otherwise.

She groaned and looked at the clock. 1:47am. Maybe she should've kept Pharah with her. But she was still upset at her. She turned in her bed and went back to sleep. She awoke a few minutes' later, eyes popping open. She sat up and realized the rustling she heard was Toshi getting up to get a drink. She listened and heard him lay back down in his spot. She whistled softly and he came bounding off the couch, running through the door and leapt onto her bed. She didn't usually let him sleep on the bed so it was a rare treat for him. He snuggled up to her and she instructed for him to lie down as she petted his side. He was soon asleep and with her little companion she fell into a restful sleep.

Pharah was awake all night staring up at the ceiling. Was this where directly above was Mercy's bed? She sighed and rolled over.

"Don't be getting any ideas," Zarya commented from the other side. Pharah looked up and saw she was almost spooning Zarya she scooted back with a scoff. "No offense, but you ain't my type."

Zarya laughed hearty, "I'm everyone's type."

Pharah rolled her eyes, *and she was the one with the god complex?*

"Vat did you two fight about this time?"

"We don't fight."

"Makes sense why you are here and not up there."

"We don't sleep in each other's beds. In fact, I've never been inside her apartment, till today."

Zarya half turned. "Really? So where do you guys do it?"

Pharah rolled over not feeling like answering the question. Zarya laughed and rose to her elbow, turning around to face her backside. "Really, never in her bed or yours?"

"Can I go to sleep now?"

"Who are you kidding? There is nothing going on between you two and they are just rumors. "

"Whatever Zarya," Pharah grumbled, curling up.

"Maybe I'll have a go at her," Zarya commented with a thoughtful smirk.

Pharah turned red. "Okay that's it!" She yanked the pillow from under her head and swung it hard over at Zarya who caught it with her head. Zarya laughed in surprise and whacked her back with another, sending Pharah off the bed. Pharah pounced back with a primal lunge and beat her with her own pillow. "How about Mei huh?!" She threatened.

"Don't you dare!"

"My sentiments exactly!"

Mercy opened her eyes wearily. *You've got to be kidding me.* There was a loud crash and thumping and muffled yelling. Mercy pulled the pillow over her head and Toshi whined in his throat.

Ana was escorting Pharah out of her detention cell with two other soldiers who were there the day she 'ran away'. They scowled at her and she growled low in her throat at them. Ana hauled her arm up and forced her to keep moving. The hearing had been short and right to the chase. Pharah had to pay for damages and medical bills, even at Mercy's protest that she had done them free of charge.

Once she was in the clear, she chose to apologize to her squad mates personally and they laughed. Scalder was chuckling behind his mug of coffee.

"I'm trying to be serious here..." Pharah said with a huff. Diorah stood up and shaking her head in mirth, she helped herself to another round of 'jacked up' coffee they were all sharing. "You should've just told us you were seeing the Doctor, kid."

Pharah looked at each one aghast, "You mean you all knew?!"

"No," Timothy said with a shrug, before taking a hearty sip. "But we found out. Can't say we blame ye, but a heads up would've been appreciated."

"Like that one time Scalder wanted to leave base to see a hot red head he saw in town below. We covered for him. Course, the dumb bastard forgot his boots the next day and Jack ripped him a new one!" They all guffawed and clapped Scalder on the back. Pharah sat shaking her head. "You're kidding me..."

Timothy swallowed hard, "Besides, who here has had a crush on the 'good doctor'?" All hands rose up, chuckling amongst themselves. Pharah stared at Diorah, "Et tu?"

Diorah shrugged up her shoulders, "I'm weak to pretty things. I mean, I'd never bang her. Lord knows I'd be putty and be completely useless to her. How would one live down the disappointment?"

Scalder laughed, "I'm sure you'd let her take over."

Another laugh but Pharah shut them up quick. She sat back with a heavy sigh, sagging against the chair, staring up at the stars. "I really made a mess of things. Now she's mad at me. I have to be in the best behavior or it's all over."

"Ouch. Nothing like pussy detention." That earned Scalder a whack upside the head from Diorah. Pharah shook her head, ignoring the comment. "She just ... drives me out of this world ... stars aren't even the limit. I can't deny her anything even if I tried. My soul is hers if she wants it when I die." She didn't realize she had sighed dreamily until everyone around the fire was staring at her with knowing grins.

"Ohhhhhhhhh," Timothy snorted. "Jesus! Love?! You're in love with the Doctor?"

“Fuck, now I feel bad,” Scaldar shook his head, putting down his mug. “You should’ve knocked me out cold then, given me temporary amnesia. I wouldn’t have said shit.”

Pharah rolled her eyes and leaned forward, elbows on her knees as she searched their faces. “Guys, I’ll keep repeating it, until you believe it or I can show you, I am so damn sorry about all this fuss. I never meant for it to drive me wild. Never meant for anyone to get hurt.”

Scaldar sat back and grinned, arms crossed, “I would’ve done the same to you.” Diorah lifted her mug at her and smiled. “To squadmates.”

They all raised their mugs to tap against each other’s. “To Squadmates!”

“To no pussy detention!”

They all groaned and Pharah smiled behind her cup.

At the next meeting of the superiors, Pharah was announced that her name had been recommended as Lieutenant Commander. Ana raised an eyebrow in surprise and Jack grunted in his seat. Winston added to his speech and the Commanders of the military and the Secretary of Defense sat with grim faces, listening. “The Security of the world is our main objective. We will assign members to respected locations for their deployment...”

He droned off as Ana hissed at Jack, “You knew about this?”

“Why do you think I was so upset with her recent behavior?” Jack grumbled. Ana clucked her tongue. “Should’ve kept her longer then.”

At that Jack softly chuckled, “You’re the boss of your kid, Ana. I’m just looking out for my family.” Ana smiled and patted his arm, sitting back in her seat.

Chapter End Notes

ta~!

All I wanna Do

Chapter Summary

Zarya, Mei, what do you two know?

Mercy takes a leap!

Catch her Pharah!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Pharah groaned as her mother fussed with her tie. “Couldn’t you decide on a dress?”

Zarya walked by also clad in a black suit and tie. Ana frowned but smiled, “I suppose it’s the latest fashion.”

“Mother...” Pharah tried to ease up but she was *hella* nervous. *That meant Mercy was wearing a dress too!* The lump in her throat was nearly unbearable that she snatched a drink from a nearby waiter tray and downed it quickly. Ana clucked her tongue. “Now go mingle and make merry!” She clapped her backside, sending her forward.

Everyone wore the best thing they could afford it seemed. Pharah noticed that many men wore their most expensive, if not their most exotic, tuxedos. The women were in dresses that looked very much victorian or simple ball gowns, but in her eyes they were nothing simple. She could only imagine getting into one of those. This Fundraising Gala was hosted by The Overwatch and security was on high alert. They had given Pharah permission to mingle at the request of her mother. However she still worked, eyes and ears alert, maintaining some kind of contact with the guards at every corner, inside and out. The music by the live Omnic orchestra in the corner was a little louder than she wanted but ...

Suddenly the person of her affections walked in alongside Hanzo who wore his best dress-suit possible. He seemed rather uncomfortable from either his attire or from Mercy. He had reason if the latter. She looked breathtaking, with her hair up and adorned in glittering jewelry. Pharah deadpanned when they made eye contact. Mercy gave her a smile but was ushered away by a few men who presented themselves to her.

Zarya led Mei to a table that had their names and Mercy joined them later with Zarya immediately standing up to pull out the chair for her and gently slid it in when she sat down.

“My, you look both wonderful,” Mercy commented, opening up her fan. Mei giggled and looked over at Zarya, “Yes, I tell her all the time.” That earned her a blush from Zarya who fussed with her tie. Mei smiled and looked up to see Pharah standing a distance away, clearly in a troublesome stance. Mei motioned with her head and Pharah moved forward with a perk.

Pharah’s heart was beating hard in her chest. She wasn’t sure if Mercy was still upset with her. *Was asking for a dance too forward?* She was going crazy thinking about it before she knew it Mei’s invite broke the leash and she was walking forward.

Mei and Zarya watched Pharah weave through the crowd of arriving dancers and

approach their table. Mercy was talking to the Colonel who had sat down without an invitation. Pharah took one pause and quickly offered her arm to Mei, avoiding Mercy's eyes. "May I?" She asked with a smile, leaning over in a bow. Zarya bristled, but Mei accepted and placed a gloved hand on her forearm. She put down her fan and grabbed the hem of her dress as she was led to the center of the dance floor where Pharah twirled her to show off her dress. Mei giggled taking her place in Pharah's arms.

Zarya promptly stood up startling the Colonel and offered her hand to Mercy. Mercy stopped fanning herself and rolled her eyes in amusement. Excusing herself she snapped her fan shut and stood up, careful not to catch her dress on anything. Zarya led her delicately through the crowds and placed them a few people away from Mei and Pharah. She placed her hand on Mercy's lower back and clasped her hand in her palm, she seemed so confident but she froze. "I did not think this through..." she said to herself as she looked down at their feet.

Mercy giggled and shook her head. "Would you like me to lead?"

Zarya blushed. "Uh, yes..." Mercy nodded and pulled Zarya closer. "All you have to do is follow the count and follow my lead, I will carry you." Zarya listened as they stepped to the music. She had never danced to music with violins before; she had been nervous to ask Mei to dance, afraid to flop. Mercy taking charge was natural... she seemed at ease. She was smiling as she counted for Zarya to follow and she found herself numbly following along.

Mei looked over Pharah's arm as they turned. She saw Zarya on the dance floor and Mercy giving her instructions. She found it cute the way Zarya blushed whenever she would trip and apologize. She smiled and nodded over at Pharah to look. Pharah turned her head and nearly froze but quickly caught herself and kept them moving.

"I didn't know Zarya could dance," she murmured. Mei laughed, "She's good at many things extraordinary. I'm glad it doesn't stop her."

"You're calm about this?"

Mei gave her a puzzled look, "About what?"

Suddenly the song changed and a new song that many recognized started playing, a dance where partners were switched at each interval. Pharah ended up with D.va who laughed at her misfortune. "Aren't I supposed to be paired up with a dude?"

Pharah chuckled and shook her head, "More women than men I guess."

She made D.va twirl and caught her. She glanced over her head and saw Mercy dancing with Genji. She looked back at D.va who was checking out Lucio. "Here, I'll help you out." Pharah danced them closer to Lucio's pair and took the woman's hand in Lucio's hands and pushed D.va into his arms. D.va gave a delighted gasp as he grinned at her. "Hey, there."

Pharah laughed and then paused when an arm snaked about her shoulder making her skin cold under her uniform. *Widow*. "Thanks for saving me," she purred in her ear and Pharah tensed for a second but her legs kept them flowing. "No problem." She looked over at the security guards who didn't seem to react. "Relax," Widow murmured. "I was invited."

"Really now...?"

"Not happy to see us, Pumpkin?"

"Us?" Before Pharah could look where Widow had motioned with her head, the song tempo switched and releasing Widow to her next partner, she turned to see who was next. Zarya

ended up in her arms. They both froze but a pair bumped them closer and they grudgingly started to move.

"I am leading!" Zarya huffed. Pharah rolled her eyes, "You don't know how to dance."

"I have learned!"

"Just twirl already," Pharah lifted her arm and was surprised Zarya actually spun in her grasp. After another few steps they switched and Mei was back in Pharah's sight again.

Pharah grinned at her, "Hey." Mei chuckled and before they could join hands Zarya pushed in between, abandoning her partner and pulled Mei away, giving Pharah a scowl. Pharah raised her hands in mock defense.

There was a tap on her shoulder and she turned to see Mercy looking angelic in her pale blue gown and breathtakingly beautiful. Taking Pharah a few seconds of stunned beauty she reached to join their hands, feeling fuzzy all over. The song ended and people applauded. Pharah saw the line of single men who were lined up and frowning at Pharah that she was responsible for Mercy's attention. Some of that was guilt and pride, but Pharah smirked at them.

Mercy smiled kindly. "Maybe next time." She turned away, Tracer and D.va. rushed over to her, gushing about the people they met through dancing.

Pharah swallowed hard and went outside to get fresh air.

When Pharah came back in, Mercy was sitting down while a few men sat at their table while Zarya and Mei were nowhere to be found. A waltz played and a few men from the other side of the room searched their way to Mercy. *Pick a different woman!* Although she was in the same boat... Pharah bit her lip but decided to take a chance. She held in a breath and slowly exhaled. She shook her hands and readied herself, she was pumped up! *Go!* But her legs refused to move.

"If I have to shove you, I vill," Came Zarya's voice behind her, making her jump.

"Why am I your target?!" Pharah hissed between clenched teeth.

Mei laughed and nodded over with her head. Mercy was looking at them and Mei was sure it wasn't from the commotion. Sucking in a breath Pharah strode forward as calmly but quickly as she could, enough to get away from the peanut gallery.

Mercy saw her approach and her eyes lit up making the men part in confusion. Pharah offered her arm, head bowed, blushing profusely from adrenaline and hope.

It took Mercy a *loving hell* second but when she placed her fingertips on her forearm all ease washed over Pharah like a cool breeze on a summer day. Pharah took a few steps back to accommodate Mercy's big dress and the swirl of black tuxedos that parted for them.

Pharah never took her eyes off her and Mercy returned the favor with a kind smile. When they were centered, they placed their hands in their respective places and began to move. Pharah did her best to show her off, gently spinning her out and catching her swiftly and gracefully as they glided across the marble floor. Pharah smiled shyly but kept her grip on her firm. Thank the goddesses she was wearing gloves or her hands would have sweated on her dress. To her, Mercy remained the ever confident one, moving with her own grace and decorum.

Mercy on the other hand wasn't as cool as a cucumber. When she saw Pharah's dressed attire it had made her heart skip, losing her breath. She looked amazing in a tuxedo, handsome yet so beautiful. Her hair was pinned back from her face and earrings glinted from her ears, *the rogue on her lips was inviting...* She smiled at Mercy when she was caught gazing. Pharah was an incredible dancer. If it hadn't been for her leading wonderfully, Mercy feared they both would've tripped over each other. Although that wasn't a bad thing entirely, she knew Pharah would laugh it off. That's what she adored about The Security Chief turned Lieutenant Commander. Serious when she needed to be and a goof ball on her days off. Not able to help herself, she moved in closer and she heard Pharah's heart beat vibrate through her chest.

Calm on the outside but on the inside Pharah was ready to implode. She tried to stay relaxed, at ease, but the way Mercy was looking at her made her twitch in longing agony.

When Pharah clutched Mercy's hand tighter that's when she knew Pharah was feeling the same effects as her. She was so glad their feelings for each other kept them coming back. Mercy smiled and leaning up she whispered in her ear. Pharah gave a groan in her throat and she squeezed Mercy to her tighter, breathing hotly in her ear in response. Thankfully the crowd of people didn't put them in the spotlight but she knew people were watching out for them, to dance with her or dance with Pharah. When she saw the girls giggling behind their hands she pressed Pharah a little closer to her, a possessive instinct flooding her.

Pharah made a small whine in her throat and when the song ended they were reluctant to let go. Pharah wanted to crush her in a kiss, rip off her dress and take her hard and fast to make up for lost time. Mercy noticed the lust in her eyes and they reflected hers. She huffed as she closed in but struggled to pull away. The applause ended and they pulled away from each other, bowed respectfully and left in opposite directions as calmly as possible. Pharah breezed past Zarya and Mei, trying to hide her red face but the two grinned at each other.

Mercy joined the crowd moving to the gardens for a breather, music playing in the background as they chatted amicably. Still extremely flustered she fanned herself and made her way through the garden maze. She didn't care if she got lost; she had to get away from people and certainly from Pharah. Finally with the people muted, she slumped against a wall of bushes and exhaled slowly.

She looked up at the twinkling stars and admired the moon, up so high and bright. She sighed, her heart finally slowing down. However Mercy couldn't shake a feeling, they've already had sex so many times, so why were they still so nervous around each other? Pharah still drove her crazy. She closed her eyes and exhaled again. It was such a beautiful night, this Gala had been a godsend for distractions but it wasn't merely enough, not when Pharah burned for her.

Pulling her out of her thoughts was a light splash; she glanced to her left towards the fountain around the corner. She picked up her dress and went to see if she was actually alone. She spotted someone in a tux flipping stones in the long fountain pond in the centre of the maze. Then they skipped one hard and had it ricochet off a wall. The person chuckled and Mercy found herself flowing forward before she could stop herself.

Pharah dusted her hands and perked up at hearing noise and her eyes widened then softened when Mercy caught up to her. Pharah met her halfway, cupped her face and kissed her like a dying fish for water. Mercy's arms rose and circled her shoulders, pulling her in.

Pharah lowered her arms and gripped her back tightly, hearing her moan in the kiss

jolted her anew. Now Pharah didn't care who saw them. Here in the quiet Gardens with the woman of her dreams, under the moon and stars was all she could hope for. She pulled away and Mercy moved with her, regretting their mouths separating. Pharah sat them down by the edge of the fountain. They tuned in with the rhythmic movement of the water and pressed in close. Mercy stared up at her longingly and Pharah caressed her cheek gently. She leaned over to meet her lips again, closing their eyes with a flutter of eyelashes and breath lost in each other's mouths. Pharah wrapped an arm around Mercy's waist, pulling her close. No words were needed.

Security guards found them wrapped in each other's grasp that night, fully clothed, asleep on the grass, directly under the moon, snoring peacefully.

Mercy awoke the next day with a jolt. She sat up fast and looked around at her surroundings. She was home in her bed. She sighed in relief and fell back only to reluctantly roll off the bed to her feet. She stretched her arms over her head and bent them back, arching her spine. Hearing the pops of her bones she straightened and craned her neck. Sighing, she stood up and nearly collapsed back on the bed. She cursed again and slapped her legs, feeling the fuzzy feeling crawl through them, bringing them back to life. The static made her shiver not delightfully. *Just what had she been doing in her sleep?* She stretched her legs and reached her toes as best she could. Maybe it was time to keep up with the gym. Finally able to stand she went to take a shower.

Having rinsed off, she walked into the kitchen with just a long shirt and a towel thrown over her head. She opened the fridge for juice and poured Toshi his breakfast. The pup came running almost skidding into the wall. "Easy, boy!" She exclaimed with a giggle. Allowing her to get a few pets in before he ate, she stood up and finished the cold juice in one go. Putting down the carton she exhaled, lowering her head. She straightened up and stretched again this time coming easier. She strolled to the glass doors and opened it a foot to squeeze through and closed the screen door behind her, making sure Toshi hadn't followed. She breathed in the crisp morning air and leaned over on the railing. She stared at the ocean and smiled at its simple beauty.

Her eyes caught a lone figure walking along the beach. *This early?* It was barely 6 am. A hand over her eyes let her identify that it was Symmetra taking a morning stroll with her bare feet in the sand, sandals in hand. The gentle sea breeze rustled her long dark tresses and her silks behind her, her long scarf trailing behind her like a cape. Mercy found herself staring when she noticed that Symmetra had stopped to look up at the dorm towers. Making eye contact, Mercy jumped making her blush and waved a hand nervously.

"Good morning!" She shouted, leaning over. Whether Symmetra heard her didn't matter because the ethereal smile she returned was dazzling. Feeling completely at ease Mercy nodded and headed back inside. Toshi was waiting with his leash in his mouth, tail drumming hard. Mercy crouched down and petted him. "Let me go get dressed and I'll be right with you."

The pup walked to the door and waited, wagging his tail.

Mercy combed her hair and decided to let the breeze dry it for her. A nice run on the beach wouldn't hurt. She put on an outfit suitable for beach jogging.

She reached the door and Toshi was on his hind legs begging. "Ok, baby, I'm hurrying, I'm hurrying." She sat on the step and put on her runners. Practically brand new. Tracer had always offered to run with her but everyone had given up trying to keep up with her speed, especially since she couldn't help it. Mercy stood up and gathered Toshi's leash in her hand and was practically yanked to the elevators. She held firm and wrestled with him, finally picking him up. When the elevator dinged and started down he relaxed a bit, tongue out and tail wagging,

hitting her stomach. She chuckled and caressed his excited little face.

Once on ground floor he was a bundle of energy again. She breathed in deep when they reached outside and she did her stretches while he sniffed around and urinated on trees and bushes.

"Okay, ready?" Toshi ran to her and she hooked his chain. Together they dashed out at a simple jog. Just a few minutes in and Toshi launched forward and his leash slipped from her fingers.

"Toshi! No!" Mercy chased him but the little dog was lighter and he practically flew over the sand. She raced to catch up, thanking herself for taking the time to stretch.

Pharah looked up from her stretches on the hill when she saw a tiny figure dash across the sands and then followed not too far back by a figure shouting and running down below in the bluffs. *Mercy?* Pharah watched and realized Toshi had escaped. She hurdled down the steep slopes aiming for the puppy before he hit the caverns. Mercy tripped and quickly picked herself up nearly out of breath. Just then she saw a figure roll onto the sands and catch the pup in an embrace, rolling to a stop onto their back.

"C'mere, you little rascal." Pharah sat back with him panting in her arms, licking her face. Toshi then turned and yipped when he saw Mercy approach who had slowed down to a slow jog and then walked, out of breath. He sat happily in Pharah's arms as if he did no wrong. *Little shit.*

"Pharah! I'm so sorry he bothered your morning run!"

Pharah scratched behind his ears and shook her head lightly. "He's no bother at all. Just glad I was in the right place at the right time," she replied with a smirk. Mercy smiled back, plopping onto the sands next to her. Toshi scrambled in Pharah's arm to lick Mercy who faked being upset. "No, your kisses mean nothing to me right now," she glowered.

Pharah chuckled and jostled him. "You'll learn little guy, never make a lady angry."

They both chuckled and eventually they both sat quietly, listening to the ocean birds screech away and hear the lapping of the ocean as it swam up the shores. It was nice. Mercy had never felt as complacent around someone so much as this. It was the most comfortable quiet that she could feel herself doze off practically onto Pharah's shoulder. She quickly snapped out of it and blushed at her embarrassing self. Pharah was staring off into the ocean, mindlessly rubbing Toshi's belly, when suddenly Mercy's voice snapped her to attention.

"Oh, I'm sorry! I interrupted your morning run!" Mercy rolled to her knees and tried to grab Toshi but he slipped out and the two women tumbled onto the sand together. Pharah landed hard on her back almost grimacing if it wasn't for Mercy who was pressed against her. She exclaimed in shock and tried to push herself back up but Pharah laughed. That musical laugh Mercy loved and she froze on her hands, her pelvis pressed to Pharah's. *Why was it so awkward to be intimate with her...?* Mercy bit her lip and went for it. She reached down to kiss her when suddenly someone cleared their throat. A few feet away sat Symmetra on a boulder, one knee over the other, eyes on them.

"I was going to give you both a minute to compose yourselves, but I'm not really

interested in what was about to happen, so I had to stop you," she said airily. Pharah smirked and helped Mercy sit back up and helped her to her feet gently.

"Sorry," Pharah said, turning to face her. "I didn't see you there."

"I noticed," she said with a pressed smile as Toshi was yipping at her playfully. Mercy heaved an exasperated sigh and snatched up the puppy. "I'm sorry; I didn't realize he was after you. He doesn't usually run off like that."

Symmetra sighed and stood up, dusting her dress. "It would appear so. Have a good day," she replied before strolling off.

Toshi almost leapt out of Mercy's arms. "Oh, for goodness sakes, you little thing! Do not bother people!" The puppy whined and Pharah petted his head. "Does as he pleases, huh?"

"Indeed...However the misfortune, it came at a perfect opportunity." Mercy cleared her throat. Pharah glanced up at her, "Oh?"

Mercy smiled almost shyly. "I was wondering if you liked Italian."

Pharah rubbed her chin in thought, "I've had a dish once or twice."

Mercy giggled and shook her head, "Hopefully I can convince you for dinner at my place?"

Pharah deadpanned. *Dinner? Mercy was going to make her dinner? Just the two of them? As in a date? Were they dating? Wha-*

When Mercy's eyebrows drew up in confused concern Pharah quickly replied a jumble of words. She caught her forehead and tried again. "Yes! Of course! I'd love to!" With a little more gusto than she was used to. She felt the blush creep up.

Mercy beamed that she rivaled the sun. "Wonderful! We dine at six then!" She waved her off and putting Toshi back on his leash she ran back the way she came.

Pharah weakly kept waving, her brain tossed to space. *Dinner with mercy. Dinner with MERCY. DINNER WITH MERCY!* Suddenly she was full of joy she could explode into fireworks. Grinning from ear to ear she continued her jog, laughing as she whooped into the air with a fist. **"YES!"**

Chapter End Notes

let's hope she cooks a meal fit for the god oooooof ... jans?

I Got You

Chapter Summary

How do you convey messages that cannot be said?

We have a trio of people with said situation.

(10 pages later...plz enjoy! :)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Pharah was humming to herself all day, doing her track laps in return time, bench pressing harder than usual and still having the energy to train her new squadmates. Her energy was infectious; everyone gave it their all during practice. Pharah carried the team with the agility of a hunting falcon. She covered all bases and even the ones underground in case of a surprise attack. Each one fist bumping each other that no one got hurt, training had gone exceptionally well. Thanks to the leadership all was carried out smoothly. Except Scaldier, forgetting his boots again. Pharah didn't know what to say to that; there was no camp nearby, the slut. She hurried him off to the showers anyway.

Jack stood by the sidelines and observed it all, arms crossed. Ana was in the shack behind him, drinking tea at the table. "My, my, what a difference..." she commented. Jack glanced over his shoulder at her then back at the group.

"You mean after the discipline?" he grumbled, nodding to a soldier running past him.

Ana shook her head with a smirk, "I would like to think that this actually has a woman's touch to it." He shrugged, "A mother's touch." Ana rolled her eye, chuckling. She didn't blame him for not understanding. "I suppose you can call it a woman's intuition."

Jack gave her the most confused look she had ever seen on his face. "Forget it. Just an old woman's musings." At that Jack gave a hearty guffaw. "Accepting *that* fact are you?"

"The sooner one admits their situation the better I suppose..." Ana caught sight of Pharah who was running off the base in a hurry. She hid her smirk behind her tea cup, "A woman's touch indeed."

D.va was hanging around Tracer's target practice gym. She was sitting atop a basketball hoop, chewing bubble gum, kicking her legs aimlessly as she watched Tracer race from one end to another, hitting moving targets as they snapped up. Pharah and Jack had advised her to not only rely on gunfire but with her limbs as well during combat. Lucio had been avidly helping her with leg slides and kicks from his capoeira days. Watching Tracer use everything at once was exhausting, but no matter how many times she tripped she was up and ready again. D.va mused that she bounced like a gummy bear.

Lucio was rooting for Tracer, hooting when she completed an obstacle course.

Drenched in sweat she never stopped, only occasionally running up the wall to grab the water bottle from D.va and always returning to where she left off. She knew she was exhausting her chrono accelerator but she knew she needed this training, too many things on her mind.

Lucio clapped his hands, "Alright, cool off period!" he called. Tracer slowed down and walked over to him, short of breath. She bent over, hands on her knees, sweat dripping from her face. D.va bounced off the basketball hoop and trotted over to her offering the water bottle. Tracer chugged it down and Lucio clapped her on the back, "Good sport. Now go see Mei! She's testing a new thing."

Tracer wordlessly nodded and exited the gym. D.va popped her gum and found it awkward to stand around Lucio who began to clean up. "We have bots for that," she pointed out. He shrugged and grunted as he lifted a mat three times his size. She went under to help him, despite not wanting to touch it. After all the mats were put aside, he asked if she was hungry and she lit up at the idea.

Tracer entered the locker rooms and headed to an area that was given to Mei. She was curious as to what Mei had going on and a bit cynical at the same time. Mei greeted her cheerfully and asked if she was here for the frost bath. Tracer shrugged with a smile, "Hard work out today."

"Perfect!" Mei told her to wait a moment while she got the machine ready that honestly looked like an iron maiden to her dread. Tracer observed Mei punch in numbers and use her holo-screen to look up something and once nodding to herself, she pressed a switch and the capsule opened with a burst of steam of hot and cold air. Inside was Pharah, looking peacefully asleep, strapped in safely as if she was going to be projected into space. Tracer quirked an eyebrow and looked over at Mei. *Did she just walk into an experiment?*

Mei chuckled at her questioning look. "Don't worry. This has been tested many times before I let anyone else use it."

Tracer wondered if Zarya had been the guinea pig. Amidst her thoughts, Pharah opened her eyes slowly and groaned as if woken up from a nap. "Wakey, wakey," Tracer chirped. The straps disappeared into the sides of the capsule and Pharah took a tentative step forward, seemingly surprised that her limbs weren't stiff.

"How do you feel?" Mei asked, holo-screening her body up and down for abnormalities.

"Surprisingly refreshed," Pharah noted, flexing her arms and breathing in deep. "This is amazing! You should let my teammates use this after training!"

Mei chuckled and nodded. "Yes, after a few more beneficial test runs. Make sure to report to me and Mercy if anything strange happens to your body."

"Thank you," Pharah grabbed a towel from the stands and went to take a shower.

Mei looked over at Tracer, "Your turn then? Did Lucio send you?"

"You two working together on this?" Tracer asked as she took off her shoes and socks. Mei smiled and punched in a new code and the air inside the capsule was room temperature again. "He sends me the hardest trainers whenever he sees one." Mei helped Tracer get inside and gently explained what was going to happen to her. She was going to fall asleep for 10 minutes. In that time she would be frozen and her heart will be slowed down while her body repaired damaged

tissue. Tracer was nervous, even though Zarya and Pharah had no issues, she wondered if their enlarged muscle tissue was the case. She was nothing compared to those two. Mei assured her that she was keeping an eye on her heart rate and that she had medical training to help recover her.

Tracer nodded gratefully and closed her eyes when the capsule closed itself shut with a soft thud.

Pharah wasn't only anxious but also a little annoyed that everyone tried to get her attention about something. She still had to get wine or champagne for the dinner tonight, she didn't even know what Mercy drank. She was moving fast that she didn't realize she was in the medical office end until she heard laughter and loud talking. Mercy was on the corner of the doorway, leaning against it with her arms crossed, facing away. Pharah slowed down as her heart elated.

Mercy casually turned her head and her eyes lit up at seeing her, not moving from her post. "Well, well, looking dashing today are we?"

Pharah stopped a few feet away from her and gave her pointed gun fingers with a wink, "Got myself a hot date tonight."

Mercy giggled and then interrupted herself, "That's right you used Mei's regenerator freezer. How did it go, not experiencing anything odd are you?" Pharah rubbed the back of her neck with a lop-sided grin, "Nothing more than usual. I'd waste no time to have you care for me, Doctor."

At that Mercy dismissed her with a wave and a smile. "Have a good night then. Have fun on your date," she said with a wink of her own. Pharah blushed and walked away briskly before she said anything she'd regret, giddily excited on the inside. She heard Mercy's crew laugh echo down the hallway but she refused to let that deter her mood.

An hour later she arrived at Mercy's floor and managed to hit the buzzer twice with her knuckle. She took in a deep breath and exhaled. *Okay, be cool, be cool, be cool.* Mercy answered hair still damp from a quick shower but looking effortlessly splendid nonetheless. *Cool abandoned.* Pharah barely managed a greeting and instead thrust the massive bouquet of flowers that practically hid Mercy from view. Mercy giggled joyfully as she accepted them with awe and utter surprise at the sheer size.

Pharah cleared her throat. "I was going to say 'I'm sorry for being late' but it looks like I'm early," Pharah said tentatively as she slipped her boots off. She followed Mercy into the kitchen area and placed three large bottles on the counter.

Mercy laughed as she put the flowers in three separate vases, each nearly overflowing. The stove was still hot but the burners were off. "You came right on time," Mercy said with a smile and eyed the wine picking one up to examine, her eyebrows lifting. "Oh my, this is good stuff."

Pharah gave an internal sigh of relief and grinned, "Nothing but the best." Pharah was so relieved when she remembered the many gift baskets she received when she was promoted. She had hurriedly rummaged through them and grabbed the first three bottles she saw.

"I can set the table," Pharah offered, turning her head and saw the table was already set

up adorned with candles and fine China. Crystal glasses and a rose stem Mercy had pulled out of one of the vases and placed it in the center. "There, perfect," Mercy said with a smile, then turned to the wines.

"If you want you can pour the ..." Mercy picked up the white bottle and handed it to her, "I'm fond of champagne myself," she said with a smile.

Pharah took the bottle and their fingers grazed and she caught Mercy give a smirk as she turned back to the stoves. She quickly collected herself and carefully poured the liquid to appropriate measure. She then put the bottle back in the ice bucket and watched Mercy be ... domestic. She smiled and leaned forward on her arms on the island, she was admiring her every move. She moved with grace, definitely no stranger to the kitchen. "Do you cook Ms. God?" Pharah could hear the smile without her turning around. She shook her head with a grin. "Enough to get by I suppose. I don't mean instant foods or anything like that; my mother would have my head."

Mercy chuckled and finished stirring. She turned around and two plates were in her hands with steaming food. "Can you place these down please?" She motioned with her head at the table and Pharah quickly obliged.

Tracer stood on the 15th floor where the place opened up to a private Olympic sized pool. She relaxed against the guard rails, staring out to the ocean side, the gentle breeze rustling the potted trees beside her. Just then she caught a glint of purple and her eyes narrowed. *What was she still doing here?* She was about to turn away, annoyed when something else caught her eye. A tall dark figure stood inside the shelter across the building, she could barely make out the person. A flash of purple in front of figure and the two silhouettes came together to meld into one. Tracer tried to get a clearer look when suddenly a gust of wind blew her hair all over her face, she sputtered in shock, quickly rearranging it. When she could see again, she fell back with a shout when Widow was abruptly in front of her, grappling hook narrowly missing her chest. She sat on the pavement and watched Widow casually climb off the railing with the sleekness of a feline on prowl.

Tracer flopped back onto the ground with shake of her head and a giggle. Widow smirked down at her, hands on her curvy hips. "What are you doing out here, Cherie? Isn't it past your bedtime?"

Tracer kicked her legs up and pulled herself to her feet. "It's barely sundown."

"Your training is tomorrow. You usually go to bed early..." Widow watched Tracer gather her things and turn to look at her with a smirk. "Know my schedule do ya? Just liking the view is all. If that's quite alright with you," she said sticking out her tongue at Widow playfully.

"I'll go with you then," Widow walked directly behind her and Tracer shrugged, feigning disinterest. "Do as you please. As always..." She huffed the last words out mostly to herself. Her chill mood was gone and only bitterness stayed in her chest.

Pharah chuckled at Mercy's joke. They were quite clever, very witty as she would imagine from a person so highly educated. But most of all she found herself tongue tied when Mercy went into her spiels about modern medicine and the public, she was adorable when she

went on about things that fascinated her or the things that pulled her strings. Anger flitted across so faintly that it was gone the second it appeared. Anyone could've missed it with a blink of an eye, but Pharah was ever so attentive to her eyes. *Upstairs* picked wonderfully with the choice of blue eyes for Mercy. They suited her.

Mercy took upon herself to collect the dishes even though Pharah had offered. Mercy put a hand on her shoulder and took her empty plate. So delicious was the food that she had practically licked the plate clean. Mercy laughed and offered her seconds, marveling at how much she could pack away. Pharah chuckled patted her belly, "Totally worth it."

After finishing the food, Mercy kept refilling their drinks and asked Pharah about herself. Pharah nearly dreaded saying anything; she just wanted to listen to Mercy talk all night, that was totally fine with her. As much as popularity followed Pharah, she didn't like attention. But here was Mercy who wistfully wanted to know more about her. She couldn't deny her. They spent an hour after dinner just talking and drinking, still at the kitchen table. After a small quiet intermission, Mercy stood up and put the empty bottles in a bin, and then she brought up the mention of dessert, hand caressing Pharah's shoulders in passing.

"Yea, sounds great!" Pharah chirped happily and made herself more comfortable at the table. She picked up her champagne glass when she caught Mercy come back into the room, leaning her arm on the door frame.

"Well I wasn't planning on serving *it* here..." Mercy said with a sly smirk to her dark lips.

Pharah looked at her, liquid half in her mouth, half dribbling out. *Oh? ... OH!* She swallowed hard and stood up so fast she nearly knocked the chair over. She quickly caught it in her embarrassment and hesitantly followed where Mercy beckoned. She froze when she realized it was Mercy's bedroom but it lasted a second when Mercy pulled her in by the wrists, coaxing her inside.

Pharah entered and again paused when she recognized the bedsheets that she saw on the screen of her tablet that one fateful morning. *That maybe was the reason she got in so much trouble.* Remembering her embarrassment she quickly whirled around for the door but Mercy blocked her way with a coy smile playing on her lips. Her eyes had a plan and Pharah swallowed hard.

"Not hungry anymore?" Mercy cooed, hands going to Pharah's waist. Feeling her cool fingertips on her hot skin through the fabric sent jolts of shivers up and down her spine. She backed up slowly, tongue too thick to respond. Mercy followed her, smile fading slowly as she ran her hands over Pharah's shoulders with a delighted sigh.

Pharah swallowed hard nervously and kept going until she hit the wardrobe, shaking it slightly, rattling the contents on top of it. She turned her head to see if she knocked anything off.

"Suddenly shy with me?" Mercy gave a light laugh and it made Pharah blush. It's true. She had always wanted Mercy and had no problems before with taking her dominantly, *so why was this so hard?! Why was this making her nervous?!* Mercy had already seen her orgasm on screen in this very room... *so what was the big deal? Oh god...* Pharah braced herself when Mercy had moved in and was lightly kissing her chin, her cheek and then curve of her jaw, while gently unbuttoning her shirt. Suddenly heat flooded everywhere and Pharah began to shake and squeezed her eyes shut.

Mercy noticed when Pharah stiffened and stopped everything, looking up at her. *Her eyes were closed?* "Darling, what's wrong?" She pulled back, "I'm sorry, did you not want to?"

Mercy began to move back, but Pharah's hands lashed out and grabbed her forearms, clenching but shaking. Pharah met her eyes and Mercy suddenly heard her fear. She reached up, Pharah didn't let go of her arms but loosened its hold. She pushed away a lock of dark hair away from the other woman's face, smiling gently.

"It's alright," she whispered and shook her head slowly, "I'll take care of you tonight."

Pharah didn't know exactly what that entailed but she relaxed. Mercy reached up and Pharah leaned down, lips meeting gently and sweetly. Mercy managed to unbutton the shirt and slid it off her shoulders, softly caressing the skin as it went down past dark caramel shoulders.

Pharah helped her out of her shirt next, holding her breath as her creamy skin came into view. When she remembered to breathe she kissed her again, gently holding her in her arms. Hands slid up to her shoulder blades, almost cradling her, kissing her neck gently and whispering her lips up over her jawline. Mercy hummed, closing her eyes, her hands caressing the sharp lines of Pharah's flanks, feeling the muscles ripple when Pharah moved to kiss the cord of her neck and shoulder garnering a soft sigh from Mercy.

Pharah kissed the flesh sweetly but adamantly. Her whole body was vibrating with desire. Her muscles tensed to keep itself steady. She didn't look to see what her hands were doing; they were moving almost on their own. This was going to be the first time she was undressing Mercy properly, not just yanking up her skirt.

Mercy sighed against her cheek when Pharah began unbuttoning her pants and slowly sliding her hands to her lower back, feeling the edge of her underwear and kissing up her neck slowly. Mercy drew back her head and Pharah found her throat, kissing her way down her chest, past the curve of her swelling chest, covered in a lacy soft grey bra. Gripping Mercy, gently she coaxed her to lift one leg at a time and helped her out of her pants, leaving her in only her ... matching lingerie... Pharah stared, half dazed eyes trailing up her body. Her eyes found Mercy's again, *always the confident one*. She didn't attempt to hide a body part or shy away, she stared back with a slight smile, with a tilt of her head, coaxing Pharah to come closer as she backed towards the bed slowly. Pharah followed, hands in Mercy's as she was pulled closer until the back of her thighs hit the tall bed. Pharah began to undo her own belt but Mercy took her hands away and put them on her shoulders. Mercy unbuckled the belt slowly and undid her zipper, pulling them down slowly as she went down with them, trailing kisses along her V-line and then to her pelvis. Hands on her shoulders almost made Pharah push Mercy's face in but she waited patiently, swallowing hard. The sight of Mercy descending along her body gave her shivers she couldn't even hide.

Mercy stared up at her and it was very well testing her patience. When she leisurely came back up, Pharah had her fingers tangled in her bra straps. The beating of her heart vibrated in her ears, Pharah was drunk with lust now. She kissed the shoulders feverishly and undid the bra almost hastily but carefully, letting the fabric slide down her back and onto the floor. Mercy lifted her arms and wrapped them around Pharah's head, kissing and sucking her earlobe and teasing behind her ear, nibbling and sucking. Pharah moaned and Mercy felt the familiar hot throbbing member pressed against her, fabric the only thing separating them. Mercy removed Pharah's bra, the clips coming undone in the front and she bit her bottom lip. She gently went under the cups and slid the fabric off, seeing Pharah's bare breasts for the first time.

Pharah chuckled in her throat and Mercy paused as they stood only in their bottom underwear. Pharah's hands went to her waist gently, tentatively as if scared to touch her soft skin with her rough hands. Mercy slowly dragged her nails gently up Pharah's arms, watching Pharah visibly quiver and her skin get goosebumps. Pharah bit her lower lip and closed her eyes when Mercy's hands reached behind her neck. She was gently pulled in for a kiss and Pharah melted

against her. She drew them back on the bed, lifting Mercy up by the thighs and laid her down flat, lowering her own naked body against hers, welcoming the sweet embrace of the woman she loved.

“What are you still doing here?” Ana asked when she caught Sombra creeping along the shadows. She stopped and rolled her eyes. “What have I ever done to you people to get this kind of homecoming?”

Ana crossed her arms and leaned against the wall of the beach shelter, “Really want me to answer that?”

Sombra pinched the bridge of her nose with one hand on her hip. “Look, you’ll be rid of me once I find what I’m looking for and I’ll be out of your life again. Just like old times,” she grumbled.

Ana’s eye softened and she lowered her arms, “You kept yourself away, *habibti* ... We didn’t want you to lea-“

“How could I stay?” Sombra snarled, whirling around, angry tears in her eyes. She moved forward briskly to meet Ana eye to eye. “Once I find her, I’ll leave. But I’m not leaving without her.”

“Want to tell me who it is you’re looking for?” Ana inquired, genuinely interested. Sombra turned away, scanning the waters. “You’ve already had your fun. This one’s one me. Later, *abuelita*.” With that she was gone in a purple blur. Ana stared after Sombra’s vanishing form and sighed, “Arelia.”

Pharah was lost somewhere in between euphoria and bliss in an ocean of stars. A very thin line of difference but she recognized the two as they swam in her head and wafted over her body. She could only describe it as being afloat in water and air, the ripples slowly churning the water in a circle around her body. Something nibbled her toes and she either flinched or curled her toes inwards, she couldn’t tell. Whatever it was, it was delightfully ravenous. A hand stirred the stars in a whirlpool and Pharah felt herself slipping. She clutched hips that rolled to and fro in slow circles, making the ripples across her body start to get bigger and bigger with a pulsing pressure she could feel throughout her body from head to toe, a warm heat spreading. There was that sensation that felt like the sun, the hand crushing the fragile globe and releasing its contents, pouring its molten heat over her. Pharah found herself arching into it. Her toes now tingled, her head buzzed, and her heart beat faster. She was breathing hard, panting as if her breath was escaping her. She thrashed but something held her down, rooted. She arched again, this time her eyes rolling to the back of her head as she froze when it concentrated to one area where she snapped. Her mouth drew open, arching her neck, drawing her head back, letting out a long cry of pleasure as it shuddered through her. It took Pharah a minute to come back to Earth; leaving the ocean of stars. The ripples left her, spreading and radiating outwards to a peaceful calm.

She gave out a long exaggerated sigh and her limbs went slack, including her jaw. She closed it when Mercy giggled softly, hand on her face, gently caressing and pushing the hair out of her face. “Look at me,” she whispered so softly but Pharah heard her. She wearily opened her eyes and lazily stared up, Mercy’s face slowly coming into view.

"Who taught you how to move like that...?" Pharah managed, nearly breathless, voice drifting off as she stared into the stars that glittered in the woman's eyes, reflecting the bedside lamp. Mercy laughed lightly again, smirking slightly, tilting her head. She leaned over and kissed Pharah's forehead. Pharah leaned her head back and caught her lips. Her hands slid up and down her back and then clutched her shoulders; summoning strength she braced her knees and gently rolled Mercy onto her back with her on top. She pulled away a moment to adjust herself in between Mercy's thighs and then once connected she reached down and kissed her again.

Mercy hummed as she felt Pharah pulse anew and started to gently move her hips. Mercy breathed in and sighed when Pharah moved to softly kiss her neck and shoulder, arms wrapped underneath her firmly yet tenderly. She rocked her hips forward and back, barely sliding out to push back in. She hummed in Mercy's hair, loving the way the woman under her panted in gentle sighs and gasps, her hands running up and down her back as she tensed and relaxed with each push.

Mercy bit back a groan. She hid her face in Pharah's shoulder, her nails nearly digging into flesh as she tried to hold onto her decorum. She moaned when Pharah rocked them both up and down the bed, rocking the foundation with slight creaks. Mercy gripped her hard to her, raising and spreading her knees, wrapping her thighs loosely against Pharah's churning hips, allowing ultimate access. Pharah softly moaned in her ear, closing her eyes as she found herself rolling her hips slightly faster but still moving steady, following the beating of her heart that echoed in her head along with Mercy's whimpers and nail scratching. A feeling that sent shivers down her spine to her toes. She dug her face into the crook of her neck, humming her pleasure.

Something inside was stirring and she didn't mean the orgasm. Her heart wasn't only beating hard it was fluttering and gradually overwhelming her. She squeezed her eyes and gasped into the throat that echoed the same sound. Not only her heart but she felt her soul aflame as well... it was filling with light, a fervor different than pleasure. Ribbons of light surrounded Pharah in her mind's eye. Mercy's were white and Pharah's blazed red. Neither color was hot. But warm. Warmth that embraced the one she was with. *Mercy*. The light united them until they merged, the color becoming pink a luminous pink. *This was love wasn't it... **The color of love***. She sighed and clung onto her. As the colors faded them both out all she saw behind closed eyes was a ball of pink light, calm and vibrating gently like a heart, their hearts beating as one.

Pharah slowly raised her head and kissed Mercy sweetly, staring down at blue half lidded eyes. *My Mercy*. She was making love, with the woman she loved.

Mercy couldn't shake the feeling that this was different than the times Pharah had taken her. Not that she minded. She finally had Pharah to herself again. Her hands ran alongside her flanks and the curvature of her spine running down to her tail bone, caressing war hardened skin. *Her adoring soldier*. She kissed the ear and felt Pharah shiver above her, feeling her moan vibrate through her chest as they pressed together. Mercy gripped her back as she felt Pharah give a slight grunt into the crook of her neck and shoulder and began rolling her pelvis. She felt the abs tense against her stomach and it made her shudder. They were both staving off the orgasm that awaited them.

Pharah stretched her body across Mercy's pale smooth skin, a hard contrast against hers. She shrugged off Mercy's arms on her shoulders to land on the bed. She found the hands and rolled her palms across them, spreading them to entwine her fingers with hers, holding them firmly. Mercy gripped them tightly, humming and moaning her pleasure as Pharah began to push in deeper, sinking Mercy into the bed harder with each thrust, making her give sharp gasps. Pharah closed her eyes and concentrated. She wanted to give Mercy the best lovemaking she had ever felt in her entire lifetime. She was going to make Mercy forget any other person she has had in bed, forget their names and faces, their smell and touch and fill them up with only her. She

wanted only her name to be called out, screamed out. She dug her face in and sucked on her neck. Mercy arched her neck, pushing the back of her head against the bed, mouth open as she gasped and panted.

Pharah couldn't hold on much longer but by the way Mercy was moving and gasping she knew she was close. Mercy's eyebrows furrowed up in helplessness as she felt the heat core start to shred and very slowly spill its hot molten heat and felt the sharp pang of the orgasm as if it came out of nowhere. She bit Pharah's neck cord as her orgasm hit her hard, flowing out like lava, a warmth coating her entire being. If she could glow she swore she'd blind Pharah. Her thighs tightened around Pharah's waist as the other woman slowly stopped rolling her hips. Mercy struggled to keep a hold of her with her thighs but her muscles quivered weakly but she held on, curling her toes and gripping her tightly by the shoulders. She was huffing as she was allowed her breath back.

Pharah was kissing alongside her neck and the curve of her jaw while she stared up at the spinning ceiling. She mumbled something incoherent to even herself that made Pharah chuckle gently amidst her lips stroking her skin.

Pharah studied Mercy as she came down from her high, feeling her muscles flutter and squeeze around her start to slow down, with the occasional muscle spasm around her member. She adoringly kissed her mouth lightly. They stared at each other for what seemed an eternity, Mercy gently pushing the hair from her face, stroking Pharah's cheek warmly. A soft smile played on their lips and Pharah sighed, dropping her forehead to tap Mercy's pleasantly.

No words were exchanged after that. Words didn't need to be said. Mercy read her clearly and it almost made her cry, but she hid it by hugging Pharah to her, hiding her face from her. When she did close her eyes, the pooled tears, spilled. If Pharah noticed... she didn't say anything.

Chapter End Notes

I got you by Bebe Rexha

chapter titles are the small soundtrack that inspire the chapters ;)

Nothing but a Heartbeat

Chapter Summary

Life is a busy thing that takes us all by storm, but honestly you just need to make time for the ones you love. At least, that's what we all root for~

When Pharah left, Mercy lazed around awhile on the bed. She didn't want to wash off Pharah's imprints on her body; everywhere she had kissed, touched and made ... love. No one has ever made her feel warm and safe like Pharah. One person had tried briefly, nearly marrying the man but he wasn't for her and she wasn't for him. In time she forgot him and even his name. Whenever she tried to recall his face it became Pharah's instead. If memories flashed back towards the time they had together, she couldn't remember. Only something Pharah would say interrupted her thoughts. Pharah had displayed so many times that she would do anything for her. Getting in trouble, risking security, just to be able to see her, it sounded dangerous... but Pharah was willing to risk it all.

Mercy closed her eyes and sighed. She grudgingly stood up and started the shower, letting the warm water hit her square on the head. She ran her fingers gently over where Pharah had left a mental imprint on her. She arched her neck, remembering the heated kisses and her hot tongue. Pharah had asked her where she had learned to move like that while straddled atop her, that made her smirk. Pharah was no newbie herself. She definitely has had plenty of lovers back in her younger days. Instead of jealousy Mercy felt proud, a gratification that Pharah was proclaiming herself hers and it made her shudder under the warm water with a delicious thrill.

She shut off the water and stood naked for a few minutes. Mercy closed her eyes and leaned against the tiles with a sigh. After a few minutes she stepped out and grabbed her robe, shaking her hair gently with a towel. Something on her neck caught her attention and she froze. She leaned in closer to the mirror and tilted her head to the side and swore under her breath at the dark red blotch on her neck close to her jawline. Sighing in remorse at the mark that it couldn't be covered she couldn't help feel like a marked possession, giving her in turn a feeling of affinity. Straightening up and fluffing up her robe she sat on the bed and suddenly felt forlorn. She stretched across it on her stomach, spreading out her arms as if she could still capture Pharah's essence. The body spray Pharah used after showers lingered on the sheets and she smiled, making circle patterns on the sheets with her fingers.

The way Pharah had moved had been softer, sweeter and yet so mind blowing. Pharah had looked absolutely tantalizing underneath her with her thighs at her waist, watching in full glory the woman of power as she arched and quivered in Mercy's grasp. She bit her lip at the memory. It had only been a few hours ago since they separated at the door. But she remembered everything. Pharah had overtaken her soul it seemed. She had wanted Pharah to spend the night with her. *Was that too forward of her to think like that?*

After all this "relationship" had seemed open ended, it had started with lust and mind blasting sex. But after Pharah had said the 'I love you' out of nowhere it's been on the back of Mercy's mind. And if tonight had anything to prove it she felt that Pharah did indeed still love her, if not more. She blushed more than usual, seemed shy but quickly pulled the confident card. She melted under her kisses and she was sure if she asked Pharah to do something for her she'd do it in a heartbeat. Or was it infatuation?

Mercy sighed and rolled over onto her back, forearm over her eyes. *Just what was she supposed to do...?*

Widow wasn't concentrating. How could she? Especially when her scope view was in range of the dorms and Mercy's blinds were up. Her mission had been to spy out The Minister who was out and about. The deal had gone sour so Widow was contracted to eliminate him. He had run to safety in the city but in her chase she stumbled upon Mercy. Who happened to be dancing in her bedroom after a shower in seemed, in nothing more than a loose shirt. *What had gotten the doctor so happy?*

Ever since she had dropped by Tracer's suite, Widow had kept an eye on her. All she could tell that as collected as the doctor seemed, she was full of emotions, sometimes outwardly, impulsive even. Something good must be happening.

Pharah's temporary arrest had gotten many people in a tizzy. She deserved a severe sentence but instead the popular soldier had been promoted and Widow sneered at that. Now here was the good doctor, twirling and moving her hips to who knows what her tastes were.

"Widowmaker, do you have confirmation?"

Widow shot off a grappling hook and swung past the dorm windows, catching Mercy's eyes. She winked in passing and Mercy immediately shut the blinds, no doubt mortified. She chuckled as she landed on the ridge of another building. "I have a tracking on him, he'll show himself."

"Don't let him escape."

'Or what', she wanted to hiss but she ignored them. She settled on the rooftop out of sight. Night settled in but she never wavered. She had been created this way. This was her life. But lately she had been getting mentally agitated. Ever since a blue blur from a chrono accelerator knocked her out. With a sense of duty they had grappled each other, laid punches, kicks and continuously wrestled with one another. Until Widow gave in one day, just to amuse herself mostly. While Tracer had her pinned, she enjoyed the snarl on the woman's lips, her thick accent when she was angry, the way her eyes blazed from the adrenaline, chest heaving. It had spiked Widow's interest.

She gave the sign and the Brit read it loud and clear. *Widow desired her*. Desire made people weak and Widow didn't have these kinds of experiences not until their last fight when underneath Tracer she rolled her hips upwards. Tracer's confusion had dulled to lust and her heart was beating a different rhythm. Tracer had grabbed her head and Widow had yanked her nearer by the lapels of her jacket, crushing their mouths in heated kisses and gasps. This forbidden affair drove Widow wild, more *alive*. She thirsted for it, looked forward to Talon espionage because she knew the little do-gooder was always around. Then Pharah appeared out of the skies, blasting bombs around her as she dodged and was nimble enough to escape.

Having been slightly wounded Widow didn't report back to Talon. She had taken shelter inside, which she thought was a vacant room of a vacationer, to sleep it off. When she awoke, she was slightly mortified yet consoled that it was Tracer who found her. While dressing her wounds, Widow coiled her long fingers through the Brit's hair, almost adoringly making her blush. They spent the night together in Tracer's bed. But Widow awoke before Tracer did.

Ever since then Tracer has allowed her free passage into her room. The ex-agent was too forgiving and Widow found her desire slipping.

The Minister finally showed up, smug and content around his goons on what he had accomplished. Then suddenly he fell with a bullet clear through the head, everyone scrambling away in panic and fearing they were next. She pulled away from her scope and smirked. She holstered her weapon over her shoulder and sauntered off. She tapped her ear piece and proclaimed the job finished. Before they could reply back anything else, she dropped the earpiece into the drain.

She ended up at Tracer's window again, sneaking in as stealthily as possible. All the lights were off; she only assumed the woman was asleep. She went to the bedrooms with the moon light shining through the tall windows and saw Tracer sit up in bed, "They said the minister is dead. Was that you?"

Widow didn't reply, her eyes unwavering from Tracer's. Tracer sighed and nodded to the bathroom. "Take a shower and come to bed."

Widow moved wordlessly, undressing as she made her way to the bathroom. Once all cleaned up and in a robe she came back to the bed and saw a steaming cup of tea on the table next to the window. She looked over at Tracer who was fast asleep again. She sat down slowly and took the cup. Black English they called it. She sipped softly and stared out at the streets below. People parting for the night with handshakes or kisses, cars driving by slowly to pick up people and the occasional dog bark from someone's balcony. She looked over at the Brit and hummed, leaning back in the chair. Was this what settling was like?

How utterly boring.

Jack had called a meeting early morning for a briefing. Pharah was physically there but her mind was elsewhere. Everyone looked at her and shook their heads, smirking to themselves.

"That woman... is kryptonite," Scaldar mused, referring to Mercy with appreciation. Diorah snapped her fingers in Pharah's face to bring her back. Nothing but Jack entering the room got her attention. She stood up to salute and everyone did the same.

"At ease," he stood with his hands behind his back and looked each one over. "Alright no more playing nice and forgetting your boots." He looked at Scaldar. "One more instance of that and I'm cutting off your feet so you won't need them anymore. Problem solved. Alright, moving on." Everyone snickered. Jack strode to the front of the room and looked over the holo-screens.

"Good news. You're all going to be fairly busy. We've got our orders according to priority. In your private sector, you have by now, received Intel from your dispatchers. You will be deployed according to your date. Hopefully as soon as possible so I can get the lot of you out of my face."

"Why don't you just kiss us if you'll miss us so much!" Hollered someone from the back, a round of laughter erupted and settled immediately. "If you knew what I meant then shut up." More snickers. Pharah rolled her eyes in amusement.

"Lieutenant Commander," Jack said loudly. She rose to her feet immediately. "Still

addressing me as your superior?" he said with a raised eyebrow. Pharah settled her arms behind her back, "You are my superior for another week. So don't get too cozy," she smirked at him. "Sir."

Murmurs of amusement rolled around. "Alright," Jack paced the front, hands crossed behind his back. "You have your orders. I advise to analyze your reports immediately and prepare your luggage. Not just a toothbrush, Scalder. Dismissed." He saluted and everyone mirrored him. Timothy elbowed Scalder when Jack retreated.

Pharah sat down at her terminal and pressed in her coded her pass. Her files were up on the screen in front of her and she exhaled. Scanning the pages, scrolling down she sighed internally. *She leaves in three days.* She looked up at the teammates who were glancing over at her. A few were content with their location, while Diorah had squealed that she was going home, to work but still home. "What about you Chief?"

"By the looks on your face it ain't good."

"Your face looks conflicted. Happy and disappointed?"

They were all quiet a moment. "Egypt, isn't it."

"How long? Few weeks?"

"Three months..." Pharah replied, looking at the details. Scalder and Timothy whistled sharply in disdain. "Pussy detention..." Diorah mumbled and Scalder looked at her in shocked amusement.

Pharah waved it off. "Work is work. I suggest you all start packing up as soon as possible so you have some free time while you can. I'm sure some of you are stationed for a lengthy time as well." She closed off her terminal and stood up, tucking her cap under her arm. She nodded to them all and left the room, back straight like a soldier. As everyone was getting up to leave in groups, Diorah, Timothy and Scalder all glanced at each other and gave a single nod. They knew what they had to do.

Mercy was in the lab, analyzing an evaporating dish under the telescope and frowning at the specimen. "Unusual for it to be forming so fast..." she murmured. Marianne watched the projected images on the wall and took notes. She however noticed that the doctor kept tugging at her turtle neck collar, *was it cold in here?* Without saying anything she quickly returned to taking notes. Mercy pulled away and added three drops of illucid-nanos. They attacked the virus and disintegrated it within seconds. "That was also unusually fast..." she turned the dials and the Nanos dissipated. Mercy contained the square dish and closed up the sealant. She pulled off her mask. "Marianne, run this to the MLT for further analysis. Have them report back on their findings as soon as they get it."

"Right away, ma'am." Marianne waited until the floating medibot placed it carefully inside a containment vessel. It marked on the lid 'to immunology' and sealing it with laser, it allowed the assistant to take it away. When she had gone there was a light knock on the door. Mercy turned her head to see who it was as she took her face mask and gloves off. Her heart jumped in elated heartbeats and she practically ran forward, arms drawing up as Pharah caught her, embracing her back.

"I missed you," she cooed in her shoulder, inhaling her familiar and comforting body spray. She heard Pharah chuckle and it warmed her to the very being of her soul.

"I don't have much time but I was wondering if we could make plans for this evening or tomorrow evening?"

Mercy took a step back, her hands on Pharah's fancy lapels, "I will certainly check my schedule." She said with a smile. Pharah exhaled and returned the smile. "Well then, I have to go back. Soldiers don't march themselves."

Mercy giggled and leaned up quick to peck her cheek. "Go get 'em Commander," she saluted but couldn't help biting her lower lip. Pharah swallowed hard and gave a curt nod, thrusting the cap onto her head and walked out briskly hiding her face from bystanders.

Oh god...

Widow paced with her hands behind her back, eyes drawn down as Tracer huffed her counting, doing push-ups. "57... huff... 58." Widow was impressed for such a tiny thing she had stamina and that's what Widow loved about her. When doing her sit-ups, Widow carefully stood on her toes to help her balance, bringing her face closer to her groin every time, feeling the hot breath as she huffed. She would grin whenever it got a reaction out of Widow. And Widow fancied that sadistic look. She walked around while Tracer skipped rope insanely fast, counting lowly to herself. She sat down on the bench and ran her fingers over the choral accelerator. Tracer slowed down and was heaving for breath. She gestured for the water bottle and Widow stood up to bring it to her taking a swig herself. When Tracer took the bottle, Widow grabbed her chin and kissed her, opening her mouth. Tracer almost choked but quickly caught on and drank, pulling away to breathe, "You gon' near kill me."

Widow sidled next to her as she sat down to remove her sweaty shoes. "Bloody, I need a shower. Mei's not here to use the freezer..." She thought out loud.

"That contraption sounds absurd," Widow said with a snarl, turning away to look down at the skipping rope at her feet. She kicked it up to the side, making it land on the hooks. She put her hands on her hips and faced Tracer who was looking at her with great interest. "Fancy a bath then?"

Back at her apartment, after their bath, Widow lay leisurely on Tracer's chest, feeling completely at ease and tranquil, drawing figures on the bare skin, kissing it every once in a while. Tracer hummed and ran her hand over Widow's sleek hair like soothing a pet.

"I'm leaving again for the night..." Widow finally spoke out of the calm. Tracer acknowledged with a hum. And Widow tensed. *Was that all she was going to do? Wasn't she going to say anything? Stop her?* Tracer left too much to people's own business and it irritated Widow and she propped herself up onto her arms to look down at the Brit. Her mind was insane with brash words and she opened her mouth but Tracer reaching up to caress her face stilled her mouth from opening.

"Be careful, love," she said softly, tears glittering in her eyes. She rolled to sit up and turned her back on Widow, head down. Taken aback, Widow snarled and grabbed her things,

dressing up as she neared the window and looking back she didn't see Tracer bid her good bye. She thrust the window open and used her grappling hook to swing to the next building.

Pharah sat leisurely by herself in the quiet restaurant. The lights overhead down low and the lit candle in the center of the table set the mood perfectly. She had gotten the secretary to make the arrangements for the reservation; a place that is booked ahead of time by weeks was made immediately available for the new 'lieutenant commander'. Pharah hated using her privilege this way, but she had found no other way to give Mercy a meal she deserved. She was a lousy cook compared to the talented Doctor. Maybe it was farfetched for a dinner to discuss news... Pharah had requested a table by the windows overlooking the sea as the sun was setting. She glanced at her watch for the hundredth time. Mercy was late by 30 minutes already. She drank her wine slowly to ease her nerves. The soft murmurings of people at nearby tables eased her mood somewhat. Mercy had sent a message saying she would be running late, an emergency operation had presented itself and she couldn't leave. She exhaled, thanking the goddesses that Mercy hadn't abandoned her.

Sure enough Mercy arrived 45 minutes late, almost rushing in to the podium where the host stood who immediately escorted her to the table where Pharah was. Upon seeing her mid drink, Pharah stood up and hastily put the cup down and nodded at the host in thanks for bringing Mercy over. Mercy however quickly excused herself to the powder room. Pharah stood awkwardly and sat back down when the stares wouldn't stop. She finished her cup and the nearby waiter refilled it for the third time. Mercy returned, her hair pinned up and wearing a dark blue dress, hugging her curves, coat draped over her arm. Her coat was quickly offered to be taken care of by the host who was diligently watching and probably felt pity on this date. Pharah was sure to tip him well. Mercy was breathtaking and many of the people in the room thought so too. A sense of pride coursed through Pharah and she quickly reached her. She gave her a brief kiss on the cheek and pulled out the chair for her, both settling down finally with an excited exhale. Mercy drank from her wine a bit hastily and explained that just two hours before her shift was over she had been called in for an emergency operation. A burst appendix on one of the children nearby and the children's hospital was overwhelmed with the sudden spike in sicknesses. She had been testing theories on specimens prior to that from the outbreak.

Pharah swallowed hard, well crap, her news about her deployment wasn't nearly as important as children getting sick. Mercy waved her hand as she put her cup down. "But I'm here now," she said with an exhale. "Thank you for the invite. A million apologies for the wait."

Pharah nodded with a smile, "I'd wait a hundred years if not more." Mercy smiled in turn and glanced at the scenery, "I've only seen this restaurant from the boats but never been inside. I hear it's hard to get a reservation," then she turned to Pharah with a knowing smirk. "But not for a lieutenant commander I see."

Pharah scratched the back of her neck sheepishly. "I honestly suck at picking locations. My secretary chose this place, I said I wanted the best." She laughed softly. "I hope they don't mind that I bumped someone off." Mercy giggled and straightened up quickly when the waiter came to take their orders.

"I hope you're hungry, Doctor," Pharah said as she gave back the menus. Mercy smirked behind her cup, "My appetite is insatiable, dear Commander." Their eyes met and Mercy couldn't help herself from sliding her foot from her heeled shoes and rubbing up Pharah's leg, who visibly shivered.

After finishing three entrees and settling on just talking with a cup of coffee instead of dessert, Mercy was content with listening to Pharah talk about her mother and their relationship,

even as strained as it was, she was glad to have her back.

Pharah held on the idea of asking her to take a stroll to her suite for the night. To talk some more, she promised herself but Mercy had a long day and she had an early morning shift the following day. So she decided to cut it short for her sake. Mercy falteringly managed to get up from her seat and allowed Pharah to escort to collect her coat. Pharah arrived in a company car with a chauffeur and offered to take Mercy who politely declined. An early morning shift made her a strict 'early to bed, early to rise' mood. Pharah bit the inside of her cheek and held back from telling her she'd see in three months... not wanting to guilt the doctor into staying with her. She simply nodded and held her door open for the Omnic taxi to take her home.

Mercy reached up to her and caressed her cheek. "Thank you for dinner," she said softly with a sweet smile. "We'll catch up again, my dearest Commander." She kissed her prominently before ducking into the taxi. The hover vehicle lifted and slowly gained speed as it sped off. Pharah stood a moment longer until the car was long out of sight.

"Are you ready Miss. Amari?" asked the robotic voice beside her, holding the door open to the long car. Pharah mutely nodded and looked up at the stars. "As ready as I'll ever be."

When her squad mates heard that Pharah and Mercy didn't have their 'last night' they weren't having it. Pharah rolled out of bed around noon, sluggishly getting up to answer the holo-phone, blinking brightly into the room. She nearly covered her ears when Scaldar and Timothy greeted her loudly. "What're you still doing sleeping in at this hour, pumpkin?!" Suddenly they hushed each other.

"Oh, snap. Is the good doctor with you?" Timothy asked tentatively. Pharah rolled her eyes and sat up to show how empty the other side of the bed was. "Didn't happen boys, would you calm down?!" she felt her brain rattle when they exclaimed in disdain. She scratched her head and stretched as the boys talked rapidly amongst themselves. She listened for a few moments more and then gave them a bored expression. "Why are you all upset?"

"WHY AREN'T YOU?!" Scaldar cried out grabbing the cam. "She left you to sleep alone after you told her you're leaving for three months?! Such a cold doctor! Or you fucked up!"

"I guess I *fucked* up by not telling her..." Pharah sighed and then another round of disappointed groans. "Look, she had to work!" Pharah defended herself, hands up. "She has a life too. She can't just stop saving people for my sake. As much as I want her, we both have duties to the public."

"And to each OTHER commander!" Pharah rolled her eyes and bit the inside of her lip, rolling the hair out of her face. She yawned and shook her head. "Look guys, I'm gonna go shower. We can get together later for drinks if you want." The two men looked at each other and then were about to say something but Pharah closed the screen and stood up, stretching upwards and scratched her belly. On her way to the bathroom she glanced back at the bed and had never noticed how empty it was... yes waking up to Mercy would've been amazing but they were both busy with lives they chose. Choosing to protect people over their own lives was nothing they regretted. Surely.

After her shower she read the reports on her mission while snacking on fruit. She paced the room taking bites from a fruit salad that was delivered daily to her room. She peered through the window and frowned when the weather looked gloomy, that ruined her chances of a run on the beach. An hour later, she was working out in her home gym, doing pullups when suddenly her holo-phone rang. Wiping her face with the bottom of her shirt she answered when she saw it was

her mom.

“Yes, mother?” she said out of breath. “Am I interrupting?” Ana asked warily. Pharah waved a hand, still wiping her chin. “Just working out, did you need something?”

“It’s about something that has been bothering me actually. Can you come meet me? There’s something I need to discuss with you. When’s a good time?”

Pharah glanced at the clock and then a rumble of thunder vibrated the walls. Ana barely noticed and continued. Unanticipatedly the doorbell rang and Pharah unhooked the mobile phone to place on her ear as she went to answer it, mumbling acknowledgment when her mother spoke. “I’m sure you know Sombra is back in town.”

“You make it sound like she went on a trip or something so casual...” she opened the door and after a double take, froze. Mercy stood there, dressed in nothing else but a trench coat, hair and face dripping from the rain, staring demurely at her, head tilted to the side with an impish smile that Pharah loved.

“Can I come in, Commander?”

Lucky Lady

Chapter Summary

1/3

When your two wingmen have you covered ;)

Chapter Notes

i'm sure most of you are thinking that this is too predictable, well expect it lol. I will opt to change it up, letting the ladies try new things, so it's not too repetitive. ;)

warning:~

the following two chapters will be about sex, trust, honesty, love, dominance and acceptance. Kinks will be thrown in.

all in all I hope you enjoy~

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Mercy was confident, but a little nervous. She mostly didn't want anyone she knew to stop her to chit-chat. The butterflies in her belly were on fire. Her hands slightly shaking as she pulled the coat tighter around herself. She sped as fast as she could in her high heels over the smooth wet asphalt. The downpour didn't deter her; if anything it hastened her step. She was only seconds away from the building. Reaching it she entered the doors that were held open for her by the doorman, who tipped his hat at her. Once waving her pass at the security guard at the front desk and she was hurriedly in the elevator. She paced inside, trying to control her energy. She inhaled and exhaled, wringing out her hands. She caught her reflection but quickly looked away, fearing it would change her mind. Thankfully the 11th floor arrived and the bell dinged for her exit.

She rearranged her hair but she figured that in a couple of minutes it wouldn't matter. She stepped out of the elevator and walking a few steps to Pharah's place, she firmly pushed the doorbell twice. Half a minute later Pharah opened the door while on the phone, her face first in confusion and then surprise at seeing Mercy. She loved that expression of awe on Pharah's face. It was comical and adorable. Pharah indeed wasn't expecting her at the door so Mercy decided to help her, biting her lower lip. "Can I come in, Commander?" The line felt silly, but the stare she got was worth it. Pharah's mouth gaped and she almost dropped the phone, ignoring whoever was on the line. "I-I gotta go... something came up," she mumbled and hung up on the person earnestly trying to get her attention.

"Mercy," she swallowed hard and quickly bid her inside. "W-what happened?" She aimed to put Mercy's coat in the dryer but froze when she realized what little she was wearing underneath when the blonde pulled it open. She did it slow, like opening a present she wanted a reaction from. Honestly she had wanted Pharah to do such, but the woman was so flabbergasted it was a wonder they ever accomplished anything in the bedroom.

Mercy wore nothing else but racy black lingerie; matching lace bra and Brazilian panties, the waistband hugging her waist, garter belts around her hips looping to stockings down shapely legs to heeled black shoes. Pharah didn't realize she was scrunching up the bottom of her shirt, eyes on Mercy's body. Her mind was blank from pronouncing words. Mercy smiled and sauntered towards her, hands on her hips when Pharah took a few cautious steps back, swallowing hard.

"How do you like it?" Mercy asked lowly and Pharah's eyes finally reached her eyes again. She managed a grin and draped the jacket across the sofa arm. "Should I refer you to the standing ovation?"

Mercy smiled in mirth and drew closer but each step she took made her hotter but cold on the outside. "I'm all wet."

Pharah swallowed hard again, "Is that so?"

"From the rain I mean," Mercy said with a playful tilt of her head, it took Pharah a second but she laughed. "Oh! Right!" she ran a hand through her hair sheepishly, blushing.

"But so am I," Mercy added and that shut Pharah back up. "Cold. So cold," Mercy said with a tuck of her lip under her teeth. "Warm me up?" She breathed as she stood face to face with the Commander.

Pharah placed her hands tentatively on her waist, "I'd love to." Mercy cupped her cheeks as their faces fell into practiced rhythm, tongues dipping into each other's mouth, making wet sounds as they earnestly tried to control the other. They pulled away to breathe finally, pressing their foreheads together. With a sudden surge of maddening lust, Mercy ripped open Pharah's shirt, panting as she pushed a surprised Pharah against the wall and grabbing her head kissed her hard.

Pharah returned the same fervor, although not tearing her lingerie; she opted for pressing her palms over Mercy's wide hips and voluptuous assets, sliding them down to grip handfuls of flesh as she squeezed Mercy to her. The kiss became hot and breathy and Mercy pulled away to adamantly kiss her neck and chest, leaving marks in her wake that promised bruising. Pharah bounced her head on the wall as Mercy sucked hard on her nipple, electric shocks shooting through her body and directly to her stiffening member. She gasped as Mercy desperately yanked on Pharah's track pants, yanking them down and gripped her swollen member.

Pharah felt Mercy take a second away from her and then gripping her again she felt a cool feeling of something squishy and soft in Mercy's hand. Pharah arched her head back in a cry of pleasure as Mercy rolled it up and over the silky head; her hips arching into her grasp as Mercy roughly began yank it up and down.

"Be ready for me baby," Mercy said with furrowed eyebrows, kissing the curve of her jaw, almost unable to control herself.

Pharah suddenly gripped her wrist and forced her to slow down. "I'm always ready for you," she managed to gasp out, face flushing red. She cupped Mercy's face and kissed her again, pushing her back towards the sofa, hands digging and running all over her. She pushed her against the sofa arm and hiked up Mercy's knees over the crook of her elbows and lifted her up and in one swift shove she rammed herself all the way inside of her. Mercy shrieked from the sudden insertion, gripping the other woman tightly. Pharah thrust a few more times before getting Mercy to settle on her correctly. Mercy clasped her arms around her shoulders, staring at her with watery eyes, licking her lips as she twitched.

They kissed again and Mercy moaned in her mouth when Pharah leaned back a bit and used her legs and hips to push Mercy up and down on her shaft, skin slapping on skin. Mercy whimpered as Pharah moved faster, using her arms to help lift Mercy. Mercy's toes curled and her body spiked even more when she saw a dressing mirror behind Pharah, showing Mercy's expressions clearly. She clutched Pharah tighter and wailed as Pharah tugged and pushed, panting into her shoulder, kissing it every once in a while, biting, sucking and dragging her tongue up the length of her throat.

"Fuck, baby..." Mercy whined as she felt Pharah keep hitting her hot spot. She raised her eyes over Pharah's shoulders and appreciated the backside and the back of her shoulders flexing whenever Pharah bounced her up and down, thrusting her hips up using her powerful thighs to keep momentum. She ran her fingers over the tense muscles and kissed her neck, licking up the jaw and finally facing her to kiss that wonderful mouth.

Pharah slowed down enough to maintain the kiss. She lowered Mercy onto the arm again and gently let her legs wrap around her instead. Still united Pharah kissed her shoulder, rough fingers gently trailing down the soft skin of her thighs. Mercy cupped her face and kissed her, tensing her muscles feeling Pharah's moan in her mouth. *She felt so right.* She hugged her and Pharah tentatively wrapped her arms around her waist, "Are you alright?"

"Finish me," Mercy whispered in her ear. Pharah spiked up again. She lifted Mercy up by the thighs and moved them both, Mercy giggling as she held on. Pharah pressed her up against the wall and rammed her hard. She thrust with so much momentum Mercy felt like she'd split apart, but she held on, kissing sloppily behind her ear and jaw, whimpering and wailing as her voice hitched higher and higher. Pharah was hitting it just right, *so right.* She clawed the arms holding her up as she arched her head against the shaking wall. She squeezed her eyes shut and held on. Pharah's wild grunting and deep growl unraveled her strings and she clenched down tightly, toes curling inwards as she stiffened, pushing her hips out, clawing Pharah's back at her peak. She let out a loud exhaled of a cry and Pharah slowed down, tensing and rolling her hips upwards, biting her lower lip and grimacing as she felt Mercy's nails dig into taut flesh. Pharah gently let go of Mercy and lifted her up bridal style to the bedroom, closing the door behind her with a kick, almost tripping on her pants.

Mercy gave a squeal of joy when Pharah dumped her on the bouncy bed and pulled off what remained of her shirt and chucked off the track pants. She pinned Mercy's arms down with the same urgency. Hungrily kissing her mouth, tongue running over teeth and lips, tongues meeting and mouths opening wide. Mercy clutched her tightly, moaning in the deep kiss. Pharah pulled away enough to kiss her hips and smooth stomach that tensed as she teased her. She traveled up again and grabbing a breast she wrapped her mouth around it. Mercy gasped and writhed under her, gripping her hips. Pharah sucked on a nipple, twirling her skilled tongue and nipping with her teeth gently. Mercy squeezed her fists closed as she fought to restrain herself. She raised a thigh and Pharah hooked it over her hip, kissing and sucking the other nipple. She moved back down and trailed her wet tongue over the garter belt to her pelvis. She hiked up both of Mercy's knees and pushed them back on either side of her flexible body and dipped down to roll her tongue over the swollen clit. Mercy's hips twitched and jerked when Pharah delved in deeper. She panted when Pharah folded her tongue, stiffening it as she licked over the swollen lips. Pharah enjoyed the reactions and the way her lips fluttered with oozing juices. She lapped it up and Mercy struggled underneath her, hips churning and pushing up to her face. Pharah gripped the waist and pushed her tongue in as deep as she could go, curling it. Mercy moaned out loud in a long wail, thighs trembling. In that second Pharah situated herself at her opening and pushed back inside of her making Mercy cry out at being filled again.

Pharah collected the pale thighs and gripped them as she rocked her hips forward, watching Mercy intently. The piercing caramel eyes made Mercy shiver and she mewled in

ecstasy when Pharah thrust harder, rocking the bed and jostling Mercy, breasts swaying in their harness as she gripped Pharah's forearms tightly. "Oh my god, baby, yes!"

Pharah grunted as she felt Mercy's insides clench and release as she drove herself in and out, fast and deep. The beautiful hips arched upwards and her head rolled back, mouth open, gasping and panting. Pharah didn't stop or slow down. She reached down with one hand and used her thumb to rub her clit and it sent Mercy overboard. She cried out as the shocks became larger and stronger. Mercy tried to hold on as pleasure and euphoria shook her body, making wet sounds as Pharah kept up unrelenting. A few leaks dripped onto the sheets somehow squeezing past Pharah's member while she pumped, arms straining as she held herself up. Mercy gasped and writhed but kept her hold on Pharah's fast hips.

"Finish me," she whimpered with a gasp, watery eyes on Pharah's form, abs tightening, flanks strengthening, her biceps getting taut as she rammed all she had into Mercy. "**YES!**" Mercy wailed, trying her best to hold still for Pharah, thighs spread and hips arched upwards. "Yes, baby, fuck me!"

Pharah's eyebrows furrowed in deep concentration. She leaned forward, hips thrusting as she panted harshly, holding Mercy down by the hips, pummeling her heavily, dropping her weight as she lifted it, hearing the skin clap on skin as she drove it in and out rapidly so fast she thought she'd burn up. She churned her hips, stroking faster, bed creaking and rocking against the wall. Pharah didn't let up, she was almost there she could practically taste it. Mercy was keening loudly as she thrashed her head, crying and doing her best to assist but Pharah had her pinned down for her to move.

Mercy then screamed in her orgasm, squeezing tightly and pushed her pelvis up against Pharah's moving form. Hearing her and witnessing her lover's orgasm, Pharah reacted by throwing back her head but kept thrusting a few more times until she was forced to slow down. She shook and her stomach tensed up, she held still, holding her breath and the concentrated knot of arousal at the base of her spine loosened and uncoiled. A loud '*fuuuuuuuck*' rolled out of her mouth as she brought her head back down to flop onto Mercy who was breathing hard and shaking with her own intense aftermath. She swallowed a few times to speak but all she could manage was a shaky whimper. "Oh goddesses..."

Mercy weakly wrapped her arms around Pharah, kissing her temple. "Ms.God ... that was... oh gods..." she heaved in a breath to slow down her rapidly beating heart. She wanted to laugh but she only coughed and again tried to regulate her breathing. She wiped her eyes with the back of her hand and managed a giggle. "...Fuck..." Her body spasmed and couldn't stop shuddering, her insides fluttering and rippling with her contractions, milking Pharah who still was unloading inside of her.

Pharah chuckled and wearily lifted herself up on her arms, looking down at Mercy out of breath, sweat beading her skin and forehead. "I'll sleep well tonight," she finally said.

Mercy laughed and slipped her arms around her neck, nodding weakly. "Mmm, yes."

Pharah stirred her hips slowly and Mercy giggled in a fit trying to push her off with her legs. "No, no, no, no!" She begged putting hands against Pharah's chest, holding her at bay.

Pharah chuckled, slightly out of breath, "Just making sure I got you."

"Ohhhhhh, you got me alright," Mercy flopped back on the bed and spread her knees to let Pharah slide out easily, who groaned at the absence of heat. Pharah stayed where she was and proceeded to kiss Mercy along the sternum and clavicle, up her throat and reaching her mouth she kissed her deeply. Mercy cupped her face and pulled her in, humming in her throat.

Widow narrowed her eyes when Sombra turned away from her, "What, now you're suddenly not interested in me?"

Sombra rolled her eyes, "Full of yourself aren't ya? I just so happen to be busy with my own affairs. You can't come looking for me whenever you want." The Latin woman waved a hand to disappear but Widow grabbed her wrist and flung her against the wall and immediately pressed herself atop her.

"That's not how it works!" Widow snarled against her cheek. But Sombra laughed, "Let me guess, your little do-gooder is bored with you." She turned her head and caught the glint in the woman's gold eyes. "Or is it you're bored of her? I should be flattered but like I said, I'm busy."

"First you help me," Widow panted as she squeezed a hand around Sombra's throat, pulling her head back and scrabbling to undo her belt and leggings. Sombra squeezed her eyes when Widow reached her mark and her mouth opened in a gasp as Widow delved in hard and sharp. "Don't ever turn away from me!" she hissed, angry tears threatening to spill. Sombra moaned as Widow bit her ear as her body was rocked against the wall almost viciously. She reached behind Widow and held her against her as the woman shook from her fast orgasm. Unbeknownst to Widow, a little cube of purple was filming the whole thing. Sombra smirked as she ducked her head in when Widow went for round two, pulling her away from the wall and tossing her onto the heap of hay, making the hacker giggle.

Mercy sat back in the bath with a long dreamy sigh. Never had she felt so tired yet so happy. She knew her muscles were going to ache tomorrow but she didn't care. Pharah had carefully prepared the bath with salt and perfumed oils. She crouched on the side of the bathtub as she dipped a silver chalice into the water and poured calculated warm water over Mercy's exposed shoulders, kissing any skin exposed in passing with a smile.

Mercy would reach out and kiss her back with an infectious smile of her own.

"How's the water?" Pharah asked gently while leisurely pouring water over her extended leg.

Mercy exhaled and leaned back. "It's perfect..."

Pharah continued to scoop water to pour over Mercy's back, gently caressing the nape from behind, watching the woman arch into her with a satisfied moan. Pharah chuckled and kissed the side of her neck. Mercy hummed again with a smile. She opened her eyes and looked over at Pharah. "You should come in as well. In sure you're pretty ... sticky..."

The tub was big enough for the two of them. Pharah grinned and standing up she removed her robe and climbed in behind Mercy. Mercy settled in between her thighs and pressed her back against a soft yet firm chest. She breathed out heavily again and swore she could fall asleep this way. Pharah kissed the top of her head gently, over and over, fingers stroking up and down Mercy's arms.

"You're perfect ..." Mercy murmured. Pharah wrapped an arm around her chest and pulled her closer. "I believe you are. The goddesses bestowed upon us an image of themselves in

you,"

That earned her a kiss, "Flatterer," Mercy said with a giggle and Pharah hugged her.

They were silent a few minutes, listening to the drip of the faucet into the full bath, the soft crackling of the foam and their breathing. The suds were starting to dissipate and Mercy didn't want to leave yet.

"Stay the night with me," Pharah said softly as if she had woken from a dream. "Stay with me."

Mercy kissed the forearms wrapped around her, "I will." Pharah hugged her again and Mercy folded easily in her arms.

When Widow left her spent and aching, Sombra rolled onto her stomach, trying to catch her breath. Widow had been rougher than usual, she had a feeling it had something to do with the little British woman. Sombra stayed lounging bit longer, sitting up against the hay while her fingers adeptly tapped the holo-screens in front of her. One screen was searching the island, another was searching the data base that surrounded the buildings and the last screen was uploading a video to an email.

She smirked and sat back, hissing at the welts Widow had left on her back. "That bitch..."

"No clothes on," Mercy objected when Pharah went to put lose pants on. She looked over at her with a laugh. "Why?"

"Because I like looking at your body and I'm sure you like mine..." Mercy whispered, eyes drifting over Pharah's form as she was propped up on the bed with an arm. Pharah smiled and removed the pants but kept the underwear on. "Of that I'm sure." Pharah slid into place beside Mercy who was lying on her stomach with her knees bent and toes in the air. Pharah inched her way over to her and kissed her on the nose. Mercy snuggled in and Pharah laid onto her back letting Mercy lie on her chest and arm. Mercy traced light fingertips over Pharah's flesh watching the skin raise goosebumps and her nipples pucker up. Pharah sighed as shivers trailed through her. Mercy watched in splendor, she drew slow light circles around her belly and watched as the abs tensed and became more defined. She slowly looked up and saw Pharah watching her with a soft smile. Mercy reached over and kissed her softly and Pharah returned the kiss sweetly.

"Is this all you had in mind when you came over?" Pharah asked softly as their mouths parted. Mercy hummed and slowly lifted herself up to her elbows, looking down at her. "You're more than I've ever had in mind." She leaned over and kissed her again a little firmer this time. She trailed kisses downward to her chest and kissed a trail to a nipple. Pharah breathed in deep, head resting back on the sheets.

Mercy caressed with her fingers, trailing across her stomach that was tensing in reflex. Knowing she was ticklish, Mercy opted to kissing her stomach, traveling downward, fingers stroking the soft hairs on her pelvis. Pharah hummed as she felt Mercy get around her belly button. Mercy noticed her member start to stiffen and nosed around it. Loving the clean scent, she inhaled deep and Pharah giggled in her throat, almost curling up from the shudder in her stomach. Mercy

rose to her hands and knees and pulled down the fabric band, kissing along the happy trail making Pharah gasp and jerk.

"Is that so?" She chuckled. Pharah in one swift move wrapped an arm around Mercy's waist and hauled her legs over her head. Mercy squealed in surprise and huffed when Pharah rolled her tongue over the fabric of her crotch, making the woman squeeze her thighs.

Mercy bit her lower lip and despite not liking this position she didn't mind with Pharah. She gripped Pharah's member and gently pulled it out of the restraints and tentatively dipped her tongue down over the silky head, dragging her lips over it in a kiss and ran her tongue down along its length. Pharah twitched again and yanked down Mercy's underwear, revealing everything, pink and glistening. She pulled the woman's hips down closer and pushed in her tongue. Mercy gave a muffled squeal around Pharah's stiff member. Pharah ran her long tongue over her clit and spread her tongue over the slightly swollen lips. Mercy twitched and moaned, her mouth engulfing Pharah who twitched and raised her hips. Pharah hugged her hips to her face, licking and swirling her tongue, pushing inside and twisting.

She heard Mercy's muffled cry as she tried to wriggle free, making her release Pharah's member with a wet pop. Pharah rolled it and pushed in deeper, swirling her tongue rapidly like a corkscrew. Mercy huffed, mouth drooling as she kissed Pharah's phallus sloppily. She loved the way it stiffened, the way it curved, the way it pulsed and could visibly see it throb, the way – augh! Mercy nearly collapsed on Pharah's thighs when Pharah wrapped her arms around her waist, tugging her closer, face buried in deep, eating her out like it was her last meal. Mercy could hardly function, her eyes were rolling up as she struggled to grip Pharah again, trying to return the favor but it proved futile.

The second Pharah let up, Mercy engulfed her again, sucking and pushing her down her throat, gently rubbing the taint with precum. Pharah pulled away and cried out at the sweet feeling coursing through her. She now struggled to one up her by coating her thumb and pushed into the rim of the blonde's other entrance. Mercy almost gagged in surprise and she squeezed her muscles, hearing Pharah chuckle. Mercy dragged her teeth lightly over the shaft and Pharah tensed up in alarm. "Whoa-hey!"

Mercy straightened her spine with a wicked grin but it faded fast when Pharah gripped her backside and yanked her over her face, buried deep again, her hands clutching her thick hips as she rolled her tongue inside. Mercy cried out and leaned forward to hold herself up by pushing on Pharah's abs for support. *Oh god this woman was going to end her!* Her head tipped down, tickling Pharah with her hair as it brushed to and fro as she swirled her hips in motion with Pharah's skilled tongue. Her breath began to speed up, hitch and gasp when Pharah delved in deeper, fingers sinking into her flesh as she gripped her tightly. She shouted that she was coming. She felt Pharah suck her dry, licking over sensitive buds that made her jerk and shudder, her hips quaking in the air as Pharah let her go. She flopped over Pharah's thighs with the swollen hot member pressed against her cheek, gasping for breath.

"Checkmate," Pharah chuckled and suddenly she gave a loud outcry when she felt teeth on the inside of her thigh, followed by muffled laughter. "Don't bet your last dollar, Commander."

Tracer stared at her messages flood with a single file on repeat. Someone clearly wanted her attention. She wanted to erase them but they reappeared faster than she could remove them. Someone had spammed her and she was not opening any viruses. She closed the port and stood up, grabbing her jacket. She should talk to Winston and Athena about this. Surely she wasn't the only one affected. She went to open her door but the large Holo-Tele lit up and sounds emitted from it. She froze, recognizing the voices. Her hand clenched on the door handle, fighting not to

turn around. “What’s wrong *Chiquita*? Don’t want to see something homemade?”

Tracer never looked back, “How’d did you get that footage?”

Sombra laughed, “Don’t you know anything about your lover? She likes voyeurism. She gets off watching other people do the-do. She’s even been watching-“

“Enough!” Tracer yelled, whirling around. Her eyes widened and she quickly looked away at what flicked on the screen next. Widow pressed against Sombra, both panting and writhing naked. She squeezed her eyes shut but the sounds echoed through her suite. “What about you *Chiquita*? Does it do anything for you?” There was a sharp giggle and the voice faded. “Be seeing ya.” And she was gone.

“*Cherie...*” Tracer glanced up when she saw Widow half inside the window, one leg resting inside, the other outside, looking like she would make a hasty retreat.

“I’m the fool, aren’t I?” Tracer whispered as the video looped over and over on the screen. Widow swallowed hard and tentatively stepped inside all the way. “*Mon amour*, I can explain...” she moved forward but the look in Tracer’s eyes burned her cold heart up to ash. She stumbled back in shock when she realized the sting across her cheek was a back hand slap that happened so fast it cut skin. Widow touched her cheek tentatively, her eyes never leaving Tracer’s burning ones, as blood stained her glove.

Chapter End Notes

Chiquita : Spanish for Little one

Mon amour : french for my love

That's the way Love goes

Chapter Summary

2/3

Pharah only has Mercy for one night, she's going to imprint everything she has on that poor woman.

Chapter Notes

I had to resist posting 10,000 words of sex in one chapter so I've split them in three pieces. Hope you don't get bored!

warning: bdsm, praise kinks, slap kinks, sodomy, revenge sex, begging, raw sex

you've been warned darlings~
y am i not deleted yet

Pharah gave breathy grunts as she pushed with her hips, holding herself up with her arms, flanks and triceps flexing. Mercy furrowed her eyebrows and bit her lower lip, Pharah was a vision. Her eyes roamed over her body, taking in all the muscles tensing and unclenching. A slight sheen of sweat covered her abdomen and arms, accented by the bedside lamp. The way she tucked in her bottom lip when she pushed in deeper and the way her eyes would roll back when she hit that sweet spot they were both fond of. Mercy loved to watch her. She raised her knees and thighs and caressed her with her soft skin, studying her lover's expression as she slowed down, pelvis pressing down and gyrating slowly. Mercy reached up and caressed her cheek. Pharah turned her head enough to kiss her palm, gently sucking on her thumb. Mercy shivered and gave a breathy moan making Pharah meet her eyes. She tipped her head down and met her lips with her own, pecking them sweetly. Mercy smiled in the kiss. Pharah stared down at her, eyes glazed in lust and warmth. "I love you," Pharah whispered.

Mercy cupped her face, "Yes." She pulled her face down and kissed her again. "I know."

Tracer stared at Widow when the taller woman pulled her hand away from her face. She slowly looked down at her gloved hand and saw the small streak of blood on it. *Widow's blood?* She glanced up again, shaking. *Out of fury? Or that she hurt Widow?* But Widow kept coming forward with a pleading look in her eyes. Instinctively Tracer pushed her back roughly by the shoulders, mustering her strength. Jostled, Widow didn't back down.

"Leave already, ya ingrate!" Tracer couldn't help the angry tears stinging her eyes. "How many times have you had her in my apartment?! In my own bed?!"

Widow didn't respond. Words were stuck in her throat. Yes she had had fun with Sombra, a lacking fun that Tracer couldn't offer. All Tracer offered was security and warmth. It wasn't Widow's fault she swore. Tracer grabbed her head from the thoughts in her head. "Just leave! Don't ever come back!"

"You'll kill me then?" Widow whispered, "Next time we meet on the field, you'll kill me?"

When Tracer looked torn, Widow rushed in and grabbing her face, kissed her hard. Tracer cried out, muffled by lips. She pushed her back and again slapped her hard across the same cheek. Widow's head snapped back by the blow. And when she returned her head, Tracer was trembling, backing away slowly shaking her head.

"This isn't me," she murmured, back pressed up against the wall.

"You're angry, I know. I deserve it. Unleash it. Unleash it unto me. Punish me, break me but don't leave me, *Cherie*. I need you. But I haven't yet figured out how." Widow dropped to her knees in front of her, in a pleading stance, tears beginning to brim her golden eyes. "Don't leave me. I need you."

Tracer stared down at her, *Widow could cry?* She stepped around her and whirled around to face her when Widow grabbed her wrists adamantly and put Tracer's hand on her face. "Punish me, *mon amour*. Don't leave me like this."

"Guilty?" Tracer asked softly laced with venom.

Widow licked the swollen split lip. "Just a little more, then I can find out what I need. What we both need to make this work. Please, *Cherie*," Widow inched closer, hands tentatively on Tracer's waist, as if asking for permission to touch her. "It's you I need. I crave something. I don't know what it is exactly, but I can't do this alone."

"If punishment is what you want, then that would be giving you what you want innit? A reward."

Widow looked down and away from her eyes. *Was she ashamed? Was the great sniper assassin feeling lowly? But why did it make Tracer's stomach flutter?*

"Look at me." But Widow didn't move. Defiantly, Tracer grabbed a fistful of her hair, pulling her head back in a vicious yank. Widow gasped and her eyes widened, *there it was!* "I said look at me!"

"Yes," Widow said finally, throat catching, heart beating fast, blood pumping and vibrating in her ears. Her body twitched and she was on fire, something she only experienced when she 'punished' Sombra. *So this was what it was like on the other end.* Her breath quickened at Tracer's smoldering gaze, the strength in that fist, the way her body was taut from tension. Tracer pulled her face closer.

"Yes, *what?*"

"Yes... I'll do anything you say... So you can reward me..." Widow licked her lips eagerly. "*Master*."

Mercy cried out in spurts as she was jostled from behind, Pharah had pinned her arms behind her back as she thrust with vigor into her backside, skins slapping rapidly as she was pummeled. Gently pulling out of her earlier, Pharah had wrapped an arm around her waist and effortlessly lifted her up and pulled her on top of her where they made out passionately. Pharah had then gripped her backside roughly, tugging her up and slipping out from under her, she kneeled behind her. Pharah used one hand to hold her wrists together and the other hand grabbed her hair, yanking back. Mercy gasped and let out breathy groans as she was arched by force. Pharah had marked her nearly everywhere she could get her mouth on; she had especially bitten her hard on her rump. When Mercy had whined, it earned her a hearty slap that she swore rattled her bones.

She laughed when Pharah kissed it afterwards only to slap it again and yank her near. She had marks on the inside of her thighs, her shoulders, all over her back, on her navel and a multitude on each of her breasts. The ones on her neck were not going to be easy to hide. She felt Pharah pull on her arms and push her hips back and forth, grunting as she muscled faster. Suddenly she threw Mercy forward to land with a bounce, turning her over. Mercy shrieked gleefully when Pharah grabbed her waist and yanked her towards her, opening her thighs. Mercy fought back, playfully, to keep them closed. Pharah grinned and turned her onto her side, slapping her rump again making the laughing blonde moan instead.

"You want to be *my* good girl?" Pharah murmured in her ear, pressed up against her. Mercy exhaled and gave a slight nod. That earned her another slap on the side of her hip, making her flinch, biting her lower lip. "Then do as I say."

"You didn't ask-" Mercy was cut off when Pharah clamped a hand over her mouth roughly and put a finger to her own lips. "I don't have to."

Tracer pulled back when finally Widow's body dropped from her grasp, panting and chest heaving. *Was there a slight grin on her lips?* Tracer looked away; she wouldn't admit she was pleased with this outcome. She slowly took off her coat and then one by one removed her gloves. Widow stared at her, lying on her back, squeezing her thighs at seeing Tracer's stern face. Widow's face was on fire from all the slaps earlier. Tracer had gently cradled her face after, her face almost showing a glint of regret but then she threw Widow down.

Tracer turned away and slowly undid her belt strap to her choral accelerator, putting the contraption down. Widow rose to sit on her heels, watching Tracer intently, so sure this wasn't a game. Tracer paused and then slowly rotated the belt in her grasp.

"Leather," she stated. Widow grimaced, *that would sting*. "It's what they used to hold prisoners back in the day, along with metal cuffs." She turned to look at Widow who quivered at the mention. "I suppose this'll have to do." She went behind Widow and tugged her arms together, the forearms crossed behind her back, tightly wrapped in the belt. Tracer yanked it harder each time Widow grunted. "Maybe I should tie you up like a horse so you don't leave. That what you want?"

Widow wasn't meant to answer. Tracer did was took off her leggings and wrapped one of the legs around her mouth, tying it behind her head and stretched the other leg to wrap around the belt, holding Widow's arms together. Widow moaned in confusion when Tracer began to braid her long hair. She then pushed Widow onto the floor, rump in the air, face to the side, eyeing her curiously. *Would she go through with this?* Tracer moved adeptly as if she knew what she was doing.

Tracer's heart was hammering and echoing in her ears. She tried to stay calm and cool. She had lost her anger when she took it out on her face. *Her beautiful face.* Is this what Widow wanted? She hadn't protested or fought back. Or was she just taking this as punishment? **WHY COULDN'T SHE UNDERSTAND THIS WOMAN?!** She rested her forehead on Widow's rump and when the other woman moaned, Tracer drew back and slapped her hand across both cheeks hard, the sound echoing through the loft along with Widow's muffled cry.

"Good girl," Pharah whispered huskily in Mercy's ear as she panted while her body was rocked to and fro, slow but deep. Mercy felt the hips rise and fall each time she was re-entered, always hitting it just right. Pharah had Mercy's hips tilted up at an angle, rump in the air with the help of a sturdy, but pillowy, teddy bear half her body size. Mercy wanted to ask about the bear but she was immediately distracted. Pharah fisted the sheets by Mercy's hips as she pushed, harder and deeper each time making Mercy wail and whimper. Pharah lifted her hips a few inches above hers and ground them back into hers, pulling back enough to push in just right each time. She watched Mercy, listened to her body and her voice. She knew she liked it when Pharah leaned backwards and thrust her hips forward, Mercy would mewl and swear in her native tongue and raise her hips up and down to meet her strokes.

Whenever Pharah spoke praises into her ear she shivered, feeling the words echo throughout her chest giving her a warm, safe feeling. Pharah rose to her knees without disengaging and used her pelvis muscles to continue to thrust. Mercy moaned when Pharah slapped her backside hard and then gently rubbed it, squeezing them. Pharah placed her thighs on either side of Mercy's bountiful hips and gripped her waist in a strong grip, fingers digging in as she picked up speed, tucking her bottom lip with her teeth. Mercy moaned and squirmed to hold it together a bit longer, she wanted to ride this one with Pharah, feel it out with her. She reached behind and placed her hands on Pharah's wrists, holding on tight as an anchor. Her head dropped down into the sheets, one side of her face exposed as she gasped sharply with each intense stroke of Pharah's girth.

"Ahhh! Pharah! Fuck!" She managed as she felt the electric zaps cascade throughout her limbs, starting to stiffen her. "No, no, not yet," she told herself. But Pharah wasn't letting up, if anything she was pummeling harder. She was grunting and huffing. Her pelvis arching outward as she used the strength in her thighs to rock them both. Mercy squeezed her eyes shut and mewled helplessly, mouth open as she cried, half stifling them with the sheets.

"Such a good girl," Pharah huffed out, "You're such a *fucking* good girl." Her eyebrows drew up and she bit her lower lip, feeling her orgasm near. "You feel so damn good. How do you feel so good?" She cursed and changed positions to hold on a bit longer, her spine throbbing with pooled heat and her head going fuzzy with pleasurable vibrations, but she persisted. It was going to be a long while until she got back from Egypt and she was going to make the most of this opportunity. She stretched her body over Mercy's, arms holding her up as she rolled her hips into Mercy's backside, panting into her shoulder and hair, kissing her head every once in a while.

Mercy kept gasping at every hitch in the deep strokes; she squeezed her fingers around the fabric under her. Pharah laid her torso onto Mercy's back and reached both hands to entwine fingers with the other woman who clutched them desperately.

Pharah kissed her shoulder and nipped at the curve of her neck. She hummed her pleasure out, panting shallowly, swaying them both slowly, but firmly. She nosed the hickies across the shoulders, proud of her territorial markings.

"Mercy... goddesses above, you feel so amazing," Pharah rasped, exhaling rapidly. Mercy felt the adoration spread lower and meet her groin where the fire well expanded. She was going to be so raw but at this point she didn't care, she welcomed the pain, her G-spot was so tender that every time it hit, she'd arch her spine into Pharah's torso.

"Pharah!" She moaned out loud, trying to move her hips. Pharah slowly grinded her pelvis in slow circles, kissing her shoulder and murmuring in her ear words that melted the other woman like decadent fondue chocolate, syrupy, hot and *oh so sticky*. Mercy panted as she lifted her hips and Pharah groaned. "Easy my dove, I'm close," she whispered huskily in her ear. Mercy shivered and held back a whine, holding onto Pharah's hands tightly; fearing she'd crush them but knowing there's no way she could even if she tried.

"You want *it*?" Pharah murmured softly against Mercy's alabaster skin, kissing it while still leisurely rolling her hips. Mercy huffed and closed her eyes, loving the way she was gentle but firm with her.

"My dove?" Mercy opened her eyes and squeezed her fingers to let her know she was listening.

"Tell me what you want," Pharah said in between kisses. Mercy whimpered and moved her hips in a circle. Pharah's breath hitched and she rode them with her. Pulling out and then rolled in hard, making Mercy gasp out loud. Pharah continued pushing with her hips, she held onto Mercy and her mouth latched onto her shoulder again. Mercy wailed as her orgasm flooded out making her tense up and arch her spine, lifting Pharah with her who chuckled. Spent, Mercy flopped onto the bed on her stomach, legs trembling as they slid over the sheets. But she Pharah wasn't done yet.

Pharah pummeled her roughly from behind now, raising herself up to press down on Mercy's lower back, forcing her flat on the bed as she rode her, thighs on top of Mercy's thighs, skins slapping loudly. Mercy squealed and shrieked, incredibly sensitive, almost begging Pharah to stop. She squeezed her inner muscles and Pharah grunted to push past the fluttering, contracting muscles, grinding in deeper, hitting her cervix now. Mercy whimpered with each thrust, feeling slight pain. Pharah gave two labored pushes and froze up and dipped her head down to her chest, mouth open in a silent cry. Her pelvis tensed up tight and she squeezed her stomach muscles as her member pulsed and she felt the hot release load itself inside Mercy, who shook with another involuntary orgasm. She cried out as she felt her insides flood with more power than usual. Pharah gave three more thrusts, grimacing as she felt her member strain inside as it kept pumping. Mercy still felt so incredible despite her member almost going numb. The back of her head was hot and heavy and she felt like she could pass out. Mustering strength, she slowly pushed in one more time and Mercy's body spasmed, making the woman cry out shakily. Pharah pulled the woman with her to raise her rump and let go of her waist, who followed limply. She leaned back on her heels, pulling out of Mercy's quivering petals that poured, what she had just unloaded inside of her, heavily onto the bed.

Mercy whimpered and sobbed from all the commotion inside her body. Shaking and quivering occasionally a spasm would make her clench her pussy tight. Pharah's chest was rising and falling rapidly as she tried to regain control of herself and chuckled as Mercy's rump quaked in front of her, pussy lips squeezing and fluttering. She ran her hands over them gently and Mercy twitched.

"Ohhhhhh, hah!... Ms. *God*," she managed in a shaky exhale, trying desperately to swallow what little saliva she had left in her mouth. She didn't notice until there was a wet pool of drool on the bed beside her mouth. Her body was wasted now. No longer able to keep herself up, she dropped onto the bed in exhaustion, she thought she might pass out right then and there, chest

heaving and body still giving occasional spasms and twitches, making her moan each time.

With her rump still in the air Pharah couldn't help but notice her member started to rise again. It was raw no doubt, but she didn't care. Mercy lit all the fires in her joints, spiked her blood like a needle drug, gave her a hunger only she could satiate. Mouth practically watering, she leaned forward and kissed the skin hungrily. Mercy cried out when suddenly Pharah was kissing the entrance above where she had pulled out earlier, using her tongue to push the puckered sensitive bud. Mercy clenched her muscles tight and Pharah laughed. She then gripped her thighs from the front, pulling her closer and held her in a vice like grip that Mercy could hardly move away. She squirmed and raked the bed with her nails. "Oh, god, Pharah!"

"Say stop and I'll stop, my pretty bird," Pharah murmured, kissing the reddened flesh where she accosted her earlier, dragging her long tongue up and over her tail bone. Mercy flinched and arched her back in response, almost drawing away. With one hand Pharah pushed down in between Mercy's shoulders blades forcing her chest down onto the bed again. She clenched the bed sheets but spread her thighs when Pharah lifted her hips higher, pleased that Mercy wanted this too.

"I'm not so sure," Mercy said after a few seconds of biting her lip. *Where did this woman get her stamina?! What were in those fruit platters she consumed every morning?!* Pharah resumed her licking and petting, using her thumb to delve inside Mercy's lips, making the woman twitch and whimper spreading out to a moan. She mentally thanked that they had taken a bath earlier or this would be an absolute *no!*

Pharah fully coated her fingers and pushed in her other thumb to the above entrance. Mercy flinched and clenched tight. Pharah kissed her rump gently, "Just relax darling, I've got you. You're safe with me."

Widow arched and cried out, muffled by the mouth gag. She never knew shorty had such power. Tracer sat behind her and pulled on the end of the braid, yanking hard as she pushed with her foot onto her lower back. Tracer then with her free hand slapped her ass. Letting her go, Widow had flopped onto her chest, breathing hard and sweating. Tracer stared at her red bare ass. She had cut her out of her clothes earlier with a switch blade, careful not to cut the skin. Widow had looked up adoringly at her, mouth gagged she could only watch and anticipate. With slits in her clothes, Tracer gripped the edges and tore Widow out of them, shredding the skin tight clothes that already left little to the imagination. Tracer had taken a moment to stare at her beautiful body but then images of Sombra touching this body made her angry again and she pinched both nipples hard. Widow shouted and jerked in surprise.

She felt like Sombra was playing a game with the images she left on the tele, Sombra lying naked with marks all over her back, bites on her neck and chest. Images of her hands tied up in front of her, breasts covered in candlewax, lipstick stains all over her pelvis and thighs.

In all the images Sombra was enjoying them. Was Widow enjoying this as well? Was treating Sombra that way a reflection of what she wanted? Why couldn't Widow just talk to her about this stuff instead of running off to someone else to take care of her desires? Suddenly she felt sorry for the woman. She was going to give her everything she wanted then.

Tracer was going to give her all she got.

Something about you turns me to a Savage

Chapter Summary

3/3 (last on-going sex chapter)

Both parties go wild~!

Chapter Notes

warning!

This chapter has heavy subject matter: anal sex, bdsm, sodomy, tied up and forceful sex. if this aint your thing, please wait for the next chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Mercy shivered as she tried to relax. She had never done this before but if it had to be with anyone it'd be Pharah she trusted most. Pharah pushed her digit in gently feeling Mercy relax a bit more. Pharah hummed her desire and felt her mouth water, her member started to painfully throb. She suppressed her urges as much as she could. She pulled out and then slowly introduced two fingers to gently push in and out, inch by inch. Mercy groaned in slight discomfort and tried to move her hips away but Pharah followed, licking her lips in anticipation.

"Almost, baby," she murmured in a lusty haze. She grabbed the grape seed oil from the side table without letting her go and poured the thin stream down Mercy's backside. She coated her fingers and helped slip some inside her. Putting the bottle away she rubbed the leftover oil over her twitching member. Just spreading the oil made her groan as her member swelled even more, wincing lightly at the rawness. She used the same hand she lubed up to prepare Mercy more, gently pushing three fingers in and gently spreading them as much as the tight muscle would let her. Going in a lot easier now, she lightly pushed in and out, spreading her fingers and then introducing four fingers and watched carefully when Mercy twitched and clenched tight around her fingers. Pharah kissed her skin sweetly.

"You're doing good, baby. Just a bit more. I don't want this to hurt you," Pharah whispered, voice rasping as she kept at bay. Her body wasn't going to control her. She called the shots. Well more like Mercy called the shots.

Mercy giggled, it sounded like Pharah was coaxing her at childbirth. She then groaned when Pharah pushed in all the way with her fingers and slowly pulled them out. Pharah couldn't hold back anymore, she was panting in anticipation, her mouth and member drooling. She gripped Mercy's hips, pulling her back to accommodate them both and held her hot shaft by the base, fisting it. Mercy huffed in anxious anticipation and her eyes widened when she felt the wide head push in slowly and hold. Mercy cried out in slight agony and gasped in quick hitches. Pharah pushed the head, guiding it with her hand and when it slid in the tight ring she stopped and held still. *Oh goddesses, this felt so amazing.* She tilted her head back to reel in the delicious shivers that traveled through her core and spine. Only the tip was in, it might just be enough if Mercy said stop. Seeing as though she didn't complain, Pharah caressed her backside and slowly pushed in

with gentle jogs. Mercy groaned and moaned and winced every few inches. Pharah went in halfway, held still again, fighting her release, clenching her muscles and gently pulled back out. Mercy relaxed and collapsed in relief. Pharah bent down and once again licked her, kissing her puckered edge with her tongue making Mercy squirm but squeal in delight.

"It's alright, my dove?" Pharah asked quietly, lovingly caressing her thighs. Without a word, Mercy pushed up her backside with a playful wiggle and Pharah grinned. She again stationed herself behind Mercy's adoring backside and gently pushed the tip back in, easing herself in slowly, huffing to control herself. Hands formed talon grip as she squeezed her eyes shut to let the quick pulse travel past quickly so she could please her lover without her busting just yet.

Mercy knew what Pharah wanted. She took a deep breath and exhaled. "Go on," she said in a hushed voice. Pharah paused, trembling, squeezing her stomach muscles as she felt the ripple within start to get hotter. She watched it enter slowly, seeing Mercy stretch to accommodate her. Mercy inclined forward more, hips arched perfectly and this time Pharah grabbed them in a tight hold. She pulled out and watched her shaft disappear back inside halfway; she repeated the process until there was an inch left. She paused and ripples of euphoria rolled up and down her spine in waves, causing electric zaps that seemed oddly numbing. Pulling out halfway she then arched forward with two more rough thrusts and she was sheathed completely. Mercy's shriek was delightfully sinful and it made Pharah's heart race.

Widow's body writhed and her eyebrows furrowed, tears sparkling in her golden eyes. Tracer having been working out had done wonders for her strength and stamina and Widow found herself slipping on the edge, one she hadn't felt in a long time. Tracer had mounted her from behind with a shiny pink strap-on and had relentlessly smashed her, intending to hurt her. Even though Widow winced and cried out every few thrusts she was always waiting for more, the prickle in her chest and joints were new and she was loving the pain.

Tracer held on as she took a second to take a breath. She gripped Widow's trembling waist and stared down at her tattoo covered back, the light sheen of sweat coating her skin from the street lights pouring into the window. She hung her head in exhaustion, she had been panting and huffing so much she barely had time to swallow and when she leaned her head down, a trail of drool dripped from her bottom lip to Widow's backside, pooling at the slit where she was connected to Widow. She swallowed hard and gently pulled back a few inches and then slowly slid it in. *She wanted this right?* Tracer now shook, an overwhelming feeling consuming her. She tried to shake it off but tears pooled under her eyes, blurring her vision of the beautiful assassin that was bowed before her. *Fuck, why did she not want to stop hurting her?* She shook her head and thrust in deep again making Widow moan deep in her throat. *She likes this...* Tracer closed her eyes and the tears spilled, hot, landing in thick drops on Widow's lower back. Tracer rammed her hard again, rocking the arched rump, pushing Widow up further on the bed. The carpet had been rough on Widow's knees, although she hadn't complained, Tracer didn't want to hurt her that way. She grabbed the hair again and yanked her head back, arching the former ballerina into an arch she knew she could handle. Widow's eyes focused on hers, face flushing a purple hue, her labored breathing wet the fabric wedged over her mouth. Tracer leaned in and kissed the mouth over it and Widow groaned again, closing her eyes, her pretty long lashes resting on soft skin. The sexual sounds she made, did in fact arouse Tracer. They had never used a strap-on before. She had known no other way but to ram it inside her in one quick thrust and Widow had yelled in her gag, huffing and writhing but Tracer had taken a swipe at her back with a switch to gain a different sound.

It was exhausting work. She was going to be in pain for a week if it wasn't for Mei's chryo-freezer. *How did Pharah and Mercy keep up with each other?* Then she remembered that Pharah was stacked. *But Mercy? Was it easier on the receiving end?*

Mercy giggled nervously as Pharah rested her pelvis against her backside, pushing her deeper into the bed. She huffed and shut her eyes tight, holding her position. Mercy squeezed around her member, coaxing it without even having to move. Pharah exhaled slowly, feeling her flesh ripple in delicious shivers. She lowered her head and the strands of her hair tickled Mercy's back and watched in wonder when the alabaster skin prickled in goosebumps. Pharah kissed her shoulder blade and breathed hot on her neck. Her body was numb from pleasure, she wanted to move but Mercy was doing it on her own. The alabaster hips moved back and forth, at her pace, muscles squeezing when she lifted and letting go when she went back down, switching it up every few thrusts. She panted and moaned in her throat. Pharah always felt good. Impressed that she had taken time to prep her correctly warmed her heart and put a fire in her belly. *So amazing her attentive lover was.* Butterflies suddenly fluttered violently in her stomach. *Her lover,* she repeated in her head. *Yes, make Pharah your lover.*

She didn't realize she had gained speed when Pharah fell back onto her heels. Feeling her nearly slip out, Mercy followed until she sat on Pharah's thighs and used them to help her lift and drop. She gasped when she felt it push in deeper. Pharah leaned back and rested her hands on the bed, pushing her pelvis up, Mercy reached behind and gripped Pharah's hips to hold her up as she rocked up and down, panting and wincing every once in a while. Gradually she stretched enough for Pharah to move smoothly in and out.

Pharah was panting and freezing up to suppress her orgasm. *Oh goddesses, she wasn't going to last long.* She wrapped an arm around Mercy's waist and pulled her down with her as she laid down onto the soft pillows. Mercy followed, stopping her movements and waited for Pharah to settle herself again. She spread her legs and held Mercy up by the back of the knees. "Whenever you're ready, baby," she cooed.

Mercy shivered at those words. Dutifully, she lifted her hips and dropped them, hitching her breath as she felt it hit in a different angle. She squeezed and Pharah dropped her head with a loud moan, she didn't try to even suppress its volume. Hearing the moan rumble and vibrate through her, Mercy began to pick up pace and this time it was Pharah who was hitching her breath and gasping, clutching Mercy's hips holding her still when she came near. But Mercy squeezed her inner muscles and clenched tight, sliding up what she could, milking Pharah.

"Hoh! ... goddesses," she uttered when Mercy's muscles clutched her shaft firmly. Her eyes rolled back, she couldn't take it anymore. Mercy supported herself by using Pharah's strained abs to help her rock forward and back. Pharah raised her head and clenched Mercy's hips hard, freezing up as ripples shook her body and exited in a soul escaping experience. She held her breath, shivered in her release, her skin goosebumping all over and then she gradually dropped back down to the bed, arching her spine and tensing her legs. "Fuuuuuuuck!" she finally managed to squeeze out of her lungs. Mercy however didn't stop, she rocked harder, and Pharah shook from the aftermath. "Waugh! Baby, wait!"

Mercy grunted with determination, her body was demanding release and she was so close. She rocked with urgency, she was on high so long she was going numb but she hadn't orgasmed yet. *Could she even achieve it this way?* She squeezed her eyes shut when a sudden shudder rolled up her spine making her arch as it released shocks and zaps storming up her belly and down her thighs. She moved faster, chasing it, *don't let it get away!* She was panting harder and gyrating her hips in sharp circles, concentrating on the knot in her pelvis.

Pharah was crying out in alarm at how amorous Mercy was being, how fast she was moving with such urgency. *The woman of her dreams was going to end her.* She didn't care. *What a way to go!*

Wincing, she managed to sit up halfway on the pillows and cupped one of Mercy's breasts pinching the nipple and her other hand went to her swollen sensitive clit. Mercy jerked when Pharah pressed on it downwards, rolling it. "Oh, fuck!" she shrieked. Pharah then sucked on her shoulder with her teeth and pulled Mercy to lie on top of her chest while she pumped with her hips, huffing and groaning in her throat. She clenched her eyes shut feeling it close again. She felt raw and bruised but she wouldn't stop, not at this rate. She wanted to come together with Mercy. She gripped her firmly but not enough to hurt.

"Please..." Mercy whimpered but it wasn't nearly enough what she needed.

"Please what," Pharah murmured in her ear huskily. "Stop?" Pharah slowed to a stop and Mercy frantically shook her head and rolled her hips, "No, don't! Don't stop! Please don't stop!"

Pharah furrowed her eyebrows and continued to pick up the pace, gradually slapping skins. "Look at me," Pharah commanded. Mercy did so, shakily turning her head, breath peaking. Pharah wrapped an arm around her throat, forcing her head back and the blue eyes widened at the restraint. She arched her spine and the fingers at her clit rubbed in slow but firm circles, gradually picking up speed. "You like this?"

Mercy gasped out loud when she was hit with a sudden shock through her system. It vibrated through her and she couldn't stop shuddering and still she wouldn't release. She cried out, now sobbing and begging to cum. Pharah gripped her tighter and her fingers slid down directly inside her pussy and she pulled upward as if tugging at it like a hook, pressing down hard on her clit with her thumb, hips unrelenting.

Mercy suddenly screamed, her orgasm finally erupting from her. Involuntarily her hips lifted and a jet like stream squirted all over the sheets, in three harsh spurts, each one emitting a shriek from the doctor. Pharah cried out in glee as she saw it happen before her eyes and felt the warm wetness coat her thighs and pelvis. She joined her immediately after, lifting her hips and shooting thick cum into her anus, flooding her there as well, feeling it explode painfully. She grimaced as it unloaded, huffing as her head went from heavy to foggy lightness. Her member felt like it was on fire. *Oh, she was going to need an ice bath to recover from this.* After a few seconds of her vision returning and feeling returning to her limbs, she shook her head to clear it and forced herself to quickly gain composure so she could tend to her lover.

Mercy had fallen back against her, and Pharah leaned up on her elbows to give her more comfort as she rode the spasms out. Mercy was gasping and panting for breath, whimpering in her throat and twitching every few seconds, trying to swallow the drool that pooled at her mouth, down her chin. Her shoulders twitched, her legs trembled and her abdomen shook, her belly fluttering and her hands kept curling into fists.

Pharah kissed her shoulder gently. "Good girl," she cooed. "Mmm, such a good girl." She took a minute to allow herself to soften inside of Mercy before she gently slid out, followed by a gooey trail that oozed out from Mercy who cried out from the absence and struggled to squeeze her muscles tight.

Mercy still quaked and hitched her breath whenever another spasm would shake her. "Oh god..." she mewled weakly, closing her legs and attempting to curl up. Pharah collected her in her arms and hugged her close, kissing her forehead and cheek, rubbing her arms soothingly, humming in her throat in utter content and bliss.

Tracer slowly unwrapped Widow like a fragile crystal vase. Gently untying and releasing her mouth, shiny wet from her own saliva while screaming and moaning. She then turned Widow onto her side and cradling her between her thighs she undid the latches of her belt and saw the red skin underneath when it came apart, making Tracer wince for Widow. The blue skinned woman exhaled and relaxed, still not saying anything. Tracer leaned over and kissed her shoulder lightly that looked like would need ice for a couple of days. Hopefully Mei was around. She tugged off the over stretched leggings and tossed them to the floor. She then wiggled down to untie her ankles, swollen and red from rubbing. Tracer but her lip, eyebrows drawing up. *I'm so sorry love...* she then laid Widow carefully onto her back on the soft sheets as she began to peel off the hardened wax gently as possible. When she had been cleaned up she glanced up and saw Widow blushing, staring at her with half dazed eyes, adoringly.

Tracer got her in a luke warm bath, using ice packs on her shoulders and skin where the wax had hit. Widow still didn't say anything the entire time. Tracer slid her fingers down her nape, having uncoiled the braid and letting it rinse in the water while she poured it over her head. Widow stayed still, knees drawn up with her arms around them loosely; chin resting on knee caps that were slightly pink.

After getting her out of the bath, Tracer lead her by the hands to the bedroom where Widow usually stayed and had her lay her on her stomach so that she could rub lotion on her back and legs so she wouldn't scar. Even in so many battles, Widow's body always looked pristine. Perhaps she healed fast. She probably didn't need this treatment. Tracer didn't care. She had hurt this woman in ways she couldn't have ever fathomed possible. Perhaps it was a way to make herself feel better, Tracer didn't know.

After the gentle massage she bid Widow to lie on her back, coaxing her to turn over. There she proceeded to pour a copious amount of lotion in her hands and rubbed them together to warm up the ointment. She slowly and gently kneaded them to every limb and gently massaged her previously wax tinted breasts. Widow was watching her but she tried to focus. When she reached where she had slapped her before this all started, she froze. The cut had already closed up but she looked up to grab the first aid kit above the shelf of the bed for Widow whenever she would wake up violently from her dreams, usually cutting herself. At the time the assassin would deny assistance until Tracer demanded that she at least put on a band aid so it doesn't get infected. Annoyed, Widow had done so, mostly to appease her. Now Widow hummed in her throat and Tracer glanced down at her. The woman reached up with her hands slowly and Tracer hesitantly allowed her to take her face in her palms. She flinched when the other woman spread her sleek thighs for her.

"Ma vie," she crooned softly. *"... Je t'aime..."*

Chapter End Notes

Mon vie: French for 'my life'

Je t'aime: French for 'I love you'

Dreamer

Chapter Summary

Admitting you're in love is hard work.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The rain was coming down hard. Lightning streaked the sky. Thunder clapped and only emphasized the infant screaming in her arms. Ana did her best to shield her with her frame but there wasn't much she could do from the cold. She was running as fast as she could, both arms wrapping up the child securely, holding her tightly to her chest, and trying her best to muffle the baby's cries from attracting attention. She almost slipped on the loose mud but regained her balance, her leg sore from the bullet that had grazed her earlier. Her sniper rifle swinging from its shoulder strap about her back was of no help.

*"Ana!... *static* we can't ... Ana! Where are you *static*..."*

She quickly pressed her back against a big tree, crouching low in the shrubs, using her body to shield the baby. "Hush, little one," she pleaded, tears beading her eyes mixing with the cold rain. Her dark clothes helped camouflage her as helicopters above shined their spotlights around the ground. Even in dangerous weather they had opted to this. She waited until they passed. She then stayed low to the ground as she moved along the broken buildings, using its debris as cover.

*"Ana! Your coordinates! *static* ... We..." Ana ripped the earpiece out and crushed it with the heel of her boot in the wet cement. She looked around wildly and chose to run through an abandoned warehouse. Taking cover from the rain, she gently laid the squalling baby on the ground, quickly taking off her coat. She removed the wet blankets and kept the ones she had taken her from the hospital bassinet. She made a sling for the baby with her jacket, keeping her face covered from the rain. The infant slowed its crying as soon as she felt warmth. Ana now had her hands free to protect them both. She loaded the rifle and pulled back the safety. Standing up carefully, she checked her surroundings and continued moving.*

A hover droid was scanning the area and she hid behind a beam. It was several feet away but she wanted it closer. As soon as it came in clear shot she took it out, damaging its circuits so no warning could be sent. Hurrying along, fixating her eyes into the darkness beyond, she held her rifle at eye level. The transport room had to be near. She scurried amongst the broken omnic, securing each one was deactivated. She reached the main circuit wall and pressed her shoulder under the lever to raise it up. Grunting, she pushed with all her strength, urgent adrenaline pulsing in her blood. The lever gave a thud as it slid into place and the wall lit up. The baby cooed at the light show as Ana searched the board frantically. "Teleporter, teleporter..." she muttered, running her eyes and pointer finger down. She saw it and jammed her fist on the button. It took a few tries but eventually the doors slid open with loud rusty clanking and inside the dark room was an illuminated portal. She moved quickly, lowering her weapon against the control panel and set in the coordinates she had memorized. The panel blinked alive and the portal began to power up. The loud humming was sure to attract attention. She stood at the foot of it and pointed her barrel at the open doors that were slowly starting to slide close.

Sure enough, two omnic corpses had woken up, one dragging its torso across the floor and another was limping towards her. She got a clean shot straight into its red eye. She then raised her rifle and spied a low cable holding up a crate. She snapped the cable and the crate slammed down onto the dragging omnic, crushing it entirely. The door slid shut just in time when four more had risen. Slumping against the portal in relief, she kissed the infant's forehead as it dozed off. The lights blinked on the terminal suggesting time to load cargo. She climbed up onto the platform carefully, swinging her legs over, grimacing as her wound rubbed against her pants. She stood in the center, one arm under the infant's sling, holding her close. She raised her head and closed her eyes as she felt the warm buzzing sensation of the teleporter. It felt like being submerged into rushing water and she always held her breath as such.

When she opened her eyes again, the area she landed in was a small teleporter room that was no longer inhabited. Thankful that no one was wandering near, she stepped off the platform and undid the sleeves wrapped around her chest. She settled the coat and the sleeping baby on the ground in the crook of the room. She then turned to the terminal and raising her rifle, smashed the screens and the teleporter, securing her escape.

All the noise hadn't woken the baby up. She gingerly lifted her back up into her arms and keeping low in the shadows she spied the town she had been told about. Relief bringing a light speed to her feet she darted in covert mode. Entering the village, she stealthily snagged a sheet from a hanging line and draped it over her head to blend in with the locals. She made sure not to leave any belongings anywhere, making sure no clues were left. She knew where the district she had been instructed to was and she made a beeline for it.

Inside a family was having a festive dinner as she arrived at the door. She knocked in a pattern and everyone inside hushed, cancelling even the music. The door slowly opened and an older man greeted her, eyes concerned and confused. Ana brought the infant out from under her cloak but kept her hidden from peering eyes. Realization dawned on his face and he ushered her inside, closing the door behind her.

Ana slowly awoke at hearing the intercom call for Jack to go to the common room. She sat up slowly and rubbed her eye, pulling away damp fingers. She sighed and stood up, stretching. She looked down at her hands and saw a hazy figure of the little bundle. She closed them to fists slowly, sighing.

Mercy awoke the next morning bright and early as per her daily routine, alarmed that she didn't recognize her surroundings; she raised her head groggily and realized she was pinned down by a body. *Oh, that's right... she had spent the night in Pharah's room.* In her defense Pharah had hauled her in here and dumped her on the bed, completely distracting her from details of her space.

Pharah was dead asleep. She had to wrestle herself from under her arm and leg. Despite being gentle, Pharah was incredibly heavy. Even being freed, Mercy had struggled to sit up. Not only was her body recovering (stiffly) but she didn't want to leave Pharah's warmth. The other woman groaned in her sleep, turning her head to snore at the wall. Mercy leaned up on her arms and kissed Pharah on the cheek, who grumbled incoherently, body half covered by the dark red linen. On Mercy's insistence, they had managed to get out of bed to clean up and change the sheets and throw them in the washer. Mercy blushed hard when she remembered her ... *incident.* After coming to her senses she had buried her face in Pharah's shaking chest as she cried in

horror. Pharah had the hugest, smuggest grin when Mercy had informed her that *that* had never happened before. Pharah wrapped her up, kissing her over and over, telling her they were even. *Not in the slightest!*

Mercy sat back against the fluffy pillows and watched Pharah sleep. It was only 6 A.M., why wake her when she had time off and had managed to fall asleep only four hours ago. Despite being incredibly exhausted, she was hungry and in need of coffee. She didn't remember if Pharah drank coffee though. Deciding to go look, she gently pulled the covers back and tucked them around Pharah, giving her another quick peck on the cheek before dismounting the bed, wincing at the aches. She stretched and grimaced at the limbs popping and strained to move. *Why did her legs feel like she had been riding a horse for hours...?*

Pharah had lent her a shirt since she had arrived with no particular clothes. Slowly making her way to the kitchen, she flicked the stove's overhead light on and carefully and quietly searched the cabinets. She opened the fridge to find fresh veggies and fruits, juices and a carton of eggs. She pulled them out onto the counter and searched for utensils. Fruits and juice it was she guessed. The eggs looked tempting however; she looked up and spied a loaf of bread.

Pharah slowly opened her eyes to the sound of a pan sizzling softly in the kitchen. She smiled to herself, *Mercy was still here*. Or was it her mother? Quickly she shot up to a sitting position and heard light humming. She stood up lightly and pulled on a new pair of track pants. She slowly padded to the kitchen and saw Mercy stirring something and heard her appreciation when the toast popped up. She yawned, scratching her belly and smiled when Mercy turned to find her leaning on the doorway.

"Ah, sorry, did I wake you?"

"I wouldn't have wanted to miss this for the world," Pharah said lazily.

"Go back to bed, silly," Mercy mused and returned to the eggs. Pharah moved closer and wrapped her arms around her waist and rested her chin on her shoulder, humming in gratitude. Mercy reached up with her free hand and scratched Pharah's head lovingly, garnering a sound from her throat that sounded like a purr. "How's your body?" Pharah asked and Mercy blushed. "Oh... well... I... uh..."

Pharah chuckled, closing her eyes, "I've got salve if you want."

Mercy laughed, "Please, I have something for this too, though I must admit not to this extent, but I'm going to be alright. It'll be a reminder either way... I'll gladly heal slowly while you're away."

Those last words made Pharah pull away from her. Mercy didn't notice her mood change while gathering plates for the food, placed them on the table and left the kitchen. Mercy turned to see Pharah leave to the left and saw the plates ready. She grabbed them and poured the eggs.

Pharah stared at the mirror with her face dripping wet, earnestly trying to stop her face from swelling up. She shook her head and sighed, dropping her gaze to the towels on the floor. She scooped them up and turning, bumped into Mercy. She quickly apologized but Mercy cupped her face and held her still, looking up at her. Pharah bit her lower lip and tried to look away, ashamed that she would cry in front of her. Mercy hugged her up tight and rubbed the back of her head and Pharah deflated in her arms.

“Athena, please locate Sombra,” Ana paced the room, eye on the AI’s main screen. A quick second scan and the AI announced its findings negatory. Jack was sitting at the terminal with Winston going over the details for the missions. He glanced over at Ana who was chewing her lip, something he recognized she did when she worried. “Something you want to share with us?”

She stopped but didn’t look his way. “Sorry, Jack, but this is a different family issue. However, I’ll share a cup of tea with you once I find out what I need.”

“This Sombra,” Jack sat back and rubbed his chin. “Sounds familiar. Did we arrest her once upon a time? I feel it’s a bad omen to say her name for some reason.”

Ana chuckled and turned to face him, “Yes, you remember her, but no, never imprisoned.” She crossed her arms. “Although at this point, I wish we had.” She muttered to herself.

“Dangerous?”

“I haven’t decided,” Ana replied, staring at Athena’s screen. *Somehow she’s escaping Athena’s eye.* “I’ll check with you later, Jack,” she said with a wave of her hand and walked out of the room into the hallway. She stopped short when she saw a blue blur zip past with an odd whining sound. Ana stared a moment watching Tracer disappear around the corner.

“MEEERCY!”

Ana flinched at the shrill plea that flooded the corridor, *what had gotten into her?*

After a heavy breakfast Pharah had sleepily sprawled on the couch and lazily coaxed Mercy to join her. Obliging, she moved closer and let Pharah pull her onto her chest. Lying back, Pharah was already dozing off, her eyes sleepy with a hum in her chest that made Mercy smile softly. As Pharah’s gentle ministrations on her back slowly came to a stop, Mercy felt so much inner peace and happiness she could burst. She lay awake, watching her, the slow rise of her chest, strands of her hair leisurely falling into her face and the shade under her beautiful lashes. Mercy wanted to see this face, every day, rise to it and fall asleep with it.

She wanted so much, she wanted the world to be safe but the world meant nothing if Pharah wasn’t in it. It wasn’t a world worth protecting. *Was that so wrong to think like that?* It seemed like the world was trying to take Pharah away from her and she couldn’t stand it. When Scaldar had called her out of the blue saying she had to be somewhere ASAP, she had honestly thought it was an emergency. Diorah explained the situation and suddenly Mercy’s schedule was freed up and she had ran. Without another thought she had made it to her apartment with seriously nothing more than the intent to be with her. Here they were... and yet Pharah felt so far away. She would leave in less than a day. She would be back. *Right?*

Mercy couldn’t understand the tears escaping, falling on the fists clutched at Pharah’s chest. Falling in love with a soldier... how could she fall in love with a soldier? She had promised never to do it again... before she knew it Pharah’s snore broke her out of her thoughts. She smiled now, looking up at her beloved warrior. Once Pharah had dressed up in a feather headdress while playing cowboys with McCree and had rushed past her in her childish giggle, but here she lay on

top of a grand woman whose life mission was to protect. Out of the blue, Pharah wrapped her up closer, resting her chin on her head, still snoozing. *Was she dreaming?*

With the sound of Pharah's heartbeat, Mercy slowly fell asleep as well, content, warm and loved.

"You can't be serious..." Ana stood in the doorway, already confused as to why she was the one summoned. Alejandra had refused to look at the baby when it was born, told the nurses to pack it away, although her words were cold, her lips trembled. "It's for the best. It didn't deserve death because of my decision. But it won't be safe with me."

Ana placed her hands on her hips, eyes furrowing. "You lied to us?"

"I need you to do something for her," Alejandra looked at her finally and Ana saw the pain of a mother with a heart wrenching decision.

"A girl," Ana said softly, shaking her head and looking away. "You lied to us about being pregnant when it turned out you actually were pregnant! Now you're asking me to help?!"

Alejandra's eyes pleaded, "She deserves a safe life. She can't have that with me. I have too many enemies, she'll be a target. They'll hurt her to hurt me." She heaved a breath to fight a sob that ached in her chest, "Please. Take her." She produced a cube of information and Ana reluctantly took it, scanning the coordinates and glanced up in shock. "This is ... what you want? We can protect you both. Here at Overwatch. Everyone."

"Go," Alejandra replied, looking away. "If you don't do this, then her blood is on your hands." Ana fumed and rushed forward, grabbing her face, tears in her eyes. "How could you do this to us? Are we not family? I thought you loved her."

Alejandra's tears finally fell. "It's because I love her that I did this. Now go, please, there's no time." Ana swallowed the knot in her throat and slowly kissed her on the forehead. "Be safe, habibti. We still love you very much. Please remember that." With that Ana quickly left the hospital room.

Ana walked the gardens. The sun was up high now; the ocean breeze blowing over the cliffside was mildly refreshing. She sat down on a boulder and crossed her arms staring over the ocean's horizon. A barge blew its horn far off amongst the gulls cries.

"If you wanted to speak to me, all you had to do was ask... not Athena," a small chuckle to her left. She turned her head and saw the purple outfitted woman, sitting a few feet away, leaning back on her arms, staring out as well. "This view never changes."

Ana watched her hair gently sway in the wind and then at her eyes crinkle when she laughed, looking at the cliffs where the base of a lighthouse stood lonely. "Actually, that's new."

Ana nodded and shrugged, "McCree took the airship to show up Tracer and ran it into the lighthouse. Gabe punished him severely for it, since it was his favorite spot." That made Sombra laugh out loud and Ana chuckled along.

They sat in silence afterwards, enjoying the scenery and Ana would never admit out

loud that she enjoyed the company.

Mercy had barely put her jacket on as she stepped out of the elevator with a forlorn sigh when suddenly Tracer, out of nowhere, grabbed her arm. "There you are! I've been trying to reach you! Why is your phone off?!"

"H- how'd you know where to find me?!" Mercy exclaimed and winced as she was dragged away. "This is an emergency!"

Mercy tried to focus on her coffee as Tracer paced back and forth rapidly, fearing she would wear the tiles out. She was talking fast, completely incoherent. Mercy tried to pick up clues but whatever was distressing Tracer was big she gathered. *Belts. Regret. Cheating. Hacker bitch. All night. Amazing. Crying. Get back at her. More crying.* Mercy raised her hands up to get her attention. "Tracer please! How can I help you when-"

"I slept with Widow!" Tracer blurted and Mercy sat back. *Was that all? Was this ... news?*

"Uh... well.... it was obvious," Mercy said with a tilt of her head. Tracer frantically waved her hands in front of her. "No, no, no! Not like you and Pharah. I mean, I think? No! It's not the same! I mean you two are in love right? So, it's not the same!"

Mercy rubbed the bridge of her nose and sighed. *Love... huh.* "Tracer, honey..."

But Tracer went on a spiel again and once again Mercy lost her. She stood up quickly and grabbed Tracer by the shoulders to steady her. "Breathe, breaaaaathe, good. Good. Now what-"

"I fucked her hard," Tracer wailed, tears streaming down her eyes. Mercy still didn't understand. "Uh, without... her consent?" *What was the issue?!* Tracer pulled away again, pacing as she spoke with her hands.

"She and Sombra were sneaking around while we've been seeing each other and Sombra shared Intel and I lost it on Widow. Completely lost it. I'm talking hair pulling, slapping, tying her up, biting and whipping her! I'm absolutely sixes and sevens about this!"

Mercy stared stunned at her, one sleeve of her jacket sliding off her shoulder. *Whoa.* She never knew Tracer had it in her.

"D-did you hurt her? Did she ... fight back?"

Tracer's shoulders slouched, "No. She stayed the night and when I was '*done*' she said... she said she loved me. In French of course but I understood..."

Oh.

Mercy exhaled and rubbed Tracer's arms, dipping her head down to look her in the eye. "Isn't that a good thing? Isn't that what you want with her?"

"I don't know..." Tracer said with a lip tremble. "I wasn't expecting this."

Mercy nodded and helped straighten her up. *You and me both.* "Look, I'm sure you two can talk about this."

Tracer shook her head and covered her face. "I can't. I ran. I haven't slept all night. I didn't know where to go. I just kept running. I wanted to talk to her but I don't know... I felt ashamed? I don't know!"

"Easy!" Mercy opened her arms when Tracer flung herself at her, bawling into her chest. "I'm sorry! I panicked! I didn't know who to turn to!"

"Shh. Shhhhhh, it's okay. You're going to be ok. If Widow isn't going to murder you when she finds you, then that's a good thing, okay?"

She petted Tracer's hair gently, not like a child but like a distressed puppy. She hugged her tight. "Love doesn't have to be complicated. If you two feel the same for each other, you should talk it out. And if you don't feel the same, you still should talk about it. These things have remedy."

"I don't know how I feel..." Tracer mumbled in her chest. Mercy looked out the window. "Well, you mentioned someone had gotten involved with Widow and it made you upset. How upset? Just angry? Were you jealous? Did it make you sad?"

Tracer was quiet for a few seconds. "All of the above?"

Mercy chuckled and pulled Tracer to have her look up at her, cupping her face. "There, see? You're doing fine, considering. But yes, talk to her. It seems like you both need to figure this out. Preferably the sooner the better."

Tracer looked away, suddenly shy. "Yea... I-I guess you're right..." she inhaled a deep breath and let go, backing away to let the hands fall on her shoulders instead. "Thanks. I'll go talk to her then. Sort this mess right."

Mercy smiled endearingly, "Good." Tracer nodded and took two awkward steps back and quickly sped out of the room. Mercy stood a few more moments before picking up her coffee to stare out the window. *Sure, great advice Mercy, how about you take some of your own?* She sighed and hung her head. Love was actually pretty complicated. But only because she was making it that way.

She walked back into her office and sitting down to get to work, she activated the screens. As they loaded up, she noticed she was out of nibs. She searched her drawers and finding none, stood up to check the cabinets before calling Marianne. She pushed aside binders and other things she hadn't seen in a long while when suddenly the binder on top fell down next to her. The noise made her flinch and she turned quickly to catch it before it fell to the floor. Papers fell out and she bent to collect them. Suddenly a photo caught her attention and she froze, staring at it wordlessly.

The next day, bright and early Mercy was in the med bay, helping with stock to be sent out to the countries in need. She scanned each pallet with her holo-tablet, helping the dock workers with priority packing. Ana stood by the doorway waiting to be noticed and when Mercy caught her eye she smiled with a wave of her fingers. Mercy handed the tablet to the packer and nodded for him to continue. Mercy stuck her hands in her white lab coat pockets and walked

briskly over to her.

"Ana, hello. Is there something you need?" Mercy brushed the hair out of her eyes. The notion was now a habit ever since Ana had teased her when she was younger that long bangs in front made her look juvenile when she had desperately tried to look mature. Ana grinned at that gesture.

"I'm surprised you're here actually. I thought you'd be waving our brave people off."

Mercy looked at her wrist watch and swallowed hard. "I was hoping to get this all done before departure honestly," she rubbed the back of her neck and looked behind her. Ana clucked her tongue.

"These boys know how to do their job, dear. I think you should go and soak up all the time left," Ana refrained from saying anything else from the look in Mercy's eyes. The blonde nodded slowly and excusing herself she walked down the hall in heavy strides.

Pharah was opening up her heavy duty locker. She shoved the tool bag inside and her army jacket. She was making sure her cargo pants had all the necessities that she could carry without sounding like a coin machine.

"Nice ride," came a lilting voice behind her. Pharah turned her head and putting down her bag, she smiled. "Yea, we get the best rigs in the house."

Mercy chuckled at her dorky sense of humor. Pharah snorted and returned to securing her belongings in the cabin lockers. Pharah noticed Mercy was looking over the cargo hold, feigning interest, the woman disapproved of violence and especially of guns. Ana had to convince her thoroughly to practice with one every day. Mercy at the end of the day always left it in the practice range and always retrieved it on missions, even then she hesitated. But when one day D.va and Mei's life were compromised, she had helped finish off the attack and from then on carried one diligently. *She had pulled it on Pharah twice now.* Pharah held out her hand and flicked her wrist motioning at her hip. Mercy gave her a confused glance and then nodding, parted her lab coat and unclasped the holster releasing the blaster. Pharah checked it over and smiled approvingly. Mercy kept it well polished and cleaned. "Just because it's a weapon doesn't mean it has to be grungy on my person."

Pharah grinned and unlocked it and checked to see if it was loaded. She gently jammed it back into place and handed it back, butt first. Mercy hesitated a second and then took it from her hand and put it back in its holster that was attached to her leg. Pharah clenched her jaw at that. Mercy crossed her arms and rocked on her feet, looking everywhere but at Pharah.

"So, three months... of peace and quiet."

Pharah chuckled and her hands went to her waist. "You'll finally have some when I'm gone you mean?" Pharah tilted her head, mimicking the doctor. "Didn't fancy our abrupt meetings did you?"

"Like I said, I'll take the time to heal."

Pharah laughed and locked the unit, pocketing the key, zipping up her military pockets. She put her hands on her hips and rocked on her left hip, "Duty calls. Like they say, soldiers aren't going to march themselves." She tried to make it light but Mercy barely cracked a smile. She

reached out and pulled Mercy into an embrace. Mercy held on tight, burying her face, probably to hide tears as Pharah petted the top of her hair.

"Remember when we were younger, mother used to always catch us playing hide and seek."

"She'd get mad at me because you had to be in bed and I was the responsible one."

Pharah snorted and pulled back to look at her face. A few kisses on her temple to coax her to look up and Mercy's glittering eyes made her sad. She cupped the face and kissed the nose.

"You gave me something when I said I was scared. Do you remember?"

Pharah dug into her shirt neckline and pulled out the leather strap necklace, weathered and a bit frayed on the edges. From it dangled a hoop earring with two little songbirds chasing one another. Mercy stared at it, it needed polishing but under Pharah's shirt it still glimmered in the faint light.

"Eternity." A smile spread across her face slowly and she laughed. "You still have that?"

"It's my most cherished possession," Pharah stepped back to gently lift it over her head and out of her hair and she held it with two hands. "The braided rope is from my father's nation. It was my mother's until I was old enough to appreciate things that didn't have value but hold meaning. The earring is from you, to quiet a sobbing child. As you can see, it means a lot to me. I want you to hold onto it for me, it'll bring you peace and keep me close to you."

Mercy lifted her pony tail and let Pharah drape it over her head until it settled around her neck. She picked up the earring made charm and stroked the little bird on the bottom. She had completely forgotten about this. She never saw it on Pharah often, mostly the leather strap but never the charm.

"Isn't this your good luck?"

"Trust me, I got plenty of good luck on my side as of late," Pharah said softly, gently lifting Mercy's hair from her nape. "And much more to hold me over."

20 minutes till departure. All units please board the airship. I repeat. 20 minutes till departure. All units please board the airship.

Pharah and Mercy had glanced up at the voice in the air and then looked back down at each other. Scaldier and Timothy were trekking up the ramp, chuckling and talking until they glanced up and froze at seeing the women standing inside. Pharah nodded at them and they took their seats, belting up.

"This is it," Mercy said and waved at the men loading in. They nodded in return and one was loudly dismayed that she wasn't joining them. Pharah chuckled and held out an arm to escort Mercy off the ship. She walked with her to the base and when all soldiers were accounted for, they were reluctant to say goodbye. Mercy quickly perked up and took off her earrings. Quickly sanitizing them, she offered them to Pharah who held out her hand, confused.

"These are my favorite pair," Mercy said with a shy smile. "I'll want these personally

handed back to me."

Pharah rolled them in her palm and nodded with a grin. She put the blue sapphires onto her lobes, clipping on the backs and put her hands on her hips, chin up. "How do I look?"

Mercy's lips wavered slightly, "Nothing short of amazing."

"Pharah hurry up, Jack will be here in five!" Someone yelled from inside.

Pharah shrugged at them to stop interrupting and turned back to Mercy.

"That's my cue to avoid an ass kicking."

They both chuckled and nodded at each other. Pharah stood a second longer and then giving her a small wave, she turned and walked down the ramp.

"Pharah."

She froze and turned her head, expectantly.

Mercy swallowed hard and gripped her hands tightly. *Just say it. Say it!* When Pharah raised an eye brow in confusion, Mercy felt the knot in her chest rise. Her heart was hammering and she brushed the hair out of her eyes to appear casual. She stared hard at Pharah. *Please read me.* She swallowed again and breathed, voice wavering. "Will you... wait for me?"

Realization dawned on Pharah's face. She took a step off the ramp and smiled up at her, "I'd wait a hundred years, if not more."

Mercy chuckled in her tears and nodded, "I'll hold you to that."

"Hoh, here comes Commander..." Pharah heard Scaldier mutter. Solid footsteps were heard and Mercy turned to greet him, still a few paces away when suddenly Pharah ran forward and grabbed Mercy by the arms and pulled her close. Surprised, Mercy turned and lips were pressed on hers. Before she could react, Pharah then bolted up the ramp as it was closing and leapt inside, rolling onto her knees. She glanced back and waved quickly when she could still see Mercy who was blushing as the Commander greeted her in confusion. He looked over but Pharah was already in her spot. Scaldier and Diorah had helped strap her in as soon as she had slammed into her seat, like clockwork. The overhead door thundered into place and all was quiet except the metal clangs of heavy boots on metal.

Jack came in through the side door and eyed everyone. "Everyone accounted for?"

There were glances around the room. "Nobody but us chickens," they all erupted in mirthful chatter. Jack stared at Pharah. "Going to get yourself killed out there, future-commander?"

"Not really planning on it. Why? Is there an early retirement plan?"

More chuckles.

Jack didn't laugh and then walked away. "Alright, be a good bunch of boys and girls and we'll see you all back soon." He stopped at the door and looked over his shoulder and shook his head. "Nice earrings, soldier." Everyone craned their necks to look at Pharah who proudly grinned.

"Hey, I saw you pick up something from the floor when you Indiana Jonesed in. What is

it?" Timothy asked, motioning at her hand with his chin. Pharah shook her head, "Something Mercy probably dropped."

"Well, look at it!" Scaldar said annoyed at the obvious. Pharah rolled her eyes and told him to mind his business. It was a photo but without taking a second to look at it, she unzipped her pocket and zipped it back up for security. Just another thing she had to return to her love. She smiled at herself, patting it.

When the ship lifted, Mercy was still standing at the base dock, watching as the large ship draped a shadow from its bulk. The loud humming and wind picked up rustling her hair and clothes but she stood still. It quickly shot out of sight and she could imagine hearing Pharah's voice, 'hey, driver, mind slowing down, trying to nap here!' She chuckled and shook her head. Her hands went into her jacket's pockets and her eyes widened when she realized the photo she had absently placed inside was gone. She bit her lip and tried to think where she had misplaced it. She turned and walked back inside. She hoped she hadn't lost it after finally finding it again.

Chapter End Notes

lots of grammatical errors cause I want my editor to be surprised but I don't think it works when she shakes her head at the mistakes,haha, love you baby!

junkrat's away

Down with the Sickness

Chapter Summary

Everyone's busy trying to save the world while trying to handle their daily lives.

Chapter Notes

I butchered accents

I am so damn sorry!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Dr. Himikawa, what can you tell us about the outbreak that is spreading throughout the world as we speak?” Everyone hushed as they intently listened, recording hover bots slowly circling the room and reporters taking avid notes, glancing up at him expectantly. The doctor nodded and leaned closer to the mic, trying to ignore the many flashing photography. He raised his head and cleared his throat.

“With extensive research and diagnosis with the I.W.H.O, we have confirmed that the sickness is roughly translated to the Neo-poliovirus.”

The volume of concerned voices rose over each other and Mercy tried to listen calmly and wait patiently. The ushers quickly settled people down. Marianne, by Mercy’s side, was alarmed by the reaction while Mercy stayed collected; hands folded in front of her, hair up in a bun to keep her bangs from falling into her face. She wore glasses that served as deflectors of any bright photography so she could keep from squinting. The two other doctors were shaking their heads at the people’s reaction. However Mercy continued when the room settled enough, raising her voice for those who were intent on recording her words.

“The symptoms are familiar 80% with the exemption of the post-polio Syndrome, which means typically it won’t return to the host in later years-“

“-It would eventually just kill people instead then!”

“Are the symptoms the same?!”

“Who are the ones mostly affected and are there any vaccines?!” A reporter interrupted. Mercy looked sharply at him. “We are doing our best to assess the severity at this point-“

“-Wasn’t Polio eradicated a century ago, worldwide? What made its reappearance?”

Marianne and Mercy’s eyes swung over to a woman on the far right. Again the ushers and guards had to inform the crowd to calm down or they would be kicked out. Dr. Vasechkin stepped up this time, her tone clear and precise. Everyone immediately silenced.

“Ve, at zis present time, have not come to a conclusion yet. Ve can only zurmise the

outcome in order to contain the virus that has hit many nations seemingly at once. The entire medical team Worldwide is doing its absolute best in reproducing the virus with the nanotechnology that has progressed a thousand fold since Dr. Zeigler has joined our team. In very short time we will have everything back in order. We did it before and we will do it again. As for those affected, it is once again targeting the young children, pregnant individuals and those with weakened immune systems. As Dr. Zeigler has mentioned, it is exempt of the Post-polio Syndrome, so yes, there have been many expirations and the numbers are climbing rapidly.”

“Was Silent Transmission the reason it wasn’t 1000% eradicated?”

Dr. Vasechkin nodded at the reporter, thankful for his knowledgeable question. “Unfortunately complete resolve and annihilation of the Virus can only be achieved if every single person on this planet has been vaccinated and monitored. As much as the I.W.H.O has reached out its arm, not many have accepted our help or heeded our warnings. Because of this we cannot be sure where the spread has started or commence treatment to the ones that are severely impacted. Every single medical port has been enlisted to extract as many replicas of the containment virus using the registered and tested nanobiology.”

Mercy listened carefully as the older Biomedical Scientist explained in practiced mannerism, showing her worldliness. Marianne watched the two of them. Dr. Zeigler seemed enthralled by the Russian doctor. She had to admit, the older woman was striking in the way she spoke, carried herself and presented her voice to the crowd. Everyone was quiet, slight humming from the omnis recording and a slight cough who people inched away from. At that the scientist lifted her eyes, sharp dark blue eyes framed in dark lenses accentuating her cheek bones and dark hair held up by a silver pin.

Dr. Himikawa answered the quiet fear. “Everyone can be at ease in this conference room. Upon entrance you have all forgone a sanitization procedure. This entire room is safe, rest assured.”

Mercy looked down at her notes and she slowly glanced up at an omni who was intently watching her. Marianne traveled along her gaze and her eyes settled on the omni as well. Mercy and Marianne exchanged a glance. *Did she see that flash of red too?*

Another question interrupted their thoughts. “Are omnis carriers?”

The room hushed. Dr. Vasechkin and Mercy held their tongue, thoughts churning in their heads to answer appropriately.

“Omnis have been tested and have come up positive.”

Vasechkin gritted her jaw at the male doctor’s response and Mercy bit her lip in worry. As if humans weren’t on edge about omnis as it was. *Not good.* The room erupted in questions and suggestions to be rid of the machines worldwide. Mercy shook her head.

“Omnis are starting the human annihilation all over again!”

The head scientist and Mercy shared a glance and gave her a curt nod. Mercy cleared her throat and Marianne raised her arms to gather attention and quiet the audience. “The omnis can only be first affected by human contacts that have been found carrying the virus. The ones tested thus far are by the army who are deployed in countries with unfortunate circumstances, mostly due to casualties of war.” She swallowed the last words harshly and continued after a drink of water. “They have been quarantined and sanitized in their stations to stop the outbreak. Starting since last week, immunizations, sanitation tents and nanobiotech-vaccines have been sent worldwide to help the M.E.T contain the virus until we can re-create, if not improve, a cure-all. In

the meantime, those who we have been able to reach out have been stabilized for further monitoring under strict supervision. We have a trusted medical structure that is doing its upmost to help those in need.”

“How many have been affected according to statistics?” A reporter said raising his hands.

“As it stands...” Himikawa glanced at the other doctors who were watching him. “Two million,” he finally said. The room erupted in gasps and outcries. “Are you bloody serious?!”

“And because of that we have to get back to work. This meeting is adjourned.” Himikawa stood up first and walked off to the back of the conference wall. “Just a few more questions!”

Guards had to hold people back as they tried to push through. Mercy swallowed hard and stood up, following Vasechkin, bidding Marianne to stay close. Once hidden and out of the noise Mercy pulled Marianne aside and asked her if she was alright. Marianne nodded, still visibly shaken from the experience.

“You will get used to it.”

Both women looked up and saw Vasechkin waving off the wait staff, turning to them, hands in her coat. “I want to say it gets better, but the field we are in doesn’t make promises, just doing our best.” She approached them and Mercy found herself self-conscious towards the taller woman. With her piercing stare, Marianne became a puddle. “I have heard good things about you Marianne in Dr. Ziegler’s report. We look towards your future with great promise.”

All Marianne could do was nod and smile weakly. Mercy squeezed her shoulder that helped her relax.

Pharah landed on top of the payload as deftly as a giant bird of prey. She crouched and asked for statistics. "So far so good, Captain. We've secured the area. We should be able to arrive without any issues."

Pharah nodded. *That's what she wanted to hear.* The giant crate was covered in magnetic sheeting and hauled by a carrier omnic. Pharah straightened up and gripped her rocket launcher. She searched her surroundings when suddenly everything was too quiet. The omnic kept moving. These streets weren't safe. They had been bid to escort the supplies to the camps without damaging a single vial. All guards and three of her Raptorian squad were vigilantly watching. Even when they got close to the hospital, they still weren't out of the clear.

Reaching the gigantic metal gates of the hospital, Pharah stared up at them being slowly opened. *Why was a hospital, which is supposed to be accessible to the public, be shut like this?*

Once inside they entered a security chamber, with translucent rays examining the cargo for contamination. She and her crew took off their helmets and identified themselves. The metal sheeting from the cargo was removed to reveal a clear thick plastic case and inside another glass box of a million vials, shimmering with nanos. Pharah glanced at them and she smiled at the thought of Mercy raising a dropper on a disc to examine the biology within the vials. Pharah had no doubt that Mercy’s hard work was undeniable and she was going to secure it to the end.

Upon reaching the end of the tunnel, the doors opened with a hiss and steam. On the

other side, sanitized guards and packers waited for the cargo, saluting the officers. They saluted back and Pharah stepped forward. "Captain Amari, here to deliver 8529W7892 as ordered."

She waited for them to acknowledge the cargo with a hover scanner. It returned to the head medical scientist and he nodded. "Thank you," he shook each of their hands adamantly. "Thank you, so much. This brings so much relief. Finally we can do what we can to help the people in need."

Pharah saluted and turned back the way they came. Metal and armor was heard as they exited the heavy metal gates. She stared up at them before putting on her helmet. She glanced at each of her men. "On to the next one." They nodded and took flight.

Pharah stayed a second longer when she thought she was being stared down. When nothing presented itself she cautiously took to the air and followed her squad mates.

Soft breath at her ear, gentle kisses against her shoulder, sweet murmurings as lips traveled to her neck, the tender twist of skin on skin had Alejandra arching her body into the warmth of the body above her.

"Are you alright?" the husky voice asked, caressing her cheek gently. Soft lips brushed hers and pulled back to look at her. Alejandra nodded and tugged the body back on top of her, loving the weight press her into the mattress.

"Does it hurt?" they asked, concerned, carefully pushing with their hips. She shook her head again, wordless except for the soft hitches she gave whenever she felt the member slide in and out cautiously. They had been big, but with appropriate measures on their part it had been almost effortless. They had prepared her almost to the point where Alejandra was a begging and sobbing mess. She clutched the torso to her, kissing the mouth fervently, allowing them to move, and swaying their bodies as they rocked them.

"Ya Hayati, Ana Bahebak," the voice whispered softly. Alejandra cupped the face and eyes glittering with tears, she repeated it and they smiled. Their mouths met again and she sank into a blanket of warmth.

Sombra shot up from her perch. She frantically searched her surroundings and spotted Widow crouched up on the dorm tower's 11th balcony. "What can I say, except you're welcome?" she said with a grin to which Widow rolled her eyes. She shot the grappling hook forward and landed on her feet, dropping Sombra backwards onto her back with her in between her legs. Widow stared down at her, hands on her hips. Sombra's tensed body settled and she chuckled. "Tell me how good it was."

Widow lowered down to sit on Sombra's hips, whose smile immediately left her and she hitched in a deep breath in surprise. "Ohho, so this is what that lil Speedy Gonzalez has you into huh?" Widow remained wordless and expressionless.

"What's wrong? Little mouse got your tongue?" Sombra's grin returned and Widow still only stared. Sombra gave a frustrated sigh and sat up with Widow on her waist, bringing her closer. Their noses touched and Sombra found herself leaning in to kiss her, only Widow pulled away, standing up and making distance between them. Sombra sprang to her feet and glared up at

the assassin, "So, now the roles have reversed has it? You're done with me?"

Widow's hand gently caressed Sombra's cheek, silencing her. She leaned in close and her eyes narrowed. "I will never be done with you." She pinched Sombra's cheek and laughed. Sombra yanked away, rubbing her cheek in disdain.

"What do you want anyway?"

Widow rocked on her hip and looked at her again, "Did you find what you were looking for?"

Sombra turned away with a huff, blowing the side bangs from her face, crossing her arms. "My business here is done. Not that it's any of your business. So I'm out." She spun around with a flick of her hair and grinned, waving her fingers. "Best regards to your new playmate. Adios!" and she vanished. Widow remained where she stood, the gust of wind picking up. Down on the beach a blue blur caught her view. And her smile returned. Tracer was running along the beach. Perhaps running wasn't the right word. She was trailblazing down the beach, churning up sand and scaring wildlife, yelling at the top of her lungs. Widow cocked a curious eyebrow. She hadn't seen her in two days since their 'incident'. Widow had returned to her loft many a times, hoping to catch her. But the Brit hadn't been home at all. She watched as Tracer finally stopped to catch her breath, bent over, hands on knees, chest heaving, and sweat dripping down her face. *Or was she crying?*

Widow turned away, leaving the image behind. She looked towards the Dorm towers and instead went the opposite direction, throwing a grappling hook.

"This is the third district, Captain. Surely you've noticed. Doesn't look right." Michalka had reported to the captain, but saying what was on his mind as well.

Pharah rolled up the sheets she was examining on her desk and stuck them into the transport tube, eyes never meeting his. "Any explanation we get will only be an excuse. They'd lie to us. We shouldn't get involved in their own country affairs."

"Captain, with all due respect, we are involved. This is why we are here, to help people. The gates aren't there to ward off wild animals. It's to ward off people who can't afford the medicine. I know you feel the same way too. We have to do something!"

"Enough," Pharah straightened up and shoved the tube into his chest, making him catch it. "We are here to do our job."

"Our job was to ensure that the people in need get their medicine."

"*Our* job is to protect the medicine until it reaches the hospital where they can evenly distribute where needed. How are we to know where it is needed?" She turned away and the soldier, who produced more records, presented her with more papers to sign.

"It's obvious," Michalka replied. He froze up when Pharah slowly turned to face him, her eyes narrowed. "That's enough of your doubts. You're dismissed." Pharah motioned to the carrier. "Both of you, leave me."

Saluting curtly, they both exited, leaving the room quiet except for the soft hum of the air conditioner above her. She slumped back in her chair and massaged her temple. She had

headache medicine somewhere. She rummaged in her many pockets and the small photo slipped out, sliding onto the floor. She glanced at it and immediately scooped it up but this time the image caught her eye. She bit her lip and placed it on her table to find a suitable spot for it to get back to Mercy. There was a slight knock and Pharah grunted an entrance while opening her drawers one by one, hastily.

Suoh stepped in around the door cautiously. Pharah lifted her head at the medic and he rattled a bottle. She sighed and nodded, bidding him in. "Thought so," he said with a shake of his head. "You soldiers need to keep hydrated and have your mind alert in this heat." He poured her three capsules and she received them gratefully, chugging water immediately. He pulled out his stethoscope and walked around to her back where he listened to her lungs.

"Glad you're still doing well. In a few hours, after meals, I'll be in the med bay, giving precautionary immunization if you would be so kind to drop by." He lifted her wrist and pressed two fingers lightly into her pulse point and timed her. He nodded again and leaned against her desk while Pharah stretched her neck. He glanced down at her desk briefly, noting the paperwork but also noticed the photo. He picked it up and chuckled.

Pharah stopped and watched him smile, she dropped her arm. "You know who that is?"

He responded with a snort, shaking his head. "Devonte. The craziest mofo you'll ever have known." He gestured to the photo and she finally examined it. "How'd you get this?"

Pharah was too focused on the dark skinned man, who had a dog bone in between his teeth and trying desperately to hold five puppies that were squirming and reaching for the dog bone. Despite the humorous calamity, his clear green eyes were focused on whoever was taking the shot. Pharah slowly raised her eyes to Suoh. "It's ... Mercy's. She dropped it on the ship when she came to say good bye..."

He was silent a few moments and sat back on the desk. "Didn't know she still had it. She said... she had gotten rid of everything." He scratched the back of his neck. Pharah again stared at the photo; she flipped it back in her wrist to see if anything was written on the back. Only a small heart was scrawled on the top right corner with the date. She put it down on the table. "I'll have it returned to her when I get back." Pharah stood up and faced the wall map, mapping out their next route safely.

"I'm not so sure that's a good idea," the medic said behind her. "I think she may have wanted to get rid of it."

"Whatever her intentions were, I will let her take care of it herself. Or is this man so vile to her that I should do the honors?" she said, turning to face him with a cap in between her teeth. He only stared at the photo. She capped the marker and waited, almost tense. *Did this man hurt Mercy?*

"Vile? No. Not Devonte. The man was built for war most definitely. Mercy mellowed him out that none of us could believe it was the same man," Suoh chuckled, still staring at the picture. "That woman honestly had the magic touch to those she loved, very startling actually. We all called her a witch. He *didn't* like that though."

Pharah almost dropped the marker but she quickly regained composure and put her hands on her hips. "An ex-boyfriend?"

Suoh shook his head, raising the picture again. "Fiancé." He dropped the photo onto the table and gathering his things he nodded at her with a small smile. "Thanks for the memories, Captain. I expect to see you in med bay later today." With that he shut the door and left her alone.

Pharah stared at the photo on the desk. Devonte. An ex-fiancé. The photo was taken a decade ago. *And Mercy had gotten rid of most of his reminders?* She sat on the chair and with a sigh pocketed it. Either way, it belonged to Mercy; she had to do with it what she wanted.

Mercy at her desk suddenly sneezed out of the blue. Confused, she reached over for a tissue to blow her nose. *Was she coming down with something?* “You know that saying, stupid people are immune to colds?”

Mercy turned around to see Ana at the door. *This woman certainly had a lot of free time.* Mercy chuckled and shook her head. “Well then,” she closed up her screen and turned to face Ana, standing up. “Is there something you need?”

Ana shrugged and walked in, arms crossed as she slowly walked over to the window across from her. The sea breeze blew in gently, swirling the transparent curtains, almost in her face. “I suppose with the boys gone it’s gotten fairly quiet. I wanted to make sure you weren’t lonely.”

Mercy swallowed hard and pulled at her collar, feigning looking through her records when Ana glanced her way. “I’ve been much too busy. My life is never dull.”

At that Ana gave a throaty chuckle. She watched Mercy’s lithe fingers travel across several screens at the speed of light, practiced and self-reliant.

Mercy was too aware of the eye watching her intently, she went over multiple screens often returning to the same one to appear extremely busy. *Why was this woman making her nervous?* Oh. That’s right. She was a MASTER SNIPER whose daughter she was sleeping WITH. She almost covered her face in embarrassment. *Your daughter nearly killed me in the sheets.*

When Ana cleared her throat, Mercy’s soul almost made a run for it. She retrieved it by hastily taking a sip from her cold mug, making a face. Ana laughed and Mercy’s eyes shot up at her. Ana shook her head and walked back to the door.

“You really need to take it easy,” she paused with her hand on the doorframe and with one last glance at Mercy; she stepped out into the hallway, out of sight.

Pharah stood still in the shadows and observed from a distance. The payload was moving but unfortunately it was slow moving. The only reasoning she could see behind it was its security to deliver the fragile items safely and intact. However, there was the mystery why they needed so many guards. Her orders were simple. Gather a team, protect the payload along its delivery and make sure the physicians receive it without a hitch. Nothing else. You were not to ask anything of your commanders. Do as you’re told. Pharah liked to follow the rules. There was order and organization. Do your job right and there'd be no issues. Regardless of that, something didn't sit right. Michalka’s words played in her head over and over and the seed of doubt had been planted.

She watched civilians carefully; although few did stop to glance over most of them were murmuring amongst themselves. This *was* medicine right? Pharah stared at the draped payload and pressed her lips in a thin line.

The third run was the one that made up her mind when an errand tomato had pelted Joaquin in the back. He swung around blaster in hand and people screamed to take cover. Pharah gave him a sharp look and he immediately lowered his weapon. She did catch a glimpse of a person running away. *How obvious.* She gave a quick nod with her head to their left and he bolted.

"The rest of you stay with the payload," she ordered. The omnic kept moving and the haul lurched again. She looked up and saw something glint in the distance. "Sniper! Get down!" People scattered and the soldiers tensed, raising their barriers. A shot went through the omnic and it sputtered to a stop with a hole clear through its chest, narrowly missing the cargo. "Hitch! Michalka! Split and find them!"

The two left in a blink without hesitation. Pharah quickly imported codes to the haul and a barrier hummed over it, her back covered by the last two soldiers who were warily watching the skies. "Flight!" Pharah and the other two shot up into the sky as a grenade had been launched over the horizon and slammed onto the payload. It made the sound of a ticking bomb and the explosion was blinding. Taking cover from the debris, Pharah quickly jumped back into line to see if any civilians were hurt. One woman who was bleeding from her forehead, yanked her arm away from Pharah. "Because of you people this has to happen!"

Pharah pressed her lips together and opened her mouth when suddenly she was interrupted.

"Captain...!"

Pharah spun around to see the two soldiers kneeling over what was left of the haul. Pharah approached sullenly, staring down at the debris. Amongst the smoldering wreck, underneath it all only a few vial trays were left unharmed. Pharah sighed and knelt to collect them. Mercy's hard work. Her creations. Her desire to help humanity. *Who would do this?*

"Captain!" Her comm rang out. "We've got the sniper!"

"Bring them to base!" She ordered. "We'll get to the bottom of this!"

"I said I was indisposed," Widowmaker said lowly, eyes glaring at Reaper who paced in front of her. When she arrived she had been practically grabbed by other agents who had been told to bring her to Reaper the second she stepped in. Glaring at them they had immediately released her. Upon entering the dark hangar bay, Reaper was furious.

"Not good enough," he snarled, huffing as he paced, hands fidgeting over his guns. "You were gone *too* long. You're going to tell me the best assassin in the world just had a small mishap? Huh? If you needed backup you need to say something so I can send someone who **can** do the job."

"The Minister is dead. I did my end of the job. Your men were supposed to collect," Widow said as a matter-of-factly, hands behind her back, head held high, staring him down over her nose. Reaper wouldn't dare kill her. It wasn't his call. But none the less he made sure he wasn't happy. He back handed her across the face and her head snapped to the side. With a low growl she turned to face him slowly and he was in her face, daring her to retaliate. But she didn't. If anything she resumed her poise, still glaring at him. He growled and spun away from her. "Get out."

Taking a few seconds to move, she turned away and exited the massive doors. She took the elevator up to the rooms that were more like a supply room for their own weapons. She entered her section, pressing in the code and felt slight relief as the chilly room welcomed her. She walked in and let the door close behind her. The soft blue glow at the foot of her rest bed calmed her. She sat down on her bed and then lay down. Certainly it wasn't as comfortable as Tracer's bed, but it would do to escape. She closed her eyes, not feeling tired nor restless. Suddenly the holo-screen lit up above her bed and she opened her eyes to see who her next target was.

Tracer's chipper face and iconic salute greeted her and she sat up slowly, golden eyes narrowing. Without a second thought she grabbed Widow's Kiss and rounds. She punched in the code to exit and she immediately rushed to the transporter. She moved swiftly, leaping down the rest of the way instead of taking the elevator and jumped into the teleporter room where the assigned agents helped her load up her destination. She climbed up onto the portal base and turned to face the door. Reaper was standing outside it with his arms crossed. They maintained eye contact while it started up. "*Va au diable*," she hissed and then she vanished in a blue light.

Chapter End Notes

Ya Hayati - My life/ my love - in Arabic
Ana Bahebak - I love you - in Arabic

Va au diable - Go to hell - in french

Open my Eyes

Chapter Summary

Pharah just wants to finish the missions in peace so she can go back to her hot-loving woman of her dreams. Is that too much ask?!

Chapter Notes

Gather those clues peeps. Or you're forever confused.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Pharah was looking at herself. The mirror was starting to finally reflect what she always dreamed of. What she saw in her heart and her mind was beyond a doubt taking shape. She closed her eyes and let the water drip from her face. She lowered her head and sighed. A heavy weight was beginning to lift. It was different now.

A hand caressed her hair gently making her look up and then the hands cradled her face. The fingers traced her cheekbones down to her lips. "It's coming along nicely," the young woman hummed. Pharah grinned, blushing.

"But, you've always been so gorgeous."

Pharah giggled girlishly. Now the hands tugged at her arms. "Come to bed. You've been staring at yourself long enough. Give me a turn. I wanna see you tambien."

Pharah chuckled and gave in, letting the woman lead her to the bedroom. Somehow it made her freeze and the girl turned around to look at her questionably.

"It doesn't change anything does it?"

"I thought that was the whole point," the girl laughed.

*"I mean," Pharah shook her head and blew her bangs finally dragging them away from her face. "You'll always see **me**, right? I'm still the same person. Aren't I? You'll tell me if I change too much on the inside won't you?"*

The young woman sat on the bed, examining her carefully while Pharah chewed her bottom lip nervously. "You'll always be Pharah to me. Always. So far, none of that has changed." She got up off the bed and strode to where Pharah stood and pulled her back inside. "But if you ever have doubts, I'll be here to reassure you."

They leaned in for a kiss and embraced. "Will you wait for me?" Pharah asked quietly, her hold tightening gently around the woman's slim form.

Lips pressed to her ear and whispered, "I'll wait a hundred years, if not more."

Pharah slowly opened her eyes. She slowly sat up and swung her legs over the edge of the bed. She sat a few minutes before getting up to stretch. *Why would she have an unprovoked memory about her?* It was so many years ago, she felt as though she had faded away. Seeing her again must've evoked inner thoughts. Pharah shook her head and stood up. The air was a bit brisk which meant the sun was barely up. In the courtyard she heard hustle of men and cargo. When she stepped out they all stopped and saluted her. She nodded at them and went to wash up.

An arm draped about her shoulders when she exited, she was tugged lower and a chuckling Hitch punched her in the arm. "I heard you were video chatting last night. How'd it go?"

"It was Mercy," Pharah pointed out.

"Yes, we all know that part."

"I *mean*! It was strictly business!"

"Is that what the kids are calling it these days?"

"Oh blow off the lot of you. Dr.Ziegler had information about the missing vials. As Captain, she was patched to me through the system!" Making it clear it wasn't a private personal line.

She saw the roll of eyes and groans. "C'mon, Pharah. You're our only piece of fun around here."

"It's Captain Pharah, to you. And I'm not a piece!"

"I'm sure the good doctor would disagree."

"Would'ya stop!" Pharah exclaimed exasperated. She covered her face when she felt it burn up and the crew laughed.

"Alright, alright, we're done. That's our Pharah quota for the day."

Pharah shook her head with an exasperated sigh and wrapped the towel around her forearm. "Any word on the sniper?"

Michalka crossed his arms and leaned back, the chair groaning under his weight. "They haven't made a reappearance since then. We think that it was a warning. But I don't think it was an attack on us, specifically."

"I call bullshit," Joaquim muttered under his breath. "They destroyed millions worth of medicine. It's a complete attack. The local are against us."

"You're just saying that cause you got pelted with rotten veggies!" Hitch called over his shoulder while working on the payload's schematics. Joaquim gave him the middle finger behind his back. "Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know I didn't belong to a team!"

"He's right," Pharah said rolling back her shoulders. "They've clearly got something against the military. We'll get to the bottom of it. For now, we move on with the mission. Everyone go get set up. We leave at 700."

She returned back to her room to exercise. She did 100 sit-ups, 100 push-ups and 100

pull ups along with 100 skipping rope. She was drenched in sweat, especially now that the heat was rising. She mopped her face with a wet cold cloth and headed to the mini fridge to get herself a water. She accidentally brushed against her desk and activated her tablet communicator.

Mercy was brushing her teeth when she heard the tablet ring from the other room. Confused, she hurriedly rinsed her mouth and face and ran to the bedroom to pick it up. Nobody answered back, except small grunts. *Was someone prank calling her?* She looked at the details. The location was from Egypt.

"Uh, hello?" She asked loudly. There was shuffling, scrambling and panting grunts. *Was someone having sex and accidentally called her?* She looked at the number. *On Pharah's phone?! Was Pharah having sex?* Apprehension rose in her chest and she called louder.

Sure enough the screen blinked on and a sweaty Pharah answered, out of breath and eyes wide. "Mercy?!"

Mercy instinctively relaxed, feeling relief flood her body. She laughed and gave her a nod. "Yes. You... called me. I'm guessing by accident."

Pharah grinned, "Never!" She cleared her throat and leaned against the desk. "Well, actually maybe this time, yea." She saw Mercy bite her lower lip and Pharah immediately tensed. She looked down and remembered she was only wearing her gym wear, midsection completely exposed and shiny with sweat. "Oh, uh... sorry for my ... appearance."

"Working out? I'm surprised you have the energy," Mercy commented, leaning in closer on her elbows.

Pharah chuckled and shook her head, running her fingers through damp hair. "Yea, the heat's pretty bad. Sort of getting used to it but some of the boys are shriveling up."

Mercy giggled, "Be sure to keep hydrated. Please." She added with a playful tilt of her head. Pharah smiled and looked away; suddenly shy of her appearance, half covering herself with one arm while the other held the tablet on her lap. Mercy folded her hands under her chin and smiled. *She wasn't so shy last time she was ravaging her for hours.* "I like what I'm seeing," she said in a sing song voice and Pharah gave her a lop-sided grin with a laugh, her stomach muscles tensing and curling. Mercy nearly zoned out and ran a shaky hand through her hair as she exhaled, staring right at her with clear blue eyes that froze Pharah.

"Well, then, seeming as though we ... are communicating by accident. I suppose we can... talk?"

Pharah smiled leniently, "If that's what the madam wants."

"Ohhhh, I want many things unapproachable at the moment." Mercy accented it by leaning back in her chair. Pharah just then realized that Mercy was only in her black bra barely covered by a grey cardigan that was displayed open. *On purpose?* Pharah shifted her weight from the desk and bit her lower lip. She quickly undid it but Mercy had caught it and a wicked grin crossed her lips. She leaned forward again with a playful smile. **Oh no.**

Pharah swallowed hard, "What... w-what did you want to talk about?"

"Well," Mercy looked off screen and Pharah took that moment to slap her forehead in embarrassment. "Seeming as though the last topic was about your mother..."

"Ah," Pharah was almost thankful for the topic change. "No word on her yet?"

Mercy smiled to herself and shook her head. "Athena still can't locate her."

"She's gone off the radar before, sure she's doing it again," Pharah said with a light shrug, scratching the back of her head.

Mercy nodded slowly, looking directly at Pharah now. She leaned in again and Pharah instinctively moved back as if she were actually there in the room with her. "How are you doing?" Mercy asked softly.

"I'm fine. Doing fine. Mission is a mess but I'm fine."

"Wonderful," Mercy beamed. Pharah twitched in front of her and Mercy giggled. "Do I make you nervous?"

"Honestly?"

"Pharah," Mercy said warningly. "I'm trying to make conversation. Or do you just want us to ogle each other."

Pharah burst out laughing and Mercy began to laugh as well. "**Why** are you so nervous?"

"I'm sorry. You make me feel all kinds of feelings and I'm worried it'll all just ... spill out like... guts from an open stomach wound."

"...That was cute until the last part."

"See!?" Pharah gave a half hazard laugh, covering her face. "I'm really no good with talking."

"No, I know..." Mercy said delicately. She then noticed Pharah's ears. She slowly frowned. "Your earrings..."

"Oh," Pharah stiffened and sat up straighter. "I... put them away to... keep them safe. I might lose them during helmet removal... or something lame like that. I didn't want to risk it. They ... seemed significantly important."

Mercy's face dawned in realization and gave a heavy sigh. She leaned back in her chair, pinching the bridge of her nose. "I see... *You* have it."

Pharah nodded mutely, not meeting her eyes. She opened the drawer and pulled out the clear little bag she had the two items in. "I gave you my word and I'll return these to you... as promised. I guess you dropped it. There was no time to return it..."

Mercy was clenching her jaw, "Who saw it?"

Pharah pressed her lips tight, debating but Mercy's tone was hair raising. "Who else saw it?!" She said louder.

Pharah heaved in a breath. *What was the big deal with this guy?* "Suoh," she responded in an exhale. "Just, Souh."

Mercy grimaced and stood up, pacing in front of the tablet. Her hands were on her head and she was muttering in German.

Pharah didn't know what to do now. She stared at the photo again. His dark hair and dark skin, glittering eyes and the identical sparkling earrings that the flash caught, were familiar but she had never seen the guy before. He had a tough build and suddenly images of this man rolling in the sheets with Mercy invaded her thoughts. *Did he make her scream like she did?* She clenched her jaw, breathing in. *Hold your horses Pharah, this was 10 years ago. Of course Mercy has had lovers before you.*

"What are you thinking?"

Pharah was snapped out of her thoughts and she guiltily shook her head, "Nothing."

"You're thinking about him aren't you?" Mercy frowned at her from the other side.

"Aren't you?"

"No. I mean, *I wasn't*. I don't... I wouldn't..." She gestured to herself and then to Pharah and shook her head. "I just thought I had gotten rid of it."

"Why?" Pharah asked tentatively. "Was he awful?"

"No... the opposite. I was young and didn't know how to handle grief." Mercy's lip trembled and she sat back down, covering her face. Pharah suddenly saddened and held the picture tighter. *So that's how it was...*

"I'm so sorry..." she said softly. The image of Mercy wiping her face with her sleeve shook her. She wished to reach over, to hug her close and kiss her face. "I didn't mean to ... I'm so sorry, habibti..."

Mercy shook her head and sniffled, "No. I think you were meant to see it. Force me to come to terms. The timing was just ... out of nowhere."

Pharah swallowed hard and looked up carefully, "Were ... you going to tell me, someday?"

Mercy sighed and looked off past the screen, "I'm not so sure... I thought if I pushed past it and shoved it way back ... I could move on..." Mercy's eyes and nose were red. She looked downright tired, but oddly enough adorable enough to squish. Pharah lowered her eyes ashamed of thinking that way when the woman was in distress. "I suppose that's my skeleton in my closet."

Pharah glanced up rapidly, "That can't be true."

"Are you saying there's more that you know?"

Pharah raised her eyebrows, "No, ma'am. I've seen the way you swing that blaster around!" Mercy made a wet laugh and she shook her head, half covering her face. They were quiet for a few minutes. The silence not bothering them, Pharah wished desperately she was beside her.

Finally Mercy looked up after she had calmed down. "I promise I don't think about him when I'm with you." That made Pharah clench her jaw and she exhaled, putting the photo away back in its drawer.

"Baby, you're allowed to think about him. I won't restrict your life because of your memories. Memories are precious, good and bad. We learn something from them. Life is a lesson," she quickly stopped when she realized what she had said. "Crap, I'm sorry."

"It's okay," Mercy said quickly. Maybe too hastily that it dumbfounded Pharah temporarily. They both blushed. "I like being called yours..." Mercy was trembling visibly. "I'm... yours." She inhaled and closed her eyes. "I want to be yours so much it hurts..."

Pharah was tensing up as her heartbeat was beating a mile a second. She gripped the edge of the desk in tight knuckles. Her head felt thick and tiny electric zaps covered her from head to toe, she held her breath. Mercy swallowed hard and looked about ready to cry again. "Mercy..."

Mercy bit her lower lip, *Pharah was the one*. Seeing a picture of her ex didn't bother her. She had accidentally shown the pic to previous lovers and they had mental breakdowns at the comparison. But not Pharah. Not her beloved brave soldier with the heart of gold. *Pharah was the one*. She was sure. So sure she ached to hold her and feel her against her body. To kiss those beautiful lips, to caress her back when she arrived tired. To spend endless days together. *Pharah was the one*.

She looked up at Pharah who looked so apprehensive and she knew why. It was almost comical but distressing because Pharah had been patient. *So patient*. "Pharah... I've been meaning to ask you." She began and then swallowed the lump in her throat. "Does... does your mother know? About us, I mean? How you feel ... about me?"

Pharah deflated and rubbed her temple. "My mother has kept secrets from me. 'Protecting' me as she calls it. No, I haven't said anything. If she knows or suspects, let her. But I won't be the one to tell her." Mercy lowered her eyes and Pharah ducked her head to catch her gaze. "But... if you want me to..."

Mercy shook her head, "It's not that. It's just ... what do you think she thinks of me?"

Pharah deadpanned. She chuckled but quickly stopped, pursing her lips at Mercy's serious expression. "Are you asking if you think my mom doesn't think you're *fit* for me or something?"

Mercy looked away, chewing her bottom lip. "I know someone nearing 40 has no reason to worry, but this is Ana and I have no idea... I just tense around her? It's weird. She's been my role model. Would I disappoint her with...?"

"Being with me, you mean? Why would that matter? Wait; is this what you have been stressing about lately?"

"It's not," Mercy said almost too quietly, playing with the sleeve of her cardigan like a child who was caught guilty. Pharah smiled at her and wished so hard to hug her up.

"Mercy, my beautiful dove, we'll run away if you want. That way we won't have to say anything to her." Pharah could hardly finish her sentence without cracking up and Mercy mocked slapping her. "That's awful!"

Suddenly there was loud banging at Pharah's door. Pharah motioned for her to wait a moment and went to answer it. There was murmuring and Pharah nodded, she turned back inside, closing the door behind her. She had received a letter; upon opening and skimming it quickly she hastened her step towards the tablet and gave her a guilty, sorrowful look.

"I'm sorry, there's an emergency. I have to leave," Pharah was beginning to remove her tank top when Mercy interrupted in a worried tone. "Will you be okay?!"

Pharah turned to look at her concerned face and smiled sympathetically. "I'll be fine. I

have a great team to back me up. And... someone waiting for me," her tone softened. Waving a goodbye, she smiled and reluctantly logged off. She sighed heavily but at the same time was perked up. *Mercy was thinking about the long run!* With a grin on her face she quickly got in the shower to take away the heat of her sweat and donned the stretch suit that went under the Raptora.

Mercy sat back in her chair and exhaled. *Why did she bring up her mother twice in a conversation?* That wasn't what she wanted to tell her. Lord, why was she such a coward? She dropped her head into her hands and let out a guttural groan. She slowly raised her eyes remembering the way Pharah looked at her before signing off. Those eyes so tender and full of love. She rested her head on her arms and stared at a photo of Pharah and her squad mates grinning at the camera from a victory. Her grin was of confidence and security. Mercy's heart warmed up and she reached out with a finger to trace the woman's face. "I love you ..." she whispered softly.

Pharah and her men marched side by side of the payload. Everyone alert and vigilant. Her black armor glinted in the sun and she almost cursed that this was the only one available while her blue one was being restored. They had started out earlier. They had informed the medical staff that they were on their way and to watch out for them. Few chickens pecked at the sandy street but no other sound was heard except their feet and the whirring of the bastion leading the cargo. Not long into the haul when there was trouble already. The cargo paused without instruction and Hitch went to examine the motherboard.

Pharah ordered a report. Hitch shook his head as the bastion now rose back up to its stance and continued a block before pausing again. Now they were in the open. The guards surrounded the cargo like the petals of a flower, weapons aimed out and their backs turned to the payload. Pharah let Hitch fiddle with the tech.

"I thought we had triple checked that last night?" Pharah hissed under her helmet. Hitch shook his head as he earnestly tried to start it again. "We did, Captain and once more this morning."

Pharah heard shuffling and swung her weapon at a dog whom was nosing around her barrel. She lifted it and shooed it away. The payload churned its gears and the hovercraft levitated again. The bastion however wasn't responding. "Oh, what now?"

"I think we're in a *Web*."

"A Web?" Pharah turned her head to look at Michalka who nodded, eyes ahead. "I think we're being hacked."

"What?!"

Sure enough the sequences that Hitch was trying to run were going backwards and Arabic words ran across the screen, glowing brightly and suddenly the eye of the Horus stayed in the background pulsing as it swallowed all the coding. "What kind of shit-!" Hitch was good but he wasn't familiar with this particular hacking.

"Override it Hitch! Come on!" Joaquim yelled nervously over his shoulder, quickly swinging back to secure their surroundings.

"Oh good idea, wish I'd thought of it!" Hitch grunted in sarcasm. The bastion then

slowly went into sentry mode and they all froze. The barrel slowly turned to them and they split in all directions when the Gatling pelts hit the floor they once stood. They soared and spread out, swooping up and down, the bastion following their movements, trying their best to distract it while Hitch moved in to stop it.

"Take it down before it hurts any civilians!"

Pharah was the first to lunge down the second the bastion had to reload. She shot a grenade at its head but it recovered in time to shoot it out of midair. The explosion was blinding and debris fell as the bastion's barrel slowed to a stop. Joaquim was panting as he held onto the handle of his blade shoved into the bastion's circuits. Pharah and her team landed. Michalka cursed under his breath. Pharah looked over at him and noticed he was hit in the leg. He waved it off. "Still intact. I'll be doing hurdles before you know it."

"I'll only believe you if you win against Tracer," Pharah commented, eyes on the streets.

Michalka looked aghast at her, "Why you do me like that?"

"Hitch, anything on the board?" Hitch raised his helmet visor and she saw his face shiny with sweat. "Never seen anything like it," he grimaced and she noticed his chest piece was cracked. She turned him to face her and he shook his head. "I can beat Tracer as I stand." The boys chuckled.

Pharah shoved him away from her and paced the area, looking into the quiet shops. "Show yourself!" She barked. "Let's have a chat! We're trying to help people here. You gain nothing but people dying by doing this."

Pharah peered inside a particular shop, "We're here to help."

"Just a few more minutes," Hitch mumbled under his breath as his fingers worked rapidly. Suddenly a shot went directly through the crack of his armor and he fell backwards with a spurt of blood from his mouth. "Hitch!" Michalka ran to cover him and Joaquim and Shiko stood up in arms. Pharah spun around and spotted someone running away at fast speeds.

"Get Hitch to base! The rest of you get out of here!" She took chase of the figure, dodging pillars and blankets hanging from clotheslines. They kept running, clearly knowing the sharp turns and dead ends when she ended up in one. She launched herself upwards, over the roofs to have a bird's eyes view of the streets. She hovered for a few seconds and sure enough a shadow was moving rapidly under vendor tents and shops. With a snarl she dove downwards with her thrusters propelling her forward. She miscalculated her landing and crashed into a melon stand. Standing up to shake herself free, she froze when she heard giggles. The pause was short lived when suddenly the ground dropped from underneath her feet and she fell a good ten metres before landing in the debris. Spurned with rage she rampaged out of the pile and surged forward.

"Coward, show yourself!" She yelled, raising her canon. She halted when she heard the same giggles all around her except she couldn't see anyone. Even in this underground area sun shone through the massive hole she had created falling in and yet her eyes couldn't adjust. She did notice however that the walls were painted in the eye of Horus symbol. *What in goddesses' name?*

Sensing a trap she backed up slowly and started up her thrusters and launched up. As she exited, a sting hit her in the gap of her hip and she collapsed back down, falling again ten metres, creating a cloud of sand and dust, spraying debris everywhere. She coughed, landing on her chest almost crushing her sternum. Her eyes drooped even as she fought to climb to her feet. She raised herself to her elbows, managed to crawl out of the pile, joints shaking until they finally

gave out on her. She summoned all the energy she could to be able to see who her attacker was. A pair of feet came into her blurry peripherals. They approached her closer, crouching down to her eye level and Pharah weakly raised her eyes. The blurry vision raised a finger to their lips and shushed her. "Shhhhh. Have a good sleep, Daddy."

The world was black even before Pharah had finally closed her eyes. *Alejandra...*

Chapter End Notes

oh wow, even i don't know where im running with this. We're going together for this ride readers!

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